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MEMORIALS OF A FAMILY

IN

England and Virginia.

A.D. 1771—1851.

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COMPILED AND EDITED BY

A. E. TERRILL.

Those fallen leaves which keep their green,
The noble letters of the dead."

169

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

London and Aylesbury: Printed by Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ld.

1887.

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Y33
1887

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B.M.
422.657
Dec. 4. 1888

Printed by Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury.

PREFACE.

"I have made a posy of other men's flowers,
And only the string that binds them is mine own."
—MONTAIGNE.

WE are persuaded that posterity offers a glad reverence to the forefathers who have passed away, and cherish as a heritage the legends and traditions concerning them. We like to cast brightest lights upon their virtues, and throw softest shades athwart their weaknesses; and their names are loving links rendered dear by those who successively bear them, from one generation to another. Yet it is in their letters that we draw near and learn to know them almost personally. At first comes a feeling of intrusiveness, when we look upon the folded packages of old-fashioned papers, richly tinted by time, and all brittle with age. The hands that penned them are cold, and the eyes that brightened or dimmed in the reading are closed for ever. But as we read, this shyness yields to a sense of fellowship with beings as human as ourselves, whose youth was fair, and whose after-lives were often bowed beneath a freight of cares.

The compiler has endeavoured to make the letters present, as far as possible, a clear and connected account of the

lives of those who preceded us, in their own words; with explanations where the broken thread of the narrative requires them. Many pages have been omitted, being irrelevant and not bearing upon the family history, as paragraphs of local news and friendly gossip. Most of the letters in this volume are addressed to Mr. John Yates, of Walnut Grove, Virginia, who has commended them to his children, writing:—"I refer them to a very particular pedigree of the Aglionby family in my mother's handwriting, very minute and interesting. They will gain much information from her letters, which I have preserved, and which I recommend to their careful perusal for information, precept, and example."

ANNE ELIZABETH TERRILL.

WALNUT GROVE, *April 22nd*, 1886.

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MEMORIALS OF A FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

"Oh ! might we all our lineage prove,
Give and forgive, do good and love,
By soft endearments in kind strife
Lightening the load of daily life."

KEBLE.

THE Yates family were of Shropshire, England. The first of the name living in the county of Cumberland of whom we have record was the Rev. Francis Yates. He was recommended by the Bishop of Sodor and Man to Sir James Lowther as an incumbent for one of the Whitehaven churches (St. James'), which he obtained and served until his death. There is reason to think he married a lady of the Lowther family in 1689. Two of his brothers or sons were professors in William and Mary College in Virginia, and left numerous descendants. There was also a Mr. Yates who married a Miss Wilson, the niece of Thomas Wilson, the saintly Bishop of Sodor and Man.

Inserted in the tower of a church in Whitehaven is a tablet to the memory of the Rev. Francis Yates. He was succeeded by his son, the Rev. Francis Yates, who was likewise rector of a church in Whitehaven, and also held Church preferments in Skipton, in Craven, and in Gargrave, Yorkshire. He married Anne, the eldest daughter of

Charles Orfeur, Esq., of Plumbland, in the county of Cumberland, about the year 1725; and their children were:—

1. *Francis Yates*, who died of scarlet fever, at Sedbergh School, aged seventeen years.

2. *Charles Yates*, born in April, 1728. He settled in Fredericksburg, Virginia, where, after a useful and prosperous life, he died unmarried in 1809. He was buried in Fredericksburg, in the Masonic graveyard.

3. *Lowther Yates.* Was a doctor of divinity, Master of Catherine Hall, University of Cambridge, and Prebendary of Norwich Cathedral. He died unmarried August 5th, 1798; buried at Wigton.

4. *Jane Yates.* Married John Matthews, a retired lieutenant of the royal navy. They lived at Wigton Hall, in the county of Cumberland. Their children were: (1) Richard Matthews, died unmarried in 1846. (2) Jane Matthews, died unmarried January 3rd, 1854. (3) Mary Matthews, born in 1778; married her cousin, Francis Yates, in 1814; died August 25th, 1854; was buried in Ainstable Church. Mrs. Matthews died August 27th, 1796. Mr. Matthews died July 19th, 1799.

5. *John Orfeur Yates.* Spent many years in India. He married Mary Aglionby, the youngest daughter of Henry Aglionby, Esq., of Nunnery, in the county of Cumberland. They lived at Skirwith Abbey, in the same county. He died at Hutton Hall, Penrith, in 1818; was buried at Kirkland Church. Mrs. Yates died at Hutton Hall, in 1816; was buried in the Carlisle cathedral. Their children were: (1) Anne; (2) Mary; (3) Francis; (4) John; (5) Henry.

Mary Yates, daughter of John O. Yates, of Skirwith Abbey, in a letter to her brother, John Yates, dated

"Penrith, February 9th, 1821," conveys some information of the Yates family, which is here quoted :—

"I have to lament, my dear brother, that the little turn I possess towards genealogical inquiry renders me less able than I could wish to reply to yours of September 27th. Our great-grandfather, Francis Yates, I have heard, came out of Shropshire, and was by the (then) Bishop of Sodor and Man recommended to Sir James Lowther as a desirable incumbent for one of the Whitehaven churches, and I daresay he served it till the time of his death. His picture indicates a man of sensible but austere disposition. He was six feet five inches high; and it is recorded that once, at an assize trial, he was to give evidence in favour of a prisoner against whom the judge was violently prejudiced, and endeavoured to give the business an unfavourable result. Upon our ancestor's entrance, my Lord exclaimed, 'And now, Caiaphas, what have you to remark?' 'I have only to remark, my Lord,' replied he, 'that when Caiaphas was high-priest, Pontius Pilate was judge.'

"I do not know the name of this gentleman's wife, but I think it was her wedding ring that my uncle left you. Their son Francis succeeded to his father's living, but afterwards relinquished it for Gargrave, in Yorkshire, where he died, and to which place my father, who went there at four years of age, had all the attachment of a native.

"Fourteen generations of the Orfeur family had lived at their estate of Highclose, and my grandmother, conjointly with her four sisters, as heiresses of their father, Charles Orfeur, sold it. Mrs. Pattenson was the only one of these five ladies besides herself who left a child. But their mother was the widow of J. Senhouse, of Nether Hall, and had six daughters by the first marriage. Of them one married the Earl of Shannon, and their only child married Lord Middlesex, eldest son of the Duke of Dorset; but she died without issue. Through this connection Dr. Lowther Yates held a good living in Ireland, but resigned it on succeeding to the Mastership of Catherine Hall, Cambridge,

and a stall at Norwich, which he retained during his life. I believe the only descendants of the Senhouse sisters are the present Sir Henry Fletcher and his cousins, Bensons and Taylors. By some means, but I really cannot tell what, my grandmother and her sisters were heirs-at-law to the rich old Sir James Lowther, after whom my uncle was named. He allowed an annuity to the Miss Orfeurs, and, I believe, buoyed them all up with hopes of posthumous remembrance. . . . However, I am told *we* were in the entail; but as the present generation of Lowthers is a very numerous one, no eventual advantage can be expected. I think I have also heard something of our being heirs-at-law, in case of the extinction of a family of Tatham, to a great estate called Winnington, in Lancashire. . . . I wish my information was more accurate, but I have no spirits for research; and in the loss of my beloved mother, I seem deprived of all stimulus for mental improvement. Francis, however, I doubt not, is competent to give full information upon any of these subjects, which may ultimately be of importance to your descendants."

CHAPTER II.

1771—1791.

" And yet, loved England ! when thy name I trace
In many a pilgrim's tale and poet's song,
How can I choose but wish for one embrace
Of them, the dear unknown, to whom belong
My mother's looks, perhaps her likeness strong ? "

T. CAMPBELL.

1778.—Death of Mrs. Pattenson, widow of Lancelot Pattenson. 1779.—Birth of John Yates at Skirwith Abbey. 1780.—Death of Mrs. Aglionby, widow of Henry Aglionby, of Nunnery. 1782.—Death of Mrs. Pattenson, wife of Thomas Pattenson, of Melmerby Hall. 1783.—John Orfeur Yates, sheriff of the county of Cumberland. Death of Miss Jane Stephenson. 1784.—Birth of Henry Yates. 1786.—Death of Christopher Aglionby, of Nunnery. 1791.—Birth of Henry Aglionby Bateman.

THE letters in this chapter are addressed to Charles Yates, Fredericksburg, Virginia, and were written by his two brothers, his sister, and her husband. Charles Yates, the eldest son of the Rev. Francis Yates, of Gargrave, in Yorkshire, when twenty-one years of age, had gone to America in 1748, under the auspices of a merchant of Whitehaven, named Peter Howe. After being in New York and other places, he established himself in the year 1752 in Fredericksburg, a town on the Rappahannock river, mostly settled by English and Scotch, and which was a thriving place, situated in a fertile and developing country.

At that time, tobacco-laden ships to European ports brought much golden gain to their owners; and Mr. Yates,

with energy and ambition, threw himself into these commercial pursuits, and soon found opportunities for turning over successfully his English capital. He became a member of the business firm of Payne, Moore, and Co., doing business under that title until the breaking out of war between the colonies and Great Britain in 1776. After the restoration of peace in 1783, he resumed for a few years a partnership business with his friend William Lovell, Esq.

At intervals Mr. Yates revisited England. He had acquired a fortune in America, which he enjoyed in a liberal manner, helpful and hospitable to his friends and benevolent and charitable to those in need.

The Rev. Dr. Lowther Yates, next in years to his brother Charles, was in 1771 a Fellow of St. Catherine Hall, Cambridge.

Jane, the only sister, was married to Lieutenant John Matthews, of the British royal navy, who, upon his retirement from active service, lived at Wigton Hall, in the county of Cumberland. Mrs. Matthews' letters assure us of a sprightly originality, and of the warm-hearted loyalty with which she swayed the affections of brothers and husband. With vivid pen-strokes she gives bright glimpses of childhood's promises in the nurseries at Wigton Hall and at Skirwith Abbey.

John Orfeur Yates was the youngest brother. He travelled in the American colonies and the West Indies, then went to India, where he accepted a lucrative position, and remained many years. Upon his return to England, he purchased in 1768 the estate of Skirwith, in the county of Cumberland, and built a handsome house, which he called Skirwith Abbey, from a tradition, not authenticated, that it was upon the site of an ancient religious house. During the year 1768, he married Mary Aglionby, a young girl of eighteen, the fourth daughter of Henry Aglionby, Esq., of Nunnery, in the county of Cumberland.

1771.

Rev. Dr. Lowther Yates to Charles Yates.

"CATHERINE HALL, CAMBRIDGE, *January* 1*st*, 1771.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—The date of my letter puts me in mind of wishing you a happy new year, which I most sincerely do; and though it is peculiar to this season to express our wishes of this kind, I hope it is needless to say there is no time when they have not a place in my heart. . . .

"It is pretended here that in a general way all is quiet with you, that the violent spirits which made such a ferment are subsided, and that our fellow-subjects in America are restored to a proper sense of their allegiance and dependency.

"The ways you hint it would be advisable for me to pursue in order to get preferment promise, I own, the best for success in the present state of the world; but if there are no other, I believe I shall always remain unpreferred. I am pretty well hardened to disappointments, having lived in a continual series of them the best part of my life, insomuch that I have almost outlived expectation.

"Since I began to write, your favour of November 13th came to hand; and happy I am to find there is a probability of seeing you so soon in England. I shall with great pleasure write my next to Wigton, as I am very sure the contents will be the highest cordial to my dear mother, and give general satisfaction to all your relations. The last account of them was favourable. My mother keeps free from colds, which the last two winters were very troublesome to her. Your niece and god-daughter [Jane Matthews] is highly extolled by her mother for her beauty and other qualities. Jack, his wife and daughter, and the Melmerby family are all well; the last is increased by the birth of another girl. I shall hope to hear your intention of visiting England is confirmed; and after you have fixed upon a time, I should be glad to be informed of it, that I may be in Cumberland at the time of your arrival. God grant you a good and safe passage to your English friends. Till then I am, dear Charles,

"Your truly affectionate brother,

"L. YATES."

This promised visit to England was made, but Mr. Yates was back in Virginia before the gathering clouds of war burst upon the colonies. His name, with those of five others, appears in a paper in this wise: "The answer of Robert Gilchrist and Patrick Kennan, of Caroline County, Thomas Hodge and James Robison, of King George County, and Charles Yates and Henry Mitchell, of Spottsylvania County, to the following questions proposed to them by a committee of 'The Honorable The House of Burgesses assembled at Williamsburg, Va., June 12th, 1775.'"

Having replied to sundry questions concerning the state of the country, the execution of the laws, raising of military companies, etc., "on oath, and subscribed before the committee," the ninth and final question was, "Do you think a redress of the present grievances would establish a perfect tranquillity through the colony, and produce a reconciliation with the parent State?" *Answer:* "We do hope and think a redress of the present grievances would restore tranquillity, and produce a reconciliation with the parent State."

Mr. Yates, with his advanced years, took no active part in the revolutionary struggle. He enjoyed the confidence of the Continental officers. There is a package labelled "Letters from camp in 1776—1777," which reflect the spirit of those stirring times. It may be interesting to quote one or two of them.

Colonel G. Weedon (afterwards General) to Charles Yates.

"PHILADELPHIA, *January* 1*st*, 1777.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Yours of December 2nd I have just had the pleasure of receiving. I was afraid my friends in Virginia had forgotten me, having never got a scrap from that quarter for seven weeks. However, to-night's post has convinced me that I am thought of yet. Most of my letters have made the grand tour through Pennsylvania, Jersey, New York, Connecticut, and I believe some passed into

Boston. I found them, however, all returned to this office; and though old, they give me much pleasure. To give you a detail of our movements since the letter you allude to from Fushie's Heights would be a tedious piece of work; let it suffice to tell you they were pretty rapid till we got into this State, and the Delaware river between us and our enemy. Such unexpected events have made me realise the storms of life and the uncertainty of war. How changed the scene for four weeks after leaving the Hudson river from what it was when we possessed those heights! Our enemy at that time dared not look us in the face, we afterwards had not time to look behind us, but turn about is fair play; it is our time now. This Christmas has been a most joyous one indeed, nor is the sport over. My dinner on that day was a tough goose; some fared better, others worse. However, the whole army that night, with eighteen field pieces, crossed the Delaware and marched for Trenton, where we arrived at eight o'clock next morning. You will see an account of what happened afterwards, with your friend's signature to it, C. T., which will be satisfactory, I hope. We returned the same day to the ferry; and about the time of meeting in the market-house, on the 27th, had got all safely back with our prisoners and trophies. This may be called a Christmas trick, and one which I hope America will ever have reason to remember. The enemy in consequence of it are panic-stricken. General Washington, availing himself of the advantage, crossed again on the 29th, with the whole army, joined by thousands of the militia; and they are now pursuing in turn. My business in this town was to lead prisoners the Hessian officers. To be sure, my entrance into town was not formidable. I almost thought myself as great as Julius Cæsar when I looked around upon the possession, which was crowded with tinkers, tailors, barbers, shoemakers, etc., etc., with thousands of broad-brim gentry, some of whom looked pleased, others jaw-fallen. I have lived for these seven days in such clouds of smoke from their confounded pipes, and have been so bothered with Hess, High Dutch, and Low Dutch;

and not being in a very good humour the whole time, my brain is almost turned. Thank God, I have this day washed my hands of them by presenting the prisoners, with six Hessian standards, to the Council of Safety, by way of a new year's gift. Uncommon fatigue has unhinged me a little; as soon as I am able I shall join in the Glorious Pursuit. Your friend Forsythe is well; he is brigade major to General Stephens, wears his badge, and is one of his family. . . . As brigade major, he attends headquarters every day for general orders, for which the adjutants of the different regiments in his brigade afterwards wait on him; he keeps an exact poster for the brigade, and sees them paraded when the brigade is ordered on duty; he wears a green ribbon by which to distinguish himself, lives with his brigadier, and is in every respect a kind of aide-de-camp. . . . I was in hopes Fredericksburg had got clear of disaffected people; it is unlucky we do not all think alike and hang together as one link; nothing could hurt us were that the case; and those people who are still so singular as to be branded with that odious name, Tory, must in the end repent their obstinacy. You cannot think the pleasure I have in hearing of the trade at the landing; it will no doubt increase; I hope you make much of the adventurers. Give my love to all my friends, and let me hear from you as often as convenient. I wrote to my wife the other day to discharge some balances I left behind me, and sent her the means of so doing; they are chiefly on bonds, and as she is unacquainted with interest and such-like calculations, would you be good enough to stand her friend in settling them. . . . Believe me to be, with much esteem,

"Your sincere friend and humble servant,

"G. Weedon."

Major Benjamin Day to Charles Yates.

"East Jersey, Camp near Middle Brook,
"*July 2nd*, 1777.

"Dear Sir,—Since my acceptance of General Woodford's kind offer, my attention has been so closely engaged in the necessary discharge of the duties of my office, that I have

been entirely deprived of the pleasure of writing a single line to any of my friends in Virginia, which I flatter myself you will accept as an apology for having deferred so long the acknowledgment of your favour of April 3rd. It is a double capacity in which I now act: that of major of brigade and the duty of aide-de-camp. I am much obliged to you, sir, for the favourable sentiments you kindly express of me, and also for the polite offer of your interest in my favour. Give me leave to assure you that nothing shall be wanting on my part to merit a continuance of your good opinion, and that nothing would give me more pleasure than an opportunity of returning your civilities. This will be handed to you by Major Everard Meade, a gentleman of much merit, to whom give me leave to refer you for our situation, the news and transactions in this quarter. Our prospect at present is, I think, very promising, the militia in general becoming every day more determined in support of the Grand Cause. Wherever the enemy appear, the relentless hand of destruction attends them, heightened by horrors of most cruel barbarity. How strange a change have a few years effected! Those illustrious arms whose characteristic humanity made them the admiration of the whole world are now detested for their brutality.

"Thank God, I enjoy good health, and wish for nothing more sincerely than to return to Virginia in peace and quietness. Major Forsythe desires his compliments to you. I have this moment received orders to march, whereto God knows; but that is a matter we have nothing to do with. Colonel Lewis Willis desires his compliments to you, and promises, if he ever gets his pen and paper out of the waggon again, he will write to you by every opportunity. He is dining with us to-day, and keeps us in a laugh with his complaining, particularly to-day, that the camp coloured men took everybody's horses to pasture, and left his behind. General Woodford also desires his compliments to you. May every possible happiness attend you, dear sir.

"Your obliged and humble servant,

"Benjamin Day."

Letters to Mr. Yates from England came at long intervals during these years of war. They were filled with domestic details of births, marriages, and deaths, which now, one hundred years later, serve as family records, very reliable and interesting to descendants.

1778.

John O. Yates to Charles Yates.

"*May* 19*th*, 1778.

"My dearest Brother,—By a letter from Lowther, I learn he has a fair prospect of getting a line safely to you through the hands of Mr. Maury, now resident at Nantz. It is with the greatest pleasure I avail myself of the same opportunity, in hopes it may reach you, as I flatter myself the one I wrote you last year did, by the hands of another good friend. As I shall now confine myself solely to family affairs, the detail will be but short. At this place, thank God, we are all in perfect health. Your nieces are lively and strong, and show so far amiable dispositions. Anne is of a mild temper and timid to a rather blamable degree. Mary is bold, forward, and quick, an uncommon scholar for her age, rather hasty, but soon appeased. Your nephew and godson Francis, just turned a year, is what one would wish at his age—stout, healthy, and strong—and promises to be tall. Mrs. Yates is very well. Her friends at Nunnery are as usual; all are single, and mother, brother, and sisters live together in the utmost harmony. Your acquaintance Miss Anne Aglionby is at present in Derbyshire, visiting some friends. At Melmerby our aunt Pattenson was released from a very painful existence. . . . Our sister Matthews increased her family last March with a beautiful little girl, named Mary, and she and her mother are both likely to do well. But as I doubt not you will hear from them by this conveyance, I shall only say that your friend Tommy* most ardently wishes to see you, and if he could get over his terror of salt water, would brave every danger to bring you

* Thomas Matthews.

to old England. I think appearances are now that we shall soon have a free correspondence again; would to God it had never been interrupted! With truest affection and the joint love of this fireside,

"I am, dear Charles, most sincerely yours,

"J. O. YATES."

1779.

John O. Yates to Charles Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *June 6th*, 1779.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—With the greatest satisfaction I received your letter of 15th February last, backed by Mr. Henry Mitchel, of New York. The accounts of your health, so truly pleasing to us, I have communicated to all our friends. Your letter to Mrs. Matthews also arrived safely. Mrs. Yates became the mother, on the 3rd of April last, of a very fine boy, named John. . . . Your two nieces and godson Francis are all, thank God, as well as can be. Our sister and her little ones are doing finely, and we expect them here next week. . . . Lowther has had the good luck at last to gain his presentation and induction of Lord Shannon's rich Irish living, after some contest; and though the Lord Lieutenant's presentee threatens to bring it to a decision at law, I hope Lowther is in no danger, as the Bishop of the diocese has given him institution on a hearing had and verdict obtained in his court at Cork. Our cousins at Melmerby are well. How national affairs may turn out God knows. I much fear a speedy reconciliation will not be easily effected. . . . All your friends are wishing you health and happiness. Mrs. Yates unites in everything kind and affectionate with, dear Charles,

"Yours most sincerely,

"J. O. YATES."

1780.

John O. Yates to Charles Yates.

"WIGTON, *25th February*, 1780.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—On coming here yesterday I was informed of an opportunity of conveying a letter to you,

and that I was in time to do so. Your favour of June last I duly received, and the contents I immediately communicated to all our friends. As our correspondence must now, and I fear for some time to come, be necessarily confined to family affairs, I will begin with those at Skirwith, whom I left in good health a few days ago. Our children are healthy. Of Anne and Mary you know a little. Your godson Francis is a jolly, stout fellow, notable at making riots, and keeps his sisters in constant exercise attending him out of doors, not showing as yet the least tendency towards a sedentary life. John, of whose birth I informed you in June last, is a very healthy child, now about eleven months old. The two boys we propose to inoculate next month.

"The last year proved exceedingly fortunate for our brother Lowther. Besides gaining his Irish living, he has succeeded to the Mastership of Catherine Hall College, a thing he had always most at heart. The time of its being vacant was critically fortunate. Had he possessed his Irish living a year, that would have vacated his Fellowship, and most likely deprived him of a chance; and had he been Master of Catherine Hall, it is doubtful whether he would have been eligible for any Irish preferment. As it is, there is good reason to hope he will be able to retain them both, though some scruples have arose, which Lord Shannon doubts not he will be able to obviate. Lowther is also Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge this year. I heard from him about ten days ago; he was then very well. The family here are all well, and having written to you so lately by this same opportunity, have only to unite in love and good wishes for you. . . .

"J. O. YATES."

On the back of the next letter is written, "Received January, 1782."

Mrs. Matthews to Charles Yates.

"WIGTON HALL, *December 11th*, 1780.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—As Mr. Matthews is writing to you about your own affairs, I cannot let slip so favourable a time

to add something about mine, as I flatter myself the welfare of me and mine is of consequence enough to give you pleasure. On the strength of that, I have many and various times informed you of what has passed among us in the domestic way, and which I have the mortification to find have never reached you. I hope this will meet a better fate, and so hoping, I will proceed to tell you we are all, thank God, well and happy. Mr. Matthews' health is not so good as is to be wished, but I hope no worse than when you saw him last. Our children are, *we* think, as fine as anybody's, and perfectly healthy, a blessing one cannot be too thankful for, as the improvement of the mind is often retarded by the infirmities of the body. Dick, your only acquaintance among my young ones, is a lively and active fellow, and goes to school regularly. He intends writing to you, but I advise him to defer it, till he can do so with more ease, as he has but very lately been put to writing. Jane is a stout girl, almost as tall as her brother, nearly his match in everything, full of spirits, and as great a romp as ever her *mother* was. As to my sweet little Mary, she beggars all description; therefore I will only say she is as handsome and as pleasing as you can suppose a child of her age to be. We mustered resolution last spring to inoculate our young ones, to which it pleased God to give the success we prayed for; and they got through that dreadful distemper most favourably, relieving us, as you may believe, of much anxiety on that score. Dick had the measles some years ago, and we thought Jenny had them also, though not so clearly as we wished. However, that point is happily settled, as she is just recovering from the *real* measles. And I hope my dear little Mary may get them as well. So much for what concerns my own fireside. I wish I could give as good an account of my brother John's. His poor little Mary was seized last summer with a violent complaint in her legs, and the pain and confinement greatly reduced her, so much so that at one time her life was not expected; afterwards she had a favourable turn, and for some weeks past she has been in a hopeful way. Her recovery is very slow, but they

seem to think sure. I wish, sweet girl, it may be so, for she has borne her painful illness with great patience. Anne Yates is a charming girl, and her brother Francis *equal* to my Mary; he is the loveliest boy I ever saw, and the very picture of my father. My godson John I have little acquaintance with, but report says he is of a very easy, peaceable disposition, which is by no means the characteristic of his elder brother. As to the Rev. Dr. Yates, you were rightly informed as to his being again presented to the Irish living by Lord Shannon, in the most generous manner, as Lowther had not asked any favours of that sort of him. The Crown again disputed the right of presentation, and a jury determined it in Lord Shannon's favour. In the meantime the Master of Catherine Hall died, and Lowther was elected in his room. He was then informed the Irish living was not tenable with his English preferment, upon which he gave up the former, and is now content with being Master of Catherine Hall, since which we have not had the pleasure of seeing him in Cumberland, nor does he give us the least hint when to expect him. Your inquiries after poor Lowther Matthews, I am truly sorry to answer, that death put an end to all his worldly prospects, nearly two years ago. He escaped all the dangers to which his profession subjected him in America, and was, poor fellow, carried off in a decline at Rhode Island, to which place he was permitted to remove for the benefit of his health, but without the desired effect, to the great regret of all his friends. I am amazed you should be so long hearing of Colonel Stephenson's death, as I believe we all informed you of it at the time. He left his whole fortune to the entire disposal of his sisters, who continue to live at Ashley Park. Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher and their son and daughter pay, as usual, an annual visit to Clea Hall, to spend a few of the summer months; and we are exceedingly happy in their friendship. . . . I have written you a long letter, and I hope I have omitted nothing material. Your acquaintances are all very much in the same usual state, only we all grow older, which is a complaint that you perhaps know something

of as well as ourselves. I will only add the old English compliments of wishing you a merry Christmas and a happy new year, and conclude,

"Your truly affectionate

"J. MATTHEWS."

1781.

On the cover of this letter is written, "In case this letter is opened by any committee, it is most earnestly requested it may, being on family affairs only, be forwarded, as directed, to Mr. Yates, to whom it will be a singular favour."

John O. Yates to Charles Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, 10*th October*, 1781.

"DEAR BROTHER,—Your letter to Wigton in March last gave all your friends the greatest satisfaction. To hear of your health is as much as we can hope for in the present gloomy appearance of affairs. Much do we lament that none of the various letters your friends have for more than two years addressed to you have reached your hands. In the last fifteen months, I can recollect five at least I have written by what I deemed very good and safe opportunities. I can venture to say your friends at Wigton and Cambridge have not been less remiss; and you may be assured in future, not the least probable one we can hear of shall be omitted by any of us. Lord Dunmore returning to your part of the world, but with what view no one can guess, gives us a fresh opportunity, by the numerous train he carries out, to get a letter to you. By Mr. Blair the Wigton letters go. This and the duplicate I shall send to Mr. William Borrodaile, of London, who, in the most obliging manner, has offered his services to forward our correspondence, having as frequent opportunity as any one. Lowther continues at Catherine Hall, being unable to retain his Irish living with it. Mr. and Mrs. Matthews and their three children are well; all of them write to you; but I shortly mention their names, lest

this prove a more fortunate letter than theirs. I suppose you hardly know, from the miscarriage of letters, of the birth of my second son, John, who is now two and a half years old, any more than of the death of Mrs. Aglionby* at this house, of small-pox, in March, 1780, which was a great shock to us all. My boys both caught the infection, but got very well through. They then had whooping-cough, which held them a long time, and hurt their mother's health very much. Just as she was recovering, poor Mary was seized with rheumatic fever, which settled in her leg, making a cripple of her for many months. She is, thank God, now pretty well again, but such has been her mother's attention and anxiety, with this series of distresses, her health and spirits are much impaired, but I trust both will be restored to her. Our other children are all well, and join their mother and me in ardent wishes for your health and happiness.

"Your truly affectionate brother,

"J. O. YATES."

1782.

J. O. Yates to Charles Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, 12*th April*, 1782.

"My poor Mary has again had a very severe winter, . . . but, by God's blessing, a good constitution, and a flow of spirits rarely met with in one so young, she has surmounted all her troubles, and we have reasonable hopes she will not be lame. . . . Our cousin Pattenson and his children have sustained a dreadful loss in the death of Mrs. Pattenson, who died in December. Her infant died before her. She left six children alive. You have letters of the purport of this by all possible opportunities. Mrs. Yates and the children join in kindest love

"With your affectionate

"J. O. YATES."

* The mother of Mrs. Yates died on a visit to her.

1783.

Peace between Great Britain and the United States.

John O. Yates to Charles Yates.

"Skirwith Abbey, *5th February*, 1783.

"My dear Brother,—Your letter of 1st of November has made me and your friends here very happy. To the enclosures it contains I will pay due attention. A peace, thank God, is at last obtained, and an end put to the destructive war that has ruined thousands, and shed rivers of blood. . . ."

From the same.

"*March 3rd*, 1783.

"Dear Brother,— . . . I should have been in Liverpool ere this in your interest, but a few days after my last letter I was invested with the honourable but very troublesome office of sheriff of this county, which has since pretty fully occupied my time, but I am now more at leisure to look around. . . ."

Mrs. Matthews to Charles Yates.

"Wigton, *April 15th*, 1783.

"My dear Brother,—By a line received from Mr. Blair, he informs me of his intention of going immediately to America, and obligingly offers to take charge of any commands we may have for you; and very sorry should I be to let slip so good an opportunity of wishing you joy that peace is once more restored to us all, in consequence of which I hope difficulties will be removed in our correspondence, in which we have been particularly unlucky. I do not think we have received a letter from you this two years (it may be more), and we have reason to think ours addressed to you are equally unfortunate, as you take no notice of receiving any letters from us in those my brothers have received from you. We have written by various opportunities, I fear in vain, but I trust things will now run in

their proper channel, and we may rejoice in frequent accounts of you, until we have the pleasure of seeing you again, a pleasure which we flatter ourselves will not be at a distant period. Mr. Matthews wrote some months ago, committing his packet to the care of Mrs. Heslop, who talked of starting for America before peace was concluded; but we hear she is yet on this side of the water, so it is uncertain when you will receive Mr. Matthews' letters; *this*, I hope, will reach you by a quicker conveyance. I am happy to inform you that Mr. Matthews is freer from complaints than for some time; but any fatigue or variation from his usual mode of living throws him off the hinges, so that we are seldom able to see our friends but when they charitably come to see us, and kindly make allowances for infirmities which almost totally prevent Mr. Matthews from attending either to business or pleasure. Travelling is so hurtful to him, he keeps at home; but much concern it gives him that he could not personally attend to your concerns at Whitehaven, though my brother John's constant attention prevented your suffering in any degree, which greatly lessened Mr. Matthews' distress on that account. Brother John has been at Liverpool some weeks on your business, the particulars of which he will inform you, no doubt. We had the pleasure of our brother the Doctor's company some months last summer. I never saw him in better health or spirits, from which I trust he is set down agreeably to his own wish. God grant he may long enjoy the comforts of his situation! My young folks all and myself enjoy good health, thank God. We intend sending Richard to St. Bees School at Whitsuntide; he is very fond of his books, and hitherto a good boy. Jane is a quick and lively lass, as fond of playing with her brother, as her mother used to be of the same *honour;* and my little Mary plays her part with the best of them, as far as she is able. Our reverend brother had a *busy* time of it during his stay among us between his nephews and nieces at Skirwith Abbey and Wigton. They used to attack on all sides, and he was often pressed to defend his wig from suffering violence; they all soon found

out he was an excellent playfellow, and they treated him accordingly. I really believe he enjoyed their company as much as they did his. I am afraid we shall not have the pleasure of seeing him again this summer, as he is obliged to reside part of the time at Norwich, being a prebend of that cathedral. . . . Mr. Matthews' sister, Mrs. Nixon, is with us in a very poor state of health; she desires to be kindly remembered to you. I suppose some of our friends will have informed you of our cousin Fletcher commencing baronet. Honours have of late flowed upon him. He is chairman of the East India Company. Miss Fletcher has been in a bad state of health; Master Fletcher is a fine, healthy boy, and very fond of Cumberland. Sir Henry Fletcher is now so much engaged in London, I fear we shall in future see less of them at Clea, which will be a loss to us, as they have always been most friendly, and the young ones are very fond of each other when together. I informed you some time ago of the death of our cousin Jane Stephenson. Betty and Dolly continue to live at Ashley Park, which at their decease devolves to Sir Henry Fletcher. I have only room left to add our affectionate love and the duty of my young ones.

"J. MATTHEWS."

Mrs. Matthews to Charles Yates.

"WIGTON, *November 11th*, 1783.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—Yesterday we had a short visit from Mr. Stamper, offering to carry letters to America on his return; and we joyfully embrace the opportunity of letting you hear from us. It has happened that we have seen very little of the bearer. The first time he called upon us poor Mrs. Nixon had just died in our house; and Mr. Matthews was unable to receive him as he could have wished, or make the many inquiries about you that at another time would have been a pleasure to him. And I was very unwell. The anxiety we had felt for months on Mrs. Nixon's account had affected us greatly, as her sufferings were very severe, Mr. Matthews particularly, whose affection for his sister made it

very distressing, and alarmed me on his account. While we are in this uncertain and fluctuating state of life, we must expect rubs as we go along, and we ought not to repine at those inflicted by the hand of Providence; and as I am truly sensible the many blessings I have hitherto enjoyed far outweigh my merits, I should not regret to be reminded that perfect happiness is not to be our portion in this world. We were much rejoiced to learn by Mr. Stamper that you enjoyed good health, but not at all pleased with the *rudeness* of your cow in throwing you down and laming your sword-arm; but I hope you have recovered from the accident, and we would like to hear it under your own hand. I must now inform you we sent our son Richard to St. Bees School last Whitsuntide, where we hope he will improve; and we have had pleasing accounts from his master, with whom he boards and is quite happy. I should be glad to have Jane as well disposed of, but we will wait a few years till she is older. As to my little Mary, she is a plaything for the family, and seems to think learning an enemy to pleasure, so that at present she is in no danger of hurting either her health or spirits by intense study. . . . Our friends at Skirwith were well last week. Mary Yates is still lame, but in other respects in good health. As communication is opened between us, we should be glad to know if we can send you anything which would be acceptable. I mean to send you a small cask of salmon, as I hear a ship is going from Whitehaven to Virginia in the spring. My paper reminds me to conclude, to which you may assent as well as myself. Therefore, wishing you every happiness and a speedy arrival amongst us, I am most sincerely, dear brother,

"Yours affectionately,

"J. MATTHEWS."

J. O. Yates to Charles Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *December* 20*th*, 1783.

". . . I am sorry you should be alarmed at Mr. Horner's account of Francis at Liverpool. I had been only two days

there. Indeed, he was very ill the only day I saw Mr. Horner, who sailed before I finished writing; a friend got my letter conveyed by a boat. The distemper was a sharp and alarming fever, probably from cold caught on the road; but being checked in a few days, he soon recovered, and has since continued well. He is one of the strongest boys I ever saw of his age, tall and bony. Mary I took with us for a change of air, and a little variety after her long confinement to the house; and it was a fortunate thing, as the doctor who attended Francis seemed to understand her uncommon case as well as any one who had seen her, and put her under a course from which she has received much benefit. . . . Anne is very tall and healthy, John of a shorter, fatter make than his brother. I had a letter from Lowther a few days ago, who was well at Cambridge. Should the present Ministry hold its ground (of which I have great doubt), I trust he stands a chance of something handsome. Lowther takes all these matters very quietly, and is so perfectly satisfied as he is, that, go things as they will, he cannot suffer the least disappointment. Mr. Matthews' health is by no means what I wish it to be; and he is, I fear, much hurt by the loss of his sister Nixon, who died at his house after a long and painful disorder. Our sister and her children are well. Mrs. Yates and my children join me in affectionate compliments. . . .

"J. O. YATES."

1784.

J. O. Yates to C. Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, 31*st December*, 1784.

". . . Your favour of October 2nd reached me in due course. I rather wonder my letters were not in your hands. I am sorry for the accounts you give of your own health; but I hope the winter, as you expect, will re-establish it. Is it prudent, my dear brother, think you, to run further risk of a climate that has already given you so broad a hint? The postscript to the duplicate of my letter of the 6th of September would inform you of the birth of a son. . . .

Young Henry is a very thriving child. . . . Mr. Pattenson is in a better state of health than he was a year ago. Mrs. Sewel gave him a full release last month by dying, having enjoyed her annuity fifty-one years. He desires his compliments to you, as do all at Nunnery. The best wishes of all here ever attend you. . . .

"J. O. YATES."

1785.

Mrs. Matthews to Charles Yates.

"WIGTON, *January* 18*th*, 1785.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—Mr. Matthews is addressing a long letter to you on business. Domestic news is left for me to communicate. It is natural to begin with what most interests us; therefore be it known to you that I have had the pleasure of my dear boy's company during the Christmas holidays. He grows a stout and strong fellow, and is said to be very like his mother; therefore I shall make no comment on his *beauty*. His master at St. Bees gives us very pleasing accounts of his good behaviour and attention to learning, which you may suppose affords us much comfort; and Richard being very happy is no small addition. Brother John writes to me—for we seldom see him—that he has a lovely boy added to his family. I do not think he will exceed those I have seen; and he need not be finer, either in beauty or thriving. . . . Anne is a sweet creature, and Mary wonderfully recovered and very sprightly. Our good brother the Doctor gave us the pleasure of hearing from himself, being well and in good spirits. Our cousin Sir Henry Fletcher and his family have been at Clea since August last; and we have had the pleasure of seeing each other very frequently during the winter, which will make us miss them exceedingly when they return to London, which they intend doing next week. Henry Fletcher is a sweet boy, and fond of Cumberland, which you must allow is a *strong proof* of his *great discernment*. Miss Fletcher is in better health since she came to Clea. We begin to

think it long since we heard from you, and Brother John having lately heard of the indifferent state of your health makes us most anxious. Do, my dear brother, hasten your return to your native land; and hesitate not to make some sacrifices to health, the most invaluable of all worldly blessings. I fear it is a blessing my dear Mr. Matthews will never enjoy again in any great degree. He is no worse than usual, but is seldom well many days together, and cannot lead that active life his inclinations would induce him to. My children, thank God, enjoy good health, and also does their mother, which I flatter myself is a piece of information which will give you pleasure. God grant us the same pleasing account of yourself. All join in affectionate wishes for all happiness this new year to you.

"J. MATTHEWS."

Mr. John Matthews to Charles Yates.

"WIGTON, 20*th June*, 1785.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your several favours received, and you may rest assured no part of your directions will be neglected that we can execute. I hope you received a letter from your sister, with every particular relating to family matters, in which there is no change since our last accounts. You make no mention of wishing us to send you any more of our gooseberries, for which we reason we judge they were only thought to answer the purpose of convincing the Americans you had better in your *own garden*, than England could produce. Your farming accounts are such that I am out of love with everything I look at about me, and long to be near to enjoy so fruitful a sport; but again, when we look at your order for butter and a wish for English potatoes, it comforts a little, and your sister, brother, and myself really laugh at the Great American Farmer. You mentioned some cloth of home manufacture you had sent your brother and me, of which we have as yet heard nothing. At present we have all our little family about us. Richard, we think, improves very fast, and Jane and Mary equally

improving; and I hope they would all please you were you to see them. Your sister continues her usual good health and looks. When we last heard from Dr. Yates and the Skirwith family, they were all very well. With sincerest wishes for your happiness, believe me,

"Your affectionate

"J. MATTHEWS."

Mrs. Matthews to Charles Yates.

"WIGTON, *August 2nd*, 1785.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—Your last address to me (January 1st) appeared from its contents to be made up of *odds* and *ends*, after, I suppose, having got a surfeit of writing to correspondents who expected you to speak of subjects more interesting than old churches, whose ruins we daily live in dread of being buried under, and not for want of many efforts to rebuild the tottering fabrics, but hitherto without effect. I think your informer has not been quite master of his subject when he told you of the affluence of this parish, as I do not know in what quarter it is to be found. So much for old churches, and old clothes, which, by the bye, have never come to hand—I mean your negroes' clothing, which you mention their being too saucy to wear, and that you have sent a sample to Brother John and Mr. Matthews. We will give our opinion when it arrives. I beg when you do me the favour of addressing me again, and feel at a loss for a subject, to remember that to a fond mother something of her children, no matter how trifling, is always acceptable. I am sure if their uncle is inclined to follow their mother's example, he can never fail to fill half a sheet of paper to his sister. Brother John is now at Carlisle, attending the assizes; he came over and stayed all night with us. He and his family are well; and his son Henry, he tells us, is the beauty of his family. I have not seen him yet. From my reverend brother I had a letter last week, written in London. He had been to pay his respects

to our cousin Betty Stephenson at Ashley Park, who is in a melancholy way, having lost the use of her limbs, and often suffers much pain; but when she is up, she is in good spirits, and talks as much as usual; yet, from her advanced age, the Doctor thinks she is in a dangerous way. He also spent a few days at Greenwich. There all our friends are well. Sir Henry Fletcher and his son are just come into the county, but I have not yet seen them. Our niece Hetty Nixon was married last year to a Mr. Harris, who has been some years in South Carolina, and is now settled in London. I do not know whether I mentioned these circumstances to you before. Mr. Harris and his wife came down to see us immediately after their marriage. He told me he had transacted some business with you in person at Fredericksburg, before he left America, but he did not at that time know your connections. I have lately had my dear boy at home; I wish you could see him, and the rest of his relations, who are very impatient to see you. Why will you again enter business, at a time of life when you ought to rest? As to your property of Wigton, you seem to have forgotten it. If you will make *me* your steward, I promise not to trouble you with settling accounts. The hams you mention sending have not come; when they do, I will observe your directions; the last you sent us were the best I ever tasted. You say you would give many guineas that we had a horse of yours, in whose praise you are so lavish; I cannot help wishing to be a witness to so many perfections, as such a horse would be of wonderful use to a family that abounds in infirmities and cowards, as he would suit both by turns.

"I think I have no Wigton news to fill up with. Perhaps you will think there is no need, as I have got so far without any. However, I must add, your friends here often inquire after you. I mean to send you some gooseberries along with the butter in September. Mr. Matthews writes with this, and your nieces unite in love to their uncle, who I trust will believe me his most affectionate and obliged sister,

"J. MATTHEWS."

Mr. Matthews to Charles Yates.

"WIGTON, *September 5th*, 1785.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Just as I was sitting down to write, we had the happiness to receive yours of the 3rd of July, and I am obliged to you for your kind inquiries. We were glad to receive yours of 16th of May, repeating the continuance of your good state of health, and, I may add, of your wonderful performance in the riding way. I wish I could say as much for myself. I do not think I have done that since you were here. I seldom get more than two or three miles out; and if to Carlisle or Burgh, it is great. For your obliging wish to supply me with an easy horse, I return sincere thanks; but it is not clear I should be able to ride any distance if I had it. At present I ride a little galloway, which is remarkably easy, but is rather slender for me. Hunting and shooting, in which I used to take pleasure, I have left off entirely, and the exercise I now chiefly take is looking after my farm and improvements; and I flatter myself you would see a change for the better here should we ever be so happy as to see you again. Your sister, when she writes, will make you a proper answer to your remarks on the independent ladies of America.

"Since my memory, I do not remember so little rain in one year, between October and August scarce a shower and had it not been for the snow in winter, vegetation must have been at a stand long before it was. . . . You say things are dear with you; there must be a great change in the prices of eatables since I was in Virginia. We also advance with the heavy taxes laid upon us. . . .

"J. MATTHEWS."

Christopher Aglionby, Esq., of Nunnery, after a short illness, died on the 6th of October, 1785, and was buried in Ainstable Church. Mr. Aglionby was the twenty-third in descent of this family, in his thirty-first year, and unmarried. He succeeded to the estates of his father, Henry Aglionby,

in 1770, being then a minor. He was sheriff for the county of Cumberland in 1780. He died intestate; and by a decree in chancery, his property was divided between his four surviving sisters: Elizabeth, Anne, Julia, Mary (Mrs. Yates).

1786.

John O. Yates to Charles Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, 29*th January*, 1786.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—My letter of the 6th of October last, wrote both in a hurry and distress, could hardly be called an answer to your favours. This, I fear, will not get to Whitehaven time enough for the *Venus*, bound to Fredericksburg, by my receiving advice of her sailing just as I was leaving home on poor Mr. Aglionby's affairs; however, it shall go, and if too late for her, lay in Mr. Wilson's hands for the next opportunity. . . . In Mr. Aglionby's affairs, I fear, we shall have some family heart-burnings, owing to his superior attachment to Mrs. Yates and her family; for the three single ladies, living together in Carlisle in a style he thought too high, and sinking a large part of their fortunes, hurt him extremely. Of late he publicly and frequently declared if he died childless, he would make Francis, of whom he was doatingly fond, his heir, and he had actually given instructions for that purpose before his last illness. . . . But not having fully digested it, for that time he put it off, but he was a very little time before his death settling it in his own mind, and ready to have completed, when seized with his last illness. That was violent and short; and he died intestate, which makes all four sisters equal, except the eldest, who solely inherits about fifteen hundred pounds worth of customary land. The sisters were for immediately dividing his estate, which we were averse to; and their father's only sister, Mrs. Lowthian, extremely rich and childless, most violently opposed. At last it is settled. Miss Aglionby* takes the whole estate upon a valuation, securing

* Afterwards Mrs. Bamber.

it and paying interest to her sisters for their respective shares, which, considering the estimation land is held in over money, with repairs, bad tenants, etc., will not, I think, leave her much. She is a woman of excellent understanding, and has cultivated it assiduously, but haughty and proud to a degree, and has for years—I may say from infancy—had an ascendency over every part of the family she has lived with. . . . I must conclude by informing you, my family are in perfect health, and join in cordial love and good wishes with your affectionate

"J. O. YATES."

Mrs. Matthews to Charles Yates.

"WIGTON, *February* 1*st*, 1786.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—Being informed that a ship is going in a few days from Whitehaven to Fredericksburg, I seize the opportunity of thanking you for your very kind favour of July 19th, 1785, as every line of the contents convinces me of your continued affection and attention, and is no small addition to my present happiness. But as all pleasures in this uncertain world have their alloy, so mine were damped by your telling me the insuperable barriers that I fear will long prevent your visiting your native country again. Your arguments are very forcible and consistent with prudence. I was ignorant of the sacrifice I was requesting for the sake of your friends, who all ardently wish to see you. And you must pardon me, my dear brother, if I still cherish the wish. I have always lived in plenty and comfort, for which I am truly thankful to Providence; but as I have had no experience of that affluence of which you speak, I never dreamed of the change it would make in your circumstances, supposing you could carry your property along wherever you chose to go yourself. I am sure I should not like to live in a country where one must stay to watch what one is possessed of or lose it, though I believe I might venture to accept a fortune in *Cumberland* on those terms without any danger of damages. You must excuse

me if I dispute an assertion of yours, that I could 'forget to make mention of my fair daughters when speaking of their brother and cousins.' Impossible! For well I know I have often been afraid you would set me down as one of those simple mothers who suppose that others are as much entertained with the witticisms and wonderful wisdom of their children, as they are themselves; and I am not clear whether you do not mean by telling me I said nothing of my girls that I said more than enough. Be that as it may, it will not deter me from renewing again the favourite subject of my dear children, whom I am sure you would both love and *admire* could you see them with your own eyes. We were most happy in our boy's company during Christmas holidays. Jane is clever and sensible, and many call her handsome. Mary thinks her so much so, that she endeavours to imitate her in everything, but will not give way in any contention between them, from which you may form some judgment of Miss *Mary's* spirit, and how far she partakes of her mother's *meekness*. She is smart and lively, and is sadly spoiled by her father, who denies it, but it is true. I much wish to have Jane sent off to school, there being a very good one at Carlisle, but her father postpones it, thinking her too young; but I cannot help wishing it. My brother wished to send Francis to St. Bees this spring; but as the master will take no more lodgers, they will not send him to any of the lodging-houses, and Appleby now seems determined upon for Master Francis. They have long talked of sending Anne to school, but seem distressed where to find a proper one. The addition of fortune by Mr. Aglionby's death must be considerable. I have not seen Mrs. Yates since that event. Her daughter Mary's recovery gives pleasure to all her friends; at one time there seemed little probability. Our reverend brother gives us frequent information of himself; and I am not without hopes of seeing his Reverence in Cumberland this summer, though he has not said so. Mr. Pattenson and his family are well. His two daughters have been at school for some time in Yorkshire. I expect you to give a very

particular account, if you are so lucky as to get the last cargo we sent you, how the contents proved, as I am a party concerned. Betty and James are still a party of our household. I have no doubt you remember them. Honest Tommy is in good preservation, and often talks of you and wonders you do not come back again, being entirely of my opinion—no place like old England. Most of our neighbours are *in statu quo*, and those of your acquaintance beg their compliments. Believe me, if this affords you any entertainment, I am happy. Jane and Mary beg their duty may be added to every good wish of your affectionate

"J. MATTHEWS."

Mrs. Matthews to Charles Yates.

"WIGTON, *April* 10*th*, 1786.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am favoured with yours by Captain Story, who arrived in Whitehaven a fortnight ago. Mr. Matthews received one from you three weeks before. The contents of both merit our thanks for your kindness to our children. I wrote to Richard to inform him of your kind present to him, and told him to write to you by the first opportunity, which he tells me he has done. If it reaches you, remember it is written by a schoolboy. Mary also offers thanks, and is surprised at your remembrance of her, as she is sure you never *saw* her. Jane would add her thanks, but I have not yet told her of your kind intentions.

"My last accounts from Skirwith are good. Mrs. Yates is gone to carry her daughter Anne to a boarding-school at Heath, near Wakefield.

"In offering to be your steward, you do not seem to have attended to my reasons for thinking myself qualified for the office, and the *terms* upon which I would accept it. Your supposing I wanted to supplant your prime minister without his knowledge was not so. I told him I was going to try, for which he only laughed, and said, you knew better than to make such an exchange, from which I find husbands and brothers are not the people one is to look to for *compli-*

ments. As I am rather pressed for time, I must defer news till next opportunity.

"Believe me your ever affectionate sister,

"J. MATTHEWS.

"You talk much of your fine apples. I wish you would some time send us some of the Newtown pippins, which, from the sample we have had, we suppose to be a very fine apple."

Rev. Dr. Yates to Charles Yates.

"WIGTON, *August 14th*, 1786.

"DEAR BROTHER,—Last week I arrived at this place, after having, in my way from Cambridge, spent some days at Skirwith and Melmerby. Brother John was from home, attending his daughter Mary, who was gone into the East Riding of Yorkshire, for the benefit of sea-bathing at a town called Coatham, which place, notwithstanding its being so far off, my brother prefers to Allonby, as the situation is much pleasanter, and the accommodations better. Mary Yates, I understand, is almost perfectly recovered from her lameness, but it is thought advisable to continue the sea-bathing, as the use of it has always been of great benefit to her in the course of her illness. My brother is expected home in a few days to attend the assizes which begin at Carlisle on Friday next. Some causes of great importance are to come on. The decision of them is expected with great anxiety, as not only the liberties, but the lives, of some individuals are at issue. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Matthews have received your letters dated February and May, and it is their intention to answer by the first ship leaving Whitehaven for Virginia, which may be done by writing next week; but I choose that mine should go this week, lest an opportunity should be lost by delaying till that time.

"Our relation Mistress Betty Stevenson died the twenty-ninth of June last, and Ashley Park is now in the possession of Sir Henry Fletcher. She has left Sir Henry sole executor

and residuary legatee, about twenty thousand pounds being left in legacies. To our family she has bequeathed two thousand pounds, *i.e.*, five hundred pounds apiece to you, Brother John, Mrs. Matthews, and myself. These legacies are greater in sound than in value, as all the other legacies are specific, viz., in the Three per cent. South Sea Annuities. The legacies are to be paid within a year after her decease.

"A shock of earthquake was felt here between two and three o'clock last Friday morning. I was not sensible of it, but Mr. and Mrs. Matthews and most of the family were. We have not heard of any mischief being done, or how far it extended. It was felt in all this neighbourhood and in Carlisle, where the alarm was very great.

"The family at Melmerby are not noticed in Miss Stevenson's will, which I am very sorry for. She has left Mr. Benson and his sister two thousand pounds each. Nothing to the family at Greenwich. All here join me in best wishes for your health and happiness. I am, my dear brother, with the greatest truth and sincerity,

"Your most affectionate brother,

"L. YATES."

Charles Yates to John O. Yates.

"VIRGINIA, FREDERICKSBURG, *December* 23*rd*, 1786.

"DEAR BROTHER,— . . . I have possessed myself of an almost invaluable tract of land, containing one thousand acres, for which I gave three thousand pounds sterling. . . . It is my purpose to settle this land, but knowing its great value, not in haste. Its situation is forty miles from Alexandria, within four miles of the Potomac river, which I expect will be completely navigable to tide-water in two or three years. The work is carrying on under the auspices of General Washington, and when finished will raise his and his brothers' estates, to which mine join, to an inestimable value. Perhaps some of your acquaintance might wish to give five thousand pounds sterling to be fixed on a good seat in as healthy a clime and beautiful country as any in

the world. With tender of my most affectionate regard to Mrs. Yates, her relations, and your children, to the family at Melmerby, and respectful compliments to inquiring friends, I am sincerely, dear brother,

"Yours with great truth,

"CHARLES YATES."

1787.

Charles Yates to John O. Yates.

"FREDERICKSBURG, *June 18th*, 1787.

"DEAR BROTHER,— . . . The land mentioned in this and in my former letter of the 13th is not likely to sell shortly for its value, at least in my estimation, as money is not so plenty amongst us as land, which causes a quicker demand for estates of inferior quality, as they may be had cheaper and in larger quantities, which is, however, bad policy in the buyer. This being the case, a thought hath struck me, which, being opened to you, is not to be communicated to any person until you have given me your opinion thereon, and hear from me again. As you have three sons, it would be an establishment for one of them. . . . By our present laws, which want amending, and, I hope, will ere long be done, I cannot dispose of my real property to any British subject; and trustees do not always prove what we wish or expect. A nephew on the spot would obviate every difficulty. Mrs. Yates, if you approve, might be sounded, to which the mention of the land might naturally lead. I know many objections might be made by a mother—the danger of a voyage, strange climate, care of a youth here, and want of the best education, etc., etc.; all these I could obviate readily to one unconcerned, and, I believe, to you. After reading the above, and giving it that place in your memory you wish it to retain, I desire it may be put into the fire, that no trace may remain of a purposed partiality to your family in case nothing should come of the proposal. . . .

"CHARLES YATES.'

1788.

Mrs. Matthews to Charles Yates.

"WIGTON, *June 7th*, 1787.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I wrote you a long letter by the *Success* some weeks ago, giving, as usual, an account of the state of the family and our connections, as far as I was mistress of the subject, so that I will at present either be guilty of repetition or have recourse to my old trick of wire-drawing, in which art you have more than once allowed me some merit. Mr. Matthews having an opportunity of sending a packet to Liverpool to Mr. Maury's care, puts it in my power to offer you this scribbling, which I beg you will not look at till you have read Mr. Matthews' letter. His being on solid and weighty subjects, mine will come in as dessert and help digestion. We have been on the wing for Skirwith for some weeks, but a violent pain seizing Mr. Matthews by the back, I do not know when we shall take flight. I am sorry to tell you our niece Mary Yates has had a return of her former complaint, with much pain, and for some time was not able to walk. She is now better, but not in a situation to go off to school, as was intended this summer when her sister came home. I feel very much for her and for her friends, who were flattering themselves she had got the better of her disorder, which she has always borne with uncommon fortitude. She is as sensible and lively a girl as ever I saw. I must tell you how obliged we are to Mr. Maury for a present of two bottles of whisky, sent to him by Mr. Charles Yates, a circumstance he knew would make a present of less value acceptable at Wigton Hall. I let our friend Mr. Richard Matthews, who is with us on a visit, taste the whisky. His remark upon it was very short: he only wished you would send a *shipload* of the *same* to Wigton. He begs his respects to you.

"What do you think of my abilities of spinning with my pen? You will certainly recommend my trying upon a wheel as more profitable. I always wish to improve. Mary Thompson, Betty, and James think themselves much obliged

by your remembrance of them, and beg their duty and respects. My young folks unite with their mother in every good wish and affectionate love.

"J. MATTHEWS.'

1789.

Charles Yates to John O. Yates.

"FREDERICKSBURG, *February 6th*, 1789.

"DEAR BROTHER,—A few days after the date of my last (November 11th), I had the pleasure to receive yours from Buxton, and to learn that your journey to that place had produced additional health to Mrs. Yates. . . . I have now disengaged myself from all business, except having an eye to old affairs, which will not take up so much of my time as to prevent the necessary attention to my farms. At that one across the Blue Ridge it is my purpose to reside a good part of the summer and autumn, on account of the fine climate. And that I may not become a loiterer whilst there, I have stocked it with negro labourers, horses, cattle, etc., to keep me in employment, and, I hope, from the fertility of the soil, to some advantage.

"Our new government takes place next month. It hath hitherto met and continues to meet opposition in some of the States, but in most its enemies are a minority. My hope is that it will prove advantageous to the whole, and in consequence be wholly and permanently established. . . . Yours most truly,

"CHARLES YATES."

Charles Yates to John O. Yates.

"VIRGINIA, FREDERICKSBURG,
"*May 26th*, 1789.

"DEAR BROTHER,— . . . My friends in London and Whitehaven having sent me magazines and newspapers for the months of October up to the middle of March, everything relative to the King's indisposition is before me, and strongly

confirms the impression I brought with me from England in 1773 that the minor faction, however necessary it may be as a check or curb on the ruling power, consists too much of characters abhorrent to every good man. The idea that Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and others of the same stamp, should be the advisers, most probably the directors of the Regent, was to me shocking. . . . Our side of the water is engaged too much in its own concerns to pay much attention to your ins and outs. My acquaintances generally are pleased that Pitt holds fast his seat, and that his enemies, even to the addressing patriots from Dublin, are mortified by the King's recovery.

"The new government of the Thirteen United States hath at length been carried into effect, and I have full confidence that it will be a blessing, on the whole. As everything relative to it is regularly published, your curiosity respecting it may be better satisfied by what may be extracted and placed in your prints, than any amount I could give in the compass of a letter.

"Mr. Dixon tells me the division of the Aglionby estate is at length effected, and that you, in right of Mrs. Yates, have got a valuable estate near Carlisle, called Drawdykes. He adds that, agreeable to report, the ladies all, in consequence of the apportionment being made, are about taking each an helpmeet. I wish them all to be happy. . . .

"Whether it is that being no longer in the shipping business, or that the sea-captains of these days are less obliging than formerly, I know not, but from one of these causes I find difficulty in getting any little thing done by them. That I have not been accustomed to, which often prevents any forwarding of small matters that might prove acceptable to my friends. Present my respectful compliments and best wishes to Mrs. Yates and your family, and believe me always

"Your affectionate brother,

"Charles Yates."

1790.

Charles Yates to G. O. Yates.

"FREDERICKSBURG, *June 22nd*, 1790.

"DEAR BROTHER,—. . . Our present prospects for the fruits of the earth are favourable; and if nothing blasts them, the people of this State will be rich enough, if they are equally honest, to rub off old scores, especially if the demand for grain should continue a few years, even at reduced prices from what it hath sold for last winter. My wheat harvest I will begin here in six or seven days; and after having seen it in a fair way, I purpose going to my Berkeley farm, and staying there till October. As yet there is not sufficient land cleared at that place. . . . In a few years, if I live, it will be of as great value for its produce, as it is now for its salubrity. When there a while, I feel myself quite another man, although in this lower country I enjoy, through God's providence, as good health as most. With my respectful compliments to Mrs. Yates, . . .

"CHARLES YATES."

1791.

Charles Yates to John O. Yates.

"VIRGINIA, FREDERICKSBURG, *June 7th*, 1791.

"DEAR BROTHER,—. . . I particularly note the pleasing hope you entertain from the assiduity of your sons, Francis and John, in their studies, that they may by a perfect classical education found a solid basis for future improvements. But are St. Bees, Appleby, or your academies the only places where the languages or other useful knowledge can be attained? I know they are not, and think it is no great presumption to assert my belief that it could be effected full as well in this town, as in any one in Britain, till it becomes necessary that books give way to the study of men and things.

"We have here a gentleman named Woodville, from Whitehaven, who four years ago came to Virginia most

highly recommended by Mr. Scott, of St. Bees, and many others, amongst whom is Dr. Porteus, Bishop of Chester at that time, and now of London. Since his arrival his general demeanour hath attached the esteem of all who know him, and I would rather trust a general tuition to his care than to any person I ever saw. So much is said to enforce a request that if it be your purpose to let John cross the Atlantic, it may be as soon as possible, for the following reasons: first, my advanced age, which renders life more precarious, even to those who, like myself, are blessed with as much health as can be expected; second, that since the separation of this country from yours there are legal doubts about the disposal of real property by testament to an alien so that he could avail himself of it in future; and lastly, that I might have a superintendence which, from the hitherto good fortune I have had in bringing up youth, which in my business became necessary, might prove beneficial. On receipt of your determination in this plan, which I shall hope for early, if favourable to my wishes, I will make the necessary arrangements for John's safe conduct from Liverpool to Virginia, where such attention shall be paid to him, that in a few years he may, with God's leave, by a visit give you proof of his improvements. . . .

"Your ever affectionate brother,

"CHARLES YATES."

Charles Yates to John O. Yates.

"FREDERICKSBURG, *November 20th*, 1791.

"DEAR BROTHER,—On the 4th of July I left this place for Walnut Grove, my estate in Berkeley County, where I stayed till the last of September. . . . As to your European or English politics, they are considered here of little consequence further than as affecting our grain markets. The more fighting or even embodying of men on the other side of the Atlantic, the less agricultural labour can be done. The quantities of wheat and flour exported from New York,

Philadelphia, Maryland, and Virginia are immense and annually increasing, especially in this State, where the tobacco culture hath declined much since it hath been taken up in North and South Carolina and Georgia. I get the *Universal Magazines* at the end of every six months, and my friends Mr. Martin, of Whitehaven, and Mr. James Maury and Mr. Richard Fletcher, send me newspapers as opportunities offer, from all which I learn that your countrymen continue to squabble and are as venal as formerly. I have also read Paine's 'Rights of Man,' which hath no more of my approbation than his piece published here, called 'Common Sense.' The man tells a great many bold truths, which would certainly be better untold to numbers who are satisfied with their situations in life. But he is one of those unhappy, restless mortals who, to reduce theory to practice, mind not even the peace of the globe. I think Pitt the ablest Minister that ever directed the affairs of Britain. And so endeth the chapter of English politics. In the United American States the Government is daily rising in power and estimation; and proceeding equally so for years to come, its alliance will be generally solicited by the European Powers. And the distance from that quarter of the globe is better security, as you know from experience, against the hostile attacks of any of them, than the joint assurances of the whole diplomatic body. Our population, by the census taken last year, exceeds four millions and a half; and in fifty years more, with emigrations across the Atlantic, may be set down at fifty millions at least of the best-informed people in the world. . . . With best respects and warmest wishes for the health of Mrs. Yates and your family and desire that the same may be presented at Melmerby, I remain always

"Your affectionate brother,

"CHARLES YATES."

CHAPTER III.

1792—1799.

"'Twas not that he loved not as heretofore,
For the boy was tender and kind;
But his was a world that was all before,
And ours was a world behind.

"'Twas not his fluttering heart was cold,
For the boy was loyal and true;
And parents love the love that is old,
And children the love that is new."

1792.—John Yates goes to Virginia. Francis Yates at Rugby School. 1793.—Miss Aglionby marries Richard Bamber. 1794.—Richard Matthews takes his degree at Cambridge. 1795.—Francis Yates enters Cambridge. 1796.—John Yates enters the college of New Jersey, in Princetown. Henry Yates at Appleby School. Death of Mrs. Matthews. 1798.—Death of Lowther Yates, D.D. Death of Miss Julia Aglionby. Death of Mrs. Lowthian. 1799.—Death of John Matthews, Esq.

1792.

Charles Yates to John O. Yates.

"VIRGINIA, FREDERICKSBURG, *January 6th*, 1792.

"DEAR BROTHER,—Your much-esteemed favour of the 11th October reached me on the 29th ult., and gave me the high satisfaction to find Mrs. Yates as well as yourself are content to place your son John Yates under my care. In yielding to this my request, I can easily conceive the conflict between parental affection and the fairest hope that could be held out for his future prospects; and it is with pleasure I see the determination made on the confidence placed in my attention to his instruction and

happiness. And I have no doubt but after the pang of separation, his mother and you will be often made happy by hearing of his welfare. To both it must occur that all human plans are subject to disappointments; all that can be done is to guard against accidents by the means that are most likely to prevent or mitigate them. In case of my mortality, against which health and even youth are no security, I have friends here on whom I can rely. Major Benjamin Day and Mr. William Lovell, of this town, have arrived at respectability and easy circumstances by their superior merit; the latter was my partner after the Peace, till I grew tired of mercantile business; either would, I am sure, be happy to testify their regard by any action that could show it to the world. Both are parents, and have amiable consorts. Should this reach you in time, as I trust it may, to make the necessary arrangements—and I conceive they may not be many or difficult—to send my nephew to Liverpool against the sailing of the spring ships for this State, I would wish the time not to be delayed. I write by this opportunity to Mr. James Maury on the subject, and he, I have no doubt, will be accommodating as far as in his power. . . . I pray for the Divine protection of all your family, and remain assuredly

"Your ever affectionate brother,

"CHARLES YATES."

Charles Yates to James Maury.

"*January 6th*, 1792.

"DEAR SIR,—It appears under your own hand that you have been so kind as to forward me two letters, by the *Grace* and the *Active*, the former from my brother. Impressed with the belief that you will take pleasure in devoting such part of your time as can be spared from your own important affairs to do me an essential service, I hesitate not to request your interesting yourself in whatever relates to the safe forwarding to me a son of my brother John Orfeur Yates, whom I should be happy could arrive here

by some of the spring ships, or, on account of his tender age, to have a summer passage. My brother is told I should make application to you; and as his inland situation will make it necessary that he be informed of any opportunity of a passage that you approve, I beg you to write to him, so as to give as much time as the case will admit. If Captain Flin comes to Rappahannock, and my nephew could be ready, I think he would take good care of him. Or if Captain John Huston, of the *Molly*, should be an opportunity, it would do, even if to Norfolk; for he might land him with my friend T. Ritson, of which I should hear in two or three days by post, and having good horses, it would be little trouble to go or send thither. . . . I have said to my brother that, if it should be thought necessary, his son should have an attendant; he or you might probably procure some decent young man who might, with the benefit of a passage which I would pay, have a desire to push his fortune in this rising country. . . . Although I have mentioned ships and captains, yet yours and your friends' judgments are what I shall rely on, under the confidence that you will be anxious for the youth's safety. Amongst other articles of outfit, you will please examine how he is off for classical and mathematical books. Of these I wish him to be well stocked, and some historical works fit for his years, as amusements at sea. You will please present my very respectful compliments to Mrs. Maury, and believe me with sincerity, dear sir, your affectionate friend and very humble servant,

"CHARLES YATES."

With these assurances of care and affection on the part of his uncle in Virginia, Mr. and Mrs. Yates made ready their son for a voyage across the seas. There is yet a trunk bristling with brass-headed nails, and a plate engraven, "John Yates, Fredericksburg, Virginia;" and of the contents carefully packed there by loving hands has come down to us one tiny package, containing—a tress of soft,

brown hair! It is eloquent of the mother's shining eyes and beating heart, and is scarcely less glossy than when cut from her small and shapely head. This parting was the first rift in the home circle; and none guessed that never again would they see the buoyant boy, standing, all wonder and expectation, upon the verge of a future temptingly spread out before him.

In May, 1792, Mr. Yates accompanied his son to Liverpool, where, after a stay of two weeks, he placed him in the care of William Stewart, master of the brig *Mary*, of Whitehaven. Many things conducive to comfort and amusement were supplied; and on June 3rd, with an attendant named Clarkson, John Yates, aged thirteen, sailed away from English shores. It was long before tidings came back of the *Mary's* safe arrival at Norfolk, Virginia, after a tedious passage of three months.

John O. Yates to John Yates.

"LIVERPOOL, *June 6th*, 1792.

"MY BEST BOY,—Mr. Greenwood informing me of a vessel of theirs sailing to-morrow for Norfolk, and that he will enclose a line of mine to his friend there for you, I cannot forbear sending you my blessing and every good wish. You are now, my dearest John, in some measure taken from the protection of your natural parents, and transferred to the care of one of whom I can with truth say, he is the best and worthiest of human beings. What the giving you up cost your mother and myself, words cannot describe. Pay all attention to your uncle, who has no other interest in directing your conduct than your own happiness. I am just setting off for Skirwith, which place will seem solitary when the recollection of your long absence presents itself to our remembrance. Miss no opportunity of informing your mother or myself of your welfare. We shall think the time long till we hear of your arrival. You are

happy in meeting with so good a captain as Mr. Stewart; he will be kind to you, I am sure, and every convenience and comfort has been procured for you by your friends; make a good use of them. Continue in that goodness of disposition that makes you a favourite of those you are among. Present my best affection to your uncle; and believe me to be, with the anxiety of a parent, ever your affectionate

"J. O. YATES."

One large sheet of paper has several letters written upon it, from Skirwith Abbey, under date of July 2nd, 1792.

Mrs. Yates to John Yates.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—I hope by this time you are almost at Norfolk. My heart can know no joy equal to hearing you are safe under your uncle's protection. May God bless and prosper you has been my daily prayer ever since we parted. I desire you will write me a particular account of your voyage, how you bore it, and if you were much distressed by sea-sickness. Tell me what your thoughts were when you found yourself launched into the ocean and totally separated from all your friends, if 'Crabshaw'* behaved properly and attentively to you. Everything relating to you will be most interesting to me; and writing to me, you know, is now the only gratification and attention you can bestow upon a mother most anxious for your happiness and prosperity. I trust you will receive from your uncle all the kindness your father and mother could have given you. Return to him all the duty and affection you would have shown us. Your father gave me some consolation in saying that you left Liverpool in good spirits, that you were furnished with everything to make your voyage comfortable and pleasant, and that you spent your time there happily, and experienced much kindness from your friends. Do not forget it, but always feel grateful to those who at any time show you

* Clarkson.

civility. People are unworthy of it who do not bear it in remembrance.

"I begin upon a large sheet, that your brother and sister may write in it. You will be surprised that Mary, the best writer in the family, should not add her good wishes to ours; but, poor child, she is not able. She is afflicted with a dimness in her eyes, which, though not so bad as to prevent her seeing to write, makes it highly improper for her to do so, and fills me with a thousand foreboding apprehensions. Mr. Harrison, however, hopes, as the disease—a weakness of the optic nerve—is taken at the beginning, it may regain its strength. But not caring to trust to him, I made him write to Mr. Bell, of Edinburgh, from whom we are daily expecting an answer. How she has been afflicted with one misfortune or another from her youth! Francis has been at home a week; he is a good deal grown, and, I believe, is taller than I am. He looks very well, and seems well pleased with his situation at Rugby. He has certainly lost the north-country dialect he carried out of the country; and though I cannot say he speaks a good language now, I make no doubt he will. He says he never heard anything so odd as Henry's mode of speech sounds to his ear. He is gone to dine at Melmerby with Charles Pattenson, and, I daresay, will write to you himself. I think I am stronger than when you left; but I have not ventured to walk to the garden, though I hope to do so before the summer is over. The weather still continues cold, and we have not had either strawberries or cherries. Present my best respects to your uncle; and accept, my dear John, the best wishes and affection of yours sincerely,

"M. YATES.

"I thank you for the drawings you sent me from Liverpool—they were pretty, and you had made good use of your time—also for the button-drawer, which came safely."

Anne Yates to John Yates.

"By this time, my dear brother, you are near the end of your voyage, I hope, and have found it pleasant. Did you

and '*Squire Crabshaw*' have any surprising adventures? Tell us everything. Are you much grown? Francis is returned as tall as my mother, but he cannot stretch himself out to the height of his sisters. He brought a large packet from Dodford,* where our friends are well. Little Henry does not talk well, only says a few words. These are holidays for everybody. Charles Pattenson returned home last week to stay three months, his brother John does not return to the school, nor do I suppose Tom will; so there will not be a party large enough to eat a whole sirloin at Mr. Lupton's. Your schoolfellow Matthew Atkinson is at home. It is not determined whether he will return to Appleby or go to the Charter House. I know no more news of your Appleby friends, or I would tell you, for if you are like me, you will wish to hear of your acquaintances more when you are at a distance than when you are among them. My father heard from Mrs. Matthews last week. She did not name any of the family but Richard, who returned from Cambridge very well, and said we should see Dr. Yates about the usual time. I heard from my aunt Aglionby last week. She proposes going to Gilsland soon, and has asked me to go with her; but till my sister is well I shall not leave home. My mother has told you of Mary's complaint in her eyes, preventing either reading, working, or writing, a sad loss to her, who is so fond of them all, and does them all so well. You are a loser too, for she would have written you a much more entertaining letter than I can do; and you would have heard from Henry, for he says I do not write well enough to write for him. Miss Julia Aglionby has been quite ill since you went away, but is well again. Tell me when you write what and whom you would like to hear of in the letters you receive. If you see the English papers, particularly the Whitehaven paper, it will often name your old friends. I have not heard of the time being fixed for the Crossfell meeting; it is later than usual, but the weather has been unfavourable to all mountain parties; the tops of most we see from here have been covered with snow some part of every day since you left.

* Home of Mr. and Mrs. Bateman in Northamptonshire.

Did you ever draw during your voyage? You improved much in Liverpool. I hope you will continue to practise it. I have drawn more since you went away than for two years. It is a very pleasant amusement. Francis has been trying to draw very often ever since he came home, but does not succeed so well as you did,* and he says he will give it up when he leaves us, though there is a drawing-master at Rugby. Farewell, my dear John. Accept the love and best wishes of your affectionate sister,

"A. YATES."

Francis Yates to John Yates.

"DEAR BROTHER,—I expected a letter from you from Liverpool, but you disappointed me. I am glad to hear you had so many good accommodations for the voyage, especially your goat, which I hope would be very useful to you. I dined at Melmerby yesterday. Charles Pattenson sent his compliments to you. There was a Danish gentleman killed by jumping out of the Manchester mail last week. The guard got down to walk up the hill out of Penrith, and the bridle slipped off one of the leading horses, which turned round with the wheel horses. The coachman got off to stop them, but they ran over him and hurt him very much. They went down the hill very quickly; one man jumped out without hurting himself; the Danish gentleman followed, and pitched upon his head, injuring his brain, and he died a day after. The horses ran with the coach to the old brewery, where it was overturned, and two people who had stayed in no worse. I must leave a little room for my father. I am, dear brother,

"Your affectionate

"F. YATES."

John O. Yates to John Yates.

"I have so little room, I can only add my blessing and fervent prayers for your health and happiness. . . . Francis

* Here Francis has written between the lines, "But does not do amiss."

and I dined at Mr. Gorst's to-day, who asked after you, as did Mr. Sprowle. Isaac Topping almost cries when he asks after you.* God bless you, my dear boy.

"J. O. YATES."

Mrs. Yates to John Yates.

"*July 28th*, 1792.

"As there are two franks going to Liverpool, I am unwilling to let them go without slipping in a line to convey my love and best wishes, sincerely hoping you are safely arrived in America, and with your uncle. How I wish I could hear of you! Write as soon as you are on shore. How I love you! but I will not write of it. I have written to you once since you sailed, and then mentioned your sister Mary's affliction in her eyes. I went with her to Edinburgh, where Dr. Monro and Mr. Bell were consulted, and she is now undergoing a severe course of treatment—blisterings, bleedings, and other disagreeable things; but she is seeing better. In Edinburgh we were fortunate enough to see Mrs. Siddons act Belvidera in *Venice Preserved*. She is indeed an incomparable actress. Lee Lewis was also there; and I saw him again, clever as ever in *Wildair*. I do not recollect any news among our Edinburgh friends. Queen Street is quite finished. George Street and Princess Street each lack about four houses of being completed. The new college is just at the end of the South Bridge, and it will be a fine building, but is too large an edifice to show to advantage in so small a street. Mr. Bell has a most excellent house at the same end of the South Bridge, and Dr. Hamilton one close beside. The Duke of Norfolk has been at Greystock a week. Your father and brother went to see him, and saw the deer. Pray remember me affectionately to your uncle. Farewell, my ever dear child.

"Yours sincerely,

"M. YATES."

* Mr. Sprowle held the living at Appleby. Isaac Topping was farmer at Skirwith.

Dr. Yates to John Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *July 28th*, 1792.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—As so favourable an opportunity offers of giving you a line, I embrace it with much pleasure to assure you of my most cordial wishes for your happiness in your present situation. It will give us all the greatest satisfaction to hear of your safe arrival at Fredericksburg; and I have no doubt of your being a most welcome visitor to your uncle, and as little that you will not be wanting in your endeavours to engage his regard and affection. I need say nothing of your friends here, as most of them intend writing to you; and I shall only add my earnest prayers for your health and a long enjoyment of that happiness which you have in prospect.

"I am, dear John,

"Your loving and affectionate uncle,

"L. YATES."

Anne Yates to John Yates.

"*August 27th*, 1792.

"... My mother and I went to the assizes, and Mary and Henry stayed at Melmerby with Miss Grainger. There were no very interesting causes tried; but the sheriff, Mr. Hasell, acquitted himself much to the satisfaction of the gentlemen in general. The balls were small, but pleasant. Miss Matthews was there, and I believe both she and I danced as much as was agreeable to us. The Miss Waughs were all at the assembly, but only Miss Belle danced. Mr. Brougham came from Carlisle to Penrith with us, and asked me to go next day with Mrs. Brougham to the assizes at Appleby. We went into court, and I was much entertained, as it was the first trial I had heard. One poor man was condemned, but his sentence was changed to going to Botany Bay. Francis got safely back to Rugby. He lost a day upon the road, owing to the mail being full, which kept him a day longer at Burton, with John Pattenson, than he ought to have been. ..."

John O. Yates to Charles Yates.

"*October* 29*th*, 1792.

". . . We were in great anxiety for a long while about our dear boy; but, thank God, we are at last relieved from it by his letter, dated 4th September, from Norfolk, written in good health and spirits. We are rather impatient to hear he has joined you. . . ."

John Yates to "Mrs. Yates, Skirwith Abbey, Penrith, Cumberland, England."

"Port Royal, Virginia, *September* 11*th*, 1792.

"Dear Mother,—I write to you from a small town on my passage to Fredericksburg, by an English vessel lying at anchor here. I wrote to my father on Tuesday, 4th of this month, from Norfolk, which letter contained only that we had arrived there late on Monday night, after a long passage of three months. I received my father's letter on Wednesday, 5th, by the *Active*, dated Liverpool, June 6th; and the same day I wrote to Mr. Yates at Fredericksburg, to tell him I had arrived, and that I had heard from my father. I stayed in Norfolk till Saturday, at the house of Mr. Hayes, a merchant, to whom I was recommended by Mr. Greenwood, of Liverpool. On Saturday morning I set out from there in a small schooner, in which I am now writing while we stop here, both the wind and tide being against us. All the country I have yet seen is quite covered with wood, except here and there a field of Indian corn, with a small house at the end of it. So much wood and water—for the Rappahannock is a very large river—exhibits some very pretty views. The river at its mouth is five or six miles broad, and here about a mile. I have already found the heat very disagreeable, though I am told it is very cool and pleasant, but it is not so to me. I wonder how the poor negroes do their work, yet they seem quite happy. William Clarkson desires me to beg my father will let his people know, he is arrived safe and well. I expect to get

to Fredericksburg to-morrow afternoon. It will be twelve o'clock to-night before we will be able to move from hence, so that as soon as I have got my letter finished, which will not be long, the vessel is going farther down the river to take in more of her cargo. I hope you have been free from the headache, and that my father is recovered from his rheumatism. Pray write soon, for I am impatient to hear of you. I suppose Francis has been home, and is returned to Rugby. You will when you write tell me how he is. I hope to hear you are all well by your first letter, which I am expecting every day. Give my duty to my father, brothers, and sisters; and tell Francis it will not be long before I write to him, and I will be very happy to hear from him. I will be obliged to you to give my respects to Mrs. Bateman, Mrs. Matthews, Miss Aglionby, and tell them I shall be happy to hear from them, and will write to them by the first opportunity. Dear mother, I will conclude now, so be assured I am your dutiful son,

"J. YATES."

Charles Yates to Mrs. Yates.

"VIRGINIA, FREDERICKSBURG,
"*September* 15*th*, 1792.

"DEAR MADAM,—Your beloved son John is now with me, in perfect health and good spirits. Yesterday he delivered me your favour of 16th May, written with a tenderness of feeling so natural and moving, in such a trying moment, that it will if possible impress on me more strongly a duty which my engagements to you and to my brother have made sacred, and which from our first interview I have found every disposition to comply with. Once for all, dear madam, be assured of my settled purpose to comply with every one of your injunctions, and that John shall be unto me as the apple of my eye. The poor little man hath had a tedious passage to Virginia, and did not after his arrival reach this place in the manner or so soon as I could have wished; but getting safe makes the rubs of no other consequence than lengthening the anxiety you and my brother

must have been under for his safety. Mine, believe me, hath not been small, although against my better judgment; long experience hath taught me, that the months of June, July, and August are most favourable for quick passages from hence to England, and of course they must be adverse to ships from thence here; and the knowledge that many other vessels, from different ports, were to sail about the same time with the *Mary*, and none of them arriving, made me less apprehensive for her safety; and yours would, I hope, be alleviated by such similar reasons by Mr. Maury * and others. I calculated upon John being about fifteen years old, and being somewhat lustier and more able to endure fatigue and hardships, should they have happened; but being safe here, I am pleased to find him as he is, that I may have the greater pleasure of seeing his progression, if it is God's will to spare his life and prolong mine. Having written to my brother on the 9th instant, the moment John's letter from Norfolk reached me, I must beg of you to inform him of your—*my son's* careful delivery of his letters, enclosing accounts and letter to him from the Duke of Norfolk, which are well noted, and shall in due time be replied to. I hope to have the happiness to hear of the increase of your health, and that in future you may have frequent satisfactory accounts from hence. I am, dear madam, with much respect and best wishes for the happiness of all your family and relatives,

"Your truly affectionate brother,

"CHARLES YATES.

"William Clarkson stays with John, till something advantageous that he may approve offers; and Plato † is standing by me."

John Yates to Mrs. Yates.

"FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA,
"*October 25th*, 1792.

"DEAR MOTHER,—I received your letter dated July 28th on October 1st, and one from Francis, Henry, Anne, and Dr.

* United States consul at Liverpool. † John's dog.

Yates (same date) on October 6th, one from you, my father, Francis, and Anne, without dates, on October 9th. . . . I hope your journey to Edinburgh was as pleasant as my sister's situation would permit. You mentioned that Mr. Cookson had taken the name of Crackenthorpe. Has he added it to his other names or dropped that of Cookson? Four days after I arrived here I went with my uncle to his plantation over the Blue Mountains, about ninety miles from Fredericksburg; we went in two days and a half in my uncle's carriage. I like the place very well. There is from the house a pretty view of the mountains, which are entirely covered with wood, except here and there a plantation. If all the Cumberland mountains were as well clothed, it would make Skirwith a much prettier place. It is now the tenth and last day of the district court, the same as our assizes. The two judges do not wear gowns and great wigs, as ours do; they are distinguished only by sitting alone. There are more black people here than I expected to see; the streets are full of them, and there are blacks in every trade. The houses here are all made of wood, except a few of brick and stones, and are covered with pieces of wood made like slates, called shingles, and are generally painted red, yellow, or white. The shops are all called stores. The streets are not paved with stones, as they are in England, nor are the roads made like yours. In some places going to the Blue Ridge, you will see the stumps of trees two feet high in the middle of the road. They are overbusy to stop to cut them away any lower. And in some of the churches, though you may examine very carefully, you will not find one pane of glass. There is nothing else here, I think, but wood; people are obliged to cut and destroy fine, large trees, that they may be able to cultivate the ground. I wish you had a little of it. I will be obliged to you to take the trouble to date your letters, and send me plenty of them, and long ones, desiring my brothers and sisters to do the same. I suppose you have been at the Inglewood Hunt and at the assizes. Write all about them. Does Henry go to Appleby School yet, and has Mr. Coward many scholars? My uncle intends to enter me

here at the academy in a few days. The master's name is Woodville. There are two vessels here from Whitehaven that will sail for Liverpool soon. Give my compliments to everybody at Melmerby, particularly Charles, and to Miss Aglionby and Miss Julia, who I hope is better, and to Mrs. Matthews. . . .

"I am your dutiful son,

"JOHN YATES.

"My uncle sends my father a bag of white-oak acorns, directed to the care of Mr. Maury. There are a few hickory * nuts in the bag."

Mrs. Yates to John Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *November 26th*, 1792.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—I have written twice to you since you left England. I hope you would find those letters either at Fredericksburg, or they would reach you soon after, for I cannot look for all vessels having such tedious passages as yours had. When I saw by the papers that the *Mary* had been spoken with twelve weeks out at sea, it made me far more uneasy than when I was totally ignorant whether you were safe or not; and your dear letter was a most welcome assurance that you were at last landed at Norfolk. May God in heaven bless and prosper you, my beloved child, in everything! Your uncle wrote to me on the 15th September that you got to Fredericksburg the day before. How I wish to receive the little journal you have promised me, and to see your own account of everything! My anxious fears, my hopes, and my blessings are ever flying after you. I would not have you forget me; but I would not have your heart to feel half the tenderness that mine does at this moment, for any consideration. In writing to your uncle, I have half cried my eyes out. You must look up to him, and he will not fail of loving you dearly, and of being kind to you as you deserve it. I hope you will often

* The word *hickory* was not correctly spelt, at which his mother laughs in her reply.

write to me, and you can never be at a loss for a subject, for besides yourself, always nearest and dearest to my heart, the country, the people and their manners, every tree and every shrub that does not grow in England, will be something for you to use your pen upon. When I was at Cockermouth this summer, I met with a Mrs. Bromley, an American lady and friend of Mrs. Maury's, of Liverpool, who was staying with her. She had come in the summer to live in Cockermouth, and she was observing how much the pavement of the streets had hurt her feet. Till your letter came, in which you observed that the streets of Norfolk had no pavement in them, I had no idea Mrs. Bromley's complaint proceeded from not being used to pavement, but from the badness of that in Cockermouth. . . .

"Your brother Francis writes to me every fortnight. He has a great character in the school. He wanted to come home Christmas, but we have begged to be excused, and I suppose he will go to Mrs. Bateman's at Dodford. Your poor sister Mary is ever a source of anxiety; though she has recovered her eyesight, there is her enemy the rheumatism; indeed, Mr. Bell says she will never be well whilst living in so cold a place as this is. But your father is so attached here, that we cannot induce him to quit it for the coldest of the winter months. I took Henry to the seaside for some painful touches of rheumatism, and he has been better since. He is a most amiable-tempered boy, and is my chief source of cheerfulness and amusement, which makes me dread the thought of his going to school, which he must do in the spring. He is turned a very good rider, and, with the help of a spur, is tolerably master of Stately.* Your father is quite well. Dr. Yates, Richard Matthews, and Tom Pattenson left us for Cambridge about a fortnight ago; and we have heard to-day of their being all safely there. Your aunts are all well, and all inquire for my dear John. The Duke of Norfolk drank your health to me at Greystock the other day. The hunt meetings are all over for this season, and have been very pleasant. I had a letter from

* John's horse.

Mrs. Taylor, of Rayrigg, yesterday. All well there. Fletcher and Peter are still at Hawkshead; she tells me Kitt Raincock was not at Norfolk when you were there, and that you did not see him. I am sorry, for it would have given you pleasure. Lord Thanet was at the Castle some weeks in the summer, but he did not see company. Mr. Richardson got the living at Brampton, and Mr. Gilbanks' brother does duty at Kirkland, and Wharton at Culgaith. . . .

"My cousin Ned Hasell, of Liverpool, was married to a Miss Casses in the summer, and all the family were at Dalemain, where your father visited them, but I was at Allonby, and did not see them. It is talked that Miss Grace Dobinson is going to marry a parson, whose name is Jolliffe; he has a living near Greystock. She won't tell whether it is true or not, so we talk of it and laugh at it as we please. It is also said, your aunt Miss Aglionby is going to marry an Irish gentleman, named Bamber; but I do not know anything of the truth of it. We have had a remarkably wet summer and autumn, which defers winter, and, I trust, will shorten it. How will my beloved boy bear the colds of Virginia? Write to me everything about yourself. Could you write all you thought and everything you said, how delighted I would be. We have now been parted six months, a longer period than ever before, but I hope in God we shall meet again, and I look forward to seeing you a fine, stout, and accomplished young fellow. Do not neglect the graces, but remember the best scholar and the best man can neither of them be an agreeable companion, if their manners are not polished. If I can send you anything or do anything that would be agreeable to you, let me know; you cannot do me greater pleasure.

"I am most sincerely and affectionately yours,

"M. Yates.

"P.S.—How did 'Squire Crabshaw' behave upon the voyage? Was he careful and attentive to you? I am glad to find by your uncle's letter that he will stay with you some time; whilst there you will feel to have an old acquaint-

ance with you. I had a letter from H. Amos, soon after you sailed, thanking me for the offer of going with you, which he would have rejoiced to do if he had not been under a year's engagement to a Colonel Hartley, near London. . . .

"I have a notion the Whitehaven paper is sent to your uncle from Wigton, which will be a pleasant thing to you. Mary and I were twice passing through Keswick this summer, to see Crossthwaite's museum, and were much pleased with it. He gave me a piece of the myrtle-wax they make candles of in America. Whenever you see anything I have not, remember it will be welcome to me, if it is but the leaf or branch of a tree I have not seen. Is there any 'Natural History of Virginia'? I have never seen one here. Perhaps you may some time get me a couple of New York oyster shells. They are large, and have a purple spot in the inside."

1793.

John Yates to his mother.

"FREDERICKSBURG, *February 23rd*, 1793.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,— . . . I am indebted to Francis for two letters, and intend writing soon. I hope he will forgive me and continue the correspondence. The weather here has been remarkably good, very little rain and so little frost that there has been no skating; in short, at this season the days have been as fine as you have them in May. I go to school to a very good master in this town. My uncle uses me as well as possible. I want nothing, and am as happy as can be. After school I generally play with some of my schoolfellows or walk until dark; afterwards I play backgammon with my uncle, or read and write my school exercises. It is rather too cold to draw now. The summer will be the best time, as it will be too hot to do almost anything else. I have been reading some Cumberland papers, in one of which I see you have been in Keswick. . . .

"I have been out coursing once or twice, but met poor

sport. Does my father catch many hares? I suppose you do not get so many partridges as when Mr. Bateman was with you. Has Mr. Curwen been at Aldstone Moor this season? Fredericksburg is about the size of Wigton, the principal street is about a mile in length, and the houses are of wood, painted red, yellow, or white. The church is a wooden one, and built in the form of a cross. There is nothing remarkable in this town. The falls of Rappahannock are a mile up the river, beside a small town called Falmouth. There is the largest piece of cleared ground about the town that I have seen in the country. I hope my aunts and cousins are all well. If Henry has learned to write, I would be happy to hear from him; and hearing from you is the greatest pleasure I have. I have no more to add than sending my love to all. . . .

"JOHN YATES."

John Yates to Francis Yates.

"FREDERICKSBURG, *February 23rd*, 1793.

"DEAR FRANCIS,—I have received your letters a good while since, and I have been negligent answering them. I hope you have not attributed it to want of affection. I have not had it in my power to send you any peaches, your letter coming too late. I hope to send you some next year. You talk of going to the Duke of Norfolk's to eat grapes. Here they grow wild. You direct me to inform you what sort of a house my uncle lives in. You must not be surprised when I tell you it is a wooden one; almost all the houses are built of wood. Plato has met with little sport. He has caught a few hares; they are very small, and they do not run as fast as they do in England. There is plenty of game in the woods, such as racoons, opossums, squirrels, etc., and birds of different kinds. My uncle has three mocking-birds; they sing in the spring, and I have not heard them yet. I go to the academy in this town, where there are two masters. One teaches Latin and Greek, and the other French and arithmetic. I go to the former, with about fifty boys. I am reading Sallust's 'Jugurthine War' only. I

have to walk about a mile and a half to school. If you will inform me what you are reading, I will be obliged to you. We had only one week's holiday at Christmas. Did you do much shooting or hunting at Dodford? Any person may hunt or shoot here as much as they please without licence. If there is anything else you wish for besides the peaches, if it is in my power to send it you, I will do so with pleasure. . . .

"I am your affectionate

"J. YATES."

Mrs. Yates to John Yates.

"CARLISLE, *February 17th*, 1793.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—I begin to count how many times I have written to you, but I know I have only received one from you (October 25th) besides one written after you left Norfolk, on your way to your uncle. Your safe arrival in America was first communicated to me by Mr. Maury, who heard from you in Norfolk. . . . But have blacker ink than what you wrote with from Fredericksburg; that was very pale, and we had much difficulty in making it out, and how Mrs. Matthews, to whom I sent it, could make it out, I do not know. I believe I was the only person at Skirwith who read it the night it came, anxious as every one was to hear of my beloved John. Continue to write to us often. Your observations amuse and instruct us. I desire to know of the school you are attending, what you are learning, if you have begun French, dancing, fencing, or as yet attend only to the classics. These are the groundwork of a man's education, the others are the embellishments; both are equally necessary to form a gentleman, for he who knows only Greek and Latin is upon the footing of a schoolmaster, and one who knows only the ornamental branches is not superior to a woman. I recommend great industry and application to you in learning; such a boy acquires knowledge with half the time and trouble that an idle one does. He learns better, and has more time for playing, exercise, and amusement, all of which are necessary

at your age. I desire you to particularly attend to your manner of speaking; avoid all vulgar expressions, old proverbs, and quaint sayings. Forget any you have learned; no well-bred man ever uses them: form your expressions from the books you read. I hope you attend to your person and keep yourself clean-washed and combed. Be very careful of your teeth; much future ease and happiness depends upon them; no one can preserve their teeth to old age if they do not grow evenly and regularly. I wish you to avoid all harebrained and dangerous enterprises, remembering your own safety and my happiness depend upon it. Your uncle is both father and mother to you, and you must be constant in your deference to him; he is the only natural friend you have in America, all others must be of your own making, and that must be by general good conduct, by polite and obliging manners, with attention and good humour. I do not think you had any bad habit or propensity when you left home, and I trust you never will, but my anxious wishes will ever prompt me to remind you of what you ought to do and what you ought to shun. I hope you will continue fond of reading; good authors will form your mind and your manners. If you wish for books, let me know what, and what other things I can send you. I bought 'Lord Chesterfield's Letters' for you in Edinburgh last July, but delayed sending the book till I could hear of a ship sailing from Whitehaven for Virginia; and now that war has broken out with France, I must wait longer. In the meantime I am reading the book, and find much good may be extracted. In the European newspapers you will see what shocking scenes still desolate France; that the poor King, under the sanction of a trial where the judges, accusers, and law-makers were the same set of people, has been brought to the scaffold, and his unfortunate family detained prisoners. All Europe is arming against this desperate and licentious people. I fear in the end war must be detrimental to this kingdom, for we have much to lose and nothing to gain from France that can be of advantage to us. . . . We have been a fortnight in Carlisle,

in lodgings at Hodgins', the surgeon in Scotch Street, where we shall be a few weeks longer. There is nothing but visiting and card-playing in Carlisle; it is the occupation of some people, and to us is a pleasant change from the solitude of Skirwith. I do not think any changes have taken place among your acquaintances here, except Miss Birket having married Captain Pottinger, an Irish cousin of Mr. Curwen's. They are yet in Carlisle, but he is in daily expectation of being ordered to join his regiment in Ireland. . . . Your cousin Mrs. Harrington has a son, who is not suffered to be seen or have the air blow upon him, for fear he receive the infection of small-pox or measles. . . . Mr. Pattenson is appointed sheriff, Jack Pattenson is at home, as little grown or altered as a boy can be, and Charles is quietly learning what he can at an academy in Manchester. Tom Pattenson was entered at St. Catherine's Hall, and went to Cambridge in November, but he has quarrelled with that college and left it, and placed himself at Trinity. Dr. Yates is much vexed at it, though his Melmerby friends, I am told, approve it, but I have not seen them myself. I wish it may end well. I assure you I would be very angry with a son of mine who would do such a thing, and I hope you will think in all things your uncle's judgment is superior to your own. Mary says when she wrote to you in January, she told you Mr. Coward had been at Skirwith, and all she knew of Appleby School. Mrs. Bateman wrote very pleasing accounts of Francis last Christmas. We would not consent to his coming home in the winter-time. She only fears he has acquired too high notions and ideas of expense, that may not be convenient; I found he talked in that style when he was with us; but he has excellent sense, and I trust it will guide him properly. I had a letter from him yesterday. He says they have been burning the Duke of Orleans in effigy in the playground at Rugby. I am pleased to hear their young minds are sufficiently warmed with indignation at that man's conduct to show their detestation of him in that manner. Francis desires he may be indulged with a sleeping-room to himself; and Mr. Yates consents

to it, as he has now grown a great boy, and is very high in the school. Dr. James writes much in his praise. I think Henry one of the most desirable boys I ever saw. He has all Francis' fire and quickness, without his turbulent spirit; and he has all the teachableness, nice manners, and good humour of my dear John. Is not this saying much for him? Skirwith will be the dullest of places when he leaves it for school, which, for his own sake, he must do this summer. Mr. Yates has not determined whether he goes to Appleby or Kirkoswald. Henry pleased me very much yesterday. We dined with a party at Mr. Johnson's at Branton, where he played with the two little children with all gentleness; and with the gentlemen and ladies he was respectful, manly, and entertaining. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Matthews and their two daughters dined here a few days ago. The two former look remarkably well. Your aunts will be pleased to have letters from you. Dr. Yates writes that he has received one from you, speaking handsomely both of the penmanship and the goodness of your expressions. I am glad, as it was a very proper respect to address an early letter to him; and I wish you would do the same to all your aunts, who each in their way were affectionately kind to you and fond of you; and everybody likes to receive attention, women most particularly. Remember this all your life.

"Since the above was written, Mr. Yates has been at home, and found there the acorns and the little journal of your sea adventures, and we have all read it with great avidity. You do not mention being distressed with sea-sickness, and I trust you did not feel it; I have heard it is the most shocking of all illnesses. I thank God for your safety. The nuts, I suppose, I shall find among the acorns when I return to Skirwith. Do you call them *hickory* or *quickory* nuts? Are they made use of in America? I wish when the sharks were taken at sea, you had saved a fin and sent it to me. Let me know what I can send acceptable to you.

"Corney (servant) goes away at Whitsuntide. It is said he is going to marry Mary Railton. I have hired an old

woman for an housekeeper, who was many years in that capacity at Melmerby; but it was before you were born. Her name is Molly Montgomery; and I hope she will be steady and careful, as she is old."

Charles Yates to Mrs. Yates

"FREDERICKSBURG, *March 29th*, 1793.

"DEAR MADAM,—Please accept my acknowledgment of your favour of November 16th, after it was known your dear son was in safety with me, which, although pleasing intelligence, I perceive had an effect not uncommon, that is, to cause a strong agitation in the mind. In such tender and delicate situations, all that can be expected is, that after due time for reflection, Reason will pour in her balm; and I hope when you again honour me with your commands, or address your son, it will be at your perfect ease, under the assurance that everything here is to your wish. To say John is an amiable, good boy is only repeating what is well known; but to inform you that he is here tractable and diligent, and, as his tutor informs me, making great progress in his Latin, is only doing him justice, and will be an addition to your comfort as much as it is to mine. My brother's opinion being that a sound classical foundation is necessary to build the other arts upon, this is the time to attend to it closely; and as I conceive other studies would interfere, mathematics and astronomy, French and drawing, must be deferred till the first is pretty well accomplished. But in the meantime, what leisure he hath from school and the necessary recreations, he is reading ancient history under my direction, for his future guide in life, and other books for amusement. Dancing, which is only to be acquired with easy deportment and grace in early life, will be a small drawback of now and then part of a day from his academical studies; he is now under the hand of Monsieur Louis Bonselle, esteemed the first of his profession in America. A year or two hence, I think, will be time enough for the small sword, when John hath

attained a little more height, which good health bids fair for. As to the rest, after the acquisition of fundamental knowledge, John must choose what particular science or pursuit is most to his mind, in prosecution of which he hath a right to all my aid.

"I have had the happiness to hear of the general welfare of my relations in Cumberland up to the last of December; and it is my hope that it continueth, to hear which will always be a pleasure. My best compliments and regards attend Miss Yates, Miss Mary, Francis, and Henry; and I beg you to believe me, with sincere wishes for theirs, your own, and my brother's health and felicity, dear madam,

"Your affectionate and obedient servant,

"CHARLES YATES."

Mary Yates to John Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *April 17th*, 1793.

"N.B.—On the 3rd a plum-pudding was eaten and your health drunk here.

"Wishing to make amends for a very long silence, and finding we have a frank for Mr. Maury, dated the 18th, I take this opportunity of again writing to you, my dear brother. . . . I yet venture to use my eyes very little, which made the winter dull to me till we went to Carlisle, where we enjoyed cheerfulness, society, and card-playing in the evenings, very much. The situation being warmer there, I had very little rheumatism; but since I came back I have had another attack, and I am again carried in a chair. . . . My mother wrote to you from Carlisle, and would tell you everything that was going forward. I did not perceive many alterations either in the place or the inhabitants. The population is much increased, entirely by manufactories. My aunt's former habitation does not look near so neat as when we used to stay there. . . . Dr. Paley has got the living of Stanwix, and resigns Dalston, which, as well as Aspatria, the Bishop has given to strangers. Miss Grace Dobinson and Mr. Jolliffe are to be united very

soon, and reside entirely at Skelton. We were agreeably surprised a few days ago by a visit from Mr. Brougham, who is come to spend a fortnight in the county; he brought a letter for you, which I enclose; and as I conclude it will contain a full account of all our young friends in George Street,* I need not say anything of them. Edinburgh has been very gay this winter, and still continues to increase in size, so that the rent of houses is continually lowered within these last two or three years. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Richardson are staying here. Miss Aglionby and Mr. Bamber, Mr. Howard, of Corby, and Miss Neave (daughter of one of the Bank directors), our vicar, Mr. Gilbanks, and a Miss Thompson, of Bridekirk, and Corney and Mary Railton, have all been married since I last wrote. My aunt was married at Handsworth, after that went to Dodford, and will now, I believe, be upon her road to Nunnery. . . .

"*You Americans will know* before this reaches you, that a war with France has been some time declared. *We English* shall certainly *feel it*, as there is already an increase of six millions to the National Debt, and some taxes which were to have ceased at a certain period are to be continued. Several of our troops, commanded by the Duke of York, went to Holland in February; and so far success has crowned their arrival; the French have lost all the advantages they had gained in the Low Countries. Paris, I believe, is the scene of anarchy, and their general, Dumourier, has abandoned the cause of the National Convention, and joined, with a small part of his forces, the Austrians, after endeavouring in vain to carry his army into France and proclaim the Dauphin king. There is in our last paper an address of his to his countrymen, in which he attempts to portray himself a Belisarius. The same paper mentioned also a rumour that another massacre had taken place at Paris, in which the Queen and her son had fallen victims to the popular fury. How happy are we, at a distance from such distresses! My dear John, I hope I shall hear from

* Edinburgh.

you soon. Accept my best and sincerest prayers for your welfare; and believe me always

"Most affectionately yours,

"MARY YATES."

John Yates to his mother.

"VIRGINIA, FREDERICKSBURG,
"*May 29th*, 1793.

". . . Your letter of January 18th, enclosed in one of Mary's, did not arrive here until May 7th, having, as I suppose, laid some time at Liverpool. I will be obliged if you will tell Mr. Maury to send your letters off as quickly as possible. I wish I could hear from you every fortnight, and could write to you as often as Francis does. Mrs. Taylor was mistaken in saying I did not see Kit Raincock in Norfolk. I heard from him about three weeks ago, and he told me a good deal of Cumberland news that I did not know before. Will you be so good as to thank both my sisters and Henry for their letters. I will answer as quickly as possible. To hear from Mary herself that she is recovered was a pleasure.

"We have now a fortnight's vacation, which gives me an opportunity of writing. I go to a French dancing-master, not for a long time together, as I used to do in England, but for four days only every month. You ask how I bore the colds in the winter. They were quite moderate. But I dread the approaching heat. My uncle had green peas on the 20th of this month, and several people of the place had them a week or more before us. Cherries and strawberries are now ripe, but they are not of the size or flavour of those in England; indeed, you excel the Virginians in all kinds of fruit, except peaches and melons, though there is not such plenty of them in England as here. Potatoes are better in England; sweet potatoes grow here, but I do nto like them. I refer you to Morse's geography for the best accounts that I know of these and other things relating to the United States. I suppose you have heard that

Tobago is taken by the British. Several privateers have been fitted out in South Carolina, and commissioned by the French ambassador, which have been very successful. Commissioners are sent out to treat with the Indians. The President has issued a proclamation for all citizens of the United States not to interfere in the present war between the combined Powers and the French. This is all the news I hear except what comes from Europe. William Clarkson likes his situation at my uncle's plantation in Berkeley County very well. I have not an opportunity of getting oyster-shells from New York, but if these here, as they have a purple spot on the inside, will do, I will send you some with pleasure. . . .

"*June* 31*st*.

"As my letter is not sent off, permit me to tell you I received your letter of March 5th last night, with all that was enclosed. How happy it made me to hear my journal afforded you any pleasure. I was really ashamed to send you so stupid an one, but as I could find nothing else to write about, I hope you will excuse it. I am sorry you received so few letters of mine; I wrote more, how many I cannot tell, as I did not set them down then as I do now. I beg pardon for writing with that bad ink. I will always write with better in future. I thought I had told you the sickness I had last fall was called a seasoning, though a very slight one; most Europeans have it very severely when they first come here. I got off fortunately. I am afraid to write to Miss Aglionby, for fear I should direct wrong, as I do not know whether to address it to Mrs. Bamber or as formerly. I wish she would marry an Englishman. I do not want an Irish uncle, but you must not tell her so. . . . "

John O. Yates to Charles Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *June 3rd*, 1793.

". . . All Europe is in strange confusion and commotion. In France nothing but massacres, insurrections, and distrust,

from which their present executive is in more danger, than the formidable alliance of crowned heads on their frontiers, amongst whom are considerable jealousies. This partition of Poland has destroyed all confidence crowned heads were supposed to have in one another; and people begin to inquire what will be the end of the war and why it was begun? How is the Emperor to be gratified? What recompense to England, Holland, Spain, and Sardinia, for their exertions when called upon to fight the French in the common cause of royalty, whilst Russia and Prussia employ their arms in securing Poland for themselves? Mr. Pitt is sadly badgered on the business, after pledging himself the war was undertaken for restoring order and giving a permanent constitution to France and security to the other Powers of Europe. It is not to be supposed the last five Powers will be content to bear an expensive war on the disinterested plan whilst their confederates and first instigators in the business have amply repaid themselves by the partition of Poland, at the very time their allies were lavishing their blood and treasures. . . . The military spirit of France seems to revive; but so miserably have they been deceived by one leader or another, no wonder they become desperate at last, and are burying themselves under their own ruins. . . . The commercial distress at present is beyond anything you can conceive. . . . "

1794.

Mary Yates to John Yates.

" SKIRWITH ABBEY, *March 2nd*, 1794.

" I apprehend, my dear brother, the length of my last letter must have frightened you; and therefore I take half the quantity of paper to send by this conveyance, as we are all glad to embrace the opportunity of assuring you how happy your letters by Mr. Maury's Liverpool ship made us. I have a thousand thanks to give you for your kind inquiries for me, and the pleasure of telling you I have been stronger this winter, which we have passed quite alone almost. The

extent of my visits has been spending three nights in Carlisle and dining from home twice. . . . Mr. Richard Matthews has been here a week, in his road from Cambridge, where he left Dr. Yates very well on the 21st of February. He has just taken his degree with credit to himself and satisfaction to his uncle, being one of the wranglers, or first class. He returns to Wigton to-morrow, to remain during the summer months at least. Francis spent his vacation at Dodford, probably for the last time, as the place is sold, and Mr. and Mrs. Bateman will quit it as soon as their lease is out. They wish to come into this neighbourhood if they meet with an eligible situation. Mrs. C. Hasell had a paralytic stroke in January, and died within three hours of the seizure. Her daughter Eliza was to be married last Monday to her cousin Haughton, I am afraid without the approbation of their uncle, who has sold his house in Essex, and is coming in April to settle entirely at Dalemain. Julia Hasell is to live with her sister. I hear Mr. Fleming is married, and Miss Jane Taylor is to be married soon. Mrs. Taylor has bought an estate about two miles from Rayrigg, and means to build herself a little box upon it. Mr Crackenthorpe went to Edinburgh for medical advice the latter end of last year, and by strictly following the prescribed regimen, his immense corporation, I hear, is considerably reduced; in seven weeks he lost two stone in weight. . . . My father has just ordered me to tell you that he desires you to write to Mrs. Matthews, who complains she has not heard from you; and I have barely room to do it, and assure my dear John, I am his affectionate sister,

"M. YATES."

John Yates to his mother.

"VIRGINIA, FREDERICKSBURG,
"*May 23rd*, 1794.

". . . Do not be uneasy about my bearing the heat badly, for I believe I can stand it as well as any boy in Virginia. Ah! dear mother, you speak of your anxiety on my account

as if I was unable to feel the separation, and ask if I like to hear from you. I have now been away from you two years, but in thought you have never been two days absent. . . . There is to be a public examination at the academy to which I go in a fortnight, and I will give you an account of it. Fredericksburg is a very pleasant place; and we live in the best part of it, behind the main street, upon a hill looked upon as the healthiest part of the town, and where almost all the genteel people of the place live. The houses all have gardens and courts; and being scattered, it is almost like the country. The streets on the hill are nearly covered with grass, with a great many trees, making a pleasant-looking place. I am now reading Lucian's 'Dialogues' in Greek and Terence's 'Comedies' in Latin, and learning English grammar and rhetoric. Here we are all strong Republicans, friends to the French; and a minority wish for a war with Great Britain. At Norfolk some people were tarred and feathered for speaking against the French. However, they are not so bad here. There was a civic feast here on the 11th of May, when the Fredericksburg volunteer companies paraded, viz., light infantry, light horse, and artillery. As they all consist of gentlemen without pay, and clothed at their own expense, the uniforms are very gay—infantry, blue and white; horse, blue and yellow; artillery, blue and red. We have news that the embargo is off, or rather ceased without being renewed, so I shall have an opportunity of sending this very soon. . . . I am grown almost the breadth of this paper since I left you. I do not think you would know me. I hope the reports are not true that the English are disaffected to government, and ready for revolt. We hear horrid accounts that nothing but a military force keeps the people under, and only a few French troops are wanting to bring about a revolution similar to that in France.

"I am, dear mother, with greatest love,

"Your dutiful son,

"JOHN YATES."

His mother to John Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *June 3rd*, 1794.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—Your sister Miss Yates wrote to you by a young man from Newbiggen Hall, who is going to Philadelpha, I suppose to settle. I told him you would be glad to see him if he went to Virginia; for if you have that interested and affectionate temper I take you to have, you will rejoice to see one from your native country, especially from this neighbourhood. The last letter I wrote to you was in the beginning of March, and sent, with a parcel of books and some other things, by John Railton, whose sole inducement, I believe, for fixing upon Virginia as the place in which to try his fortune, was the hopes of your patronage. I have the pleasure of telling you we are all well. I cannot say that I have ever been strong since the illness I had the winter before you left me; I can bear no fatigue or exercise. I am going next week to Allonby, in hopes the sea-bathing may enable me to bear the warm weather with less inconvenience. Henry and one of your sisters will accompany me. The former grows very fast, and is an uncommonly fine boy, as full of mischief as either Francis or you ever were. To-day he harnessed two greyhounds to the little coach. All went quietly as long as he drove upon the green, but as soon as they were upon the road and heard the noise of the wheels behind them, off they went, terrified, and wanted to take shelter in the kitchen, and turned down the steps; but one of the wheels catching in the iron rails, down came the coach and dogs upon the steps, where they lay in danger of being strangled, and were not liberated till the men were called from their dinners to assist. This place never looked so well as it does now. Vegetation is in advance of its usual period, and everything is growing luxuriantly. The wood I planted, chiefly in the field in which the house stands, is a great improvement, and, excepting two trees, is all growing. We have a more active gardener than common, who has cleaned up the shrubbery and walks more thoroughly than ever; and just now we are very neat. The growth of

the wood draws the small birds about us, who are sometimes very melodious. If we all live to meet *here* again, you will after a few years see your native place greatly altered for the better. I long for the time to come, that I may embrace my dear boy again. May Heaven avert war between this kingdom and the American States! I say nothing of the politics of Europe. The war against France is a dreadful one, and, I fear, not likely to have a speedy termination; whilst it makes me shudder to think of the cruelties of these wretched people upon one another. The Princess Elizabeth seems to have been beheaded without accusation or trial, and the Dauphin and his sister still remain prisoners. I think I informed you in my last of Mr. Hasell's death, of Dalemain. He left everything he could to his sister Miss Hasell, except four thousand pounds to his sister Mrs. Salmond, and the same amount to the two Misses Hasell of Liverpool. Dalemain and land were entailed upon my cousin Edward Hasell. . . . I am in daily expectation of hearing of the death of Miss Julia Hasell. The last accounts from Liverpool contained no hopes of her recovery. You see, my dear John, in that family an instance of the uncertainty of life and situation. When you were in Liverpool two years ago, Mrs. Hasell, dear woman, and her three children all lived there; now she is in heaven, her son Edward is coming to live at Dalemain, and one of her daughters is dying, the other married. Mrs. Taylor is building for herself near Bowness; her son Fletcher is gone into the navy, entered on board a frigate called the *Cybele*, Captain Jones; and Peter is going into the army. Your Irish uncle is a very good-looking man, and very well liked in the country. The Batemans leave Dodford in July, and come northward—I do not know where, for they have not yet met with a place to their mind; they would have both *good* and *cheap*, two things that are here scarce ever met together. . . . Mr. Howard has been attending his mother at Bath, who is lately dead; I have not heard of his return to Corby Castle since. . . . Mrs. Lowthian's * cause in the House of Lords is

* Aunt of Mrs. Yates.

not yet decided upon, though the appeals were heard on the 18th of March. I suppose you know what it is. Mr. Lowthian, who was blind, left her his whole property by will; his heirs-at-law say the will is not valid, that some of the forms of law relative to the disposal of a blind man's effects were not exactly observed, and that his faculties were too much gone to make a will. The Court of Sessions in Scotland twice decreed against the will. Mrs. Lowthian appealed to the House of Lords, who had finished their *hearing* before Easter, but have not decided upon it, which must keep her in an anxious state of suspense. I suppose the property may be worth one hundred thousand pounds. . . . "

Mrs. Yates to John Yates.

" SKIRWITH ABBEY, *July 7th*, 1794.

" . . . I found Francis here when I returned from Allonby He is growing very tall and stout. So many grown-up children make me feel quite a little old woman. Rugby School broke up a fortnight before the time, on account of Dr. James' indisposition; and he has since advertised his resignation. But that will not lengthen the holidays. School will meet at the usual time, a thing, I suppose, the boys would willingly have dispensed with. Francis says he will write to you himself. Mr. Lowthian's heirs-at-law have carried the long-contested cause against Mrs. Lowthian, by which her husband's will, who left her all he had, is set aside. She will still have very handsomely to live upon, but is likely to be engaged in law contentions all her life. . . . Sir Gilfred Lawson is dead. . . . Mrs. Salmond and Miss Hasell have spent the last month at Dalemain. They have settled everything in the best manner. The young people will come to live there in October. She is a very pretty woman, artless and pleasing in her manners. Julia Hasell, who was so dangerously ill, is recovering. Richard Matthews has been here a month, and left last week. He is a very grave and studious young man, with nothing of that

alertness and vivacity we generally meet with in youth; he is gentle and pleasing in his manners. I spent a day at Wigton on my road to Allonby. All your friends everywhere remember you with much kindness. . . ."

Mrs. Bamber to John Yates.

"NUNNERY, *July 28th*, 1794.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—Though I have been much longer in writing to you than I intended, I beg you will not think my silence arose from any want of regard or disinclination to correspond with you, for I assure you it gave me sincere pleasure to hear from yourself that you are so happy in the protection of your worthy uncle, and enjoy your health so well in America. I believe you are in the best part of the world to live in—at peace, and without taxes, comparatively speaking. How we are to support the consequences of a ruinous war, God only knows. I daresay many will emigrate to your side of the Atlantic, to enjoy the sweets of liberty and the benefits of a wise government. Have you ever been so happy as to see General Washington, that most respectable of mankind? I shall envy you if you tell me you have. I have an idea he does not live far from Fredericksburg, but your provinces are so extensive, I may be mistaken. We have had a very hot and dry summer, which has occasioned a bad crop of hay; and the corn would have suffered severely had not rain come providentially a week ago, since which time everything has been wonderfully improved, and the weather cooler, which agrees with me much better than the violent heat we had two months preceding. I have lived constantly at Nunnery since you left England, except some occasional excursions into Yorkshire, and one, two years ago, to Gilsland, where I was so fortunate as to meet with Mr. Bamber, who is a most excellent husband; and I assure you I am very happy. Your aunt Julia Aglionby is at Crossfield, which she continues to improve; and I think you would hardly know the place again. Your brother Francis is grown very tall and handsome, has lost his Cumberland

dialect, and is a very genteel youth. He is here to-day, and takes care of this letter to Liverpool. I hope you will write to me soon, a long letter, as I shall wish to know how you are and what you are doing. As you will receive letters at the same time from home, you will hear all the news of the country from them, so I will bid you adieu. Mr. Bamber desires I will make his affectionate remembrances to you. Accept my best wishes; and believe me, dear John,

"Your ever affectionate aunt,

"E. BAMBER.

"Pray make our compliments to your uncle."

Anne Yates to John Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *August 4th*, 1794.

". . . The fruit this season is in a degree of perfection I never saw it in before, and Francis has been at home to enjoy it. He leaves to-morrow, and we shall be quite dull without him. He is so cheerful and good-humoured, and is a very fine young man in every respect. . . . On our return from Allonby, we came by Keswick; and in the Whitehaven paper you will see our names among the company at the Museum. We went out on the lake, and were caught in a shower, and forced to cross the water and land, taking shelter in a cottage till the sky cleared; then we had a delightful evening, and went quite round the lake. The next day we went to Dalemain. We have just heard that a large packet of letters we sent you last May, by a man named Dobson, going to Philadelphia, was thrown overboard by a lunatic. The family at Wigton Hall are going to Allonby this week. My aunt says you have never written to her, and she is not at all pleased with you. My father heard from Dr. Yates last night. He was with Sir Henry Fletcher at Ashley Park, but was going to Bath, to try drinking its waters. . . . We are by no means in the dreadful state you suppose us. There are discontented people in England, it is certain; some have been sent to Botany Bay, and some are in the Tower and gaols for

sedition; but we live as quietly in every respect, as when you were in England, and I have not seen half a dozen soldiers this year. . . . You will think the first part of this letter badly written, but I had been at work for Francis all day, and began to write yesterday after supper, when I was very tired, that I might fill my paper and send you all the news I could think of. Every good account of you makes us very happy. Did you spend your vacation in Fredericksburg or go up in the country? . . ."

Mrs. Yates to John Yates.

"*November* 10*th*, 1794.

"You say, my beloved John, it is a pleasure to hear from me. I rejoice your affections are so warm towards friends you have been so long severed from, and who never cease to think and pray for you. May Heaven bless you, my dear boy, and grant us before many years a happy meeting! I look forward with delight to the hour, when I hope to see you everything my fondest wish can paint you.

"I am much pleased with your improvements in the classics, for I flatter myself the laurel crown was the reward of merit, and not of partiality; and I hope your advancement in other branches of knowledge keeps equal pace. And how does drawing come on? You can send me some specimens of these in some ship from Whitehaven. Do you mind to hold up your head, and keep your shoulders down and your chin in, your teeth clean, and all those many little personal attentions I have so often recommended to you? Remember and answer all these things. Read Lord Chesterfield upon good breeding and good manners; much good may be acquired from that book, and I trust you will have the good sense to select the flowers from the thorns. Duplicity and deceit are no part of good breeding, neither is immorality necessary to form the gentleman, and I should be sadly disappointed in my sons if I did not suppose them capable of discriminating the good from the evil. . . . The master of Rugby School is changed, and a man appointed

whose severity of manners gives great offence to the young men. He had threatened all the oldest boys with expulsion, but, I suppose, has thought better of it. But, from such a beginning, I fear the school will not flourish as it has done. Your brother is to come down at Christmas, and then only return for half a year; and next October, if we all live, he will become a student at Cambridge. Your sister Mary has been at Gilsland with the Batemans almost ever since the assizes; the latter have been there mostly since they left Northamptonshire, and they talk of going to Dublin for the winter, to be with Lord Chief Baron Yelverton. Your other aunts are all well. I met them last week at the Penrith Hunt. I saw your friend Lee Lewis, passing through Penrith, on his way to the Edinburgh theatre last week; and I could not help thinking how much he had formerly delighted you, and wishing you were again in the way of being so pleased. I hear Mr. Coward is going to leave Appleby and return to Oxford provided he can get his younger brother appointed to the school. I most heartily wish he was gone, for he has neglected the school. Henry is still at home, but will go to Appleby in the spring if there is a new master. He is a very fine boy, and my pupil for writing and accounts. Your father carries him on with his Latin. I enclose you a letter from him. . . . Mr. Yates and your sister Anne are going next week to Workington, where Mr. Curwen has a great party of his friends annually, at the time of the Cumberland Hunt being at Egremont and Workington; but it is to be more numerous and brilliant this year, to celebrate the finding of a large seam of coal, which they have been some years in search of, at a great cost of money. Lord Londsdale has had a paralytic stroke, and I hear sad accounts of his looks. I have just heard of the death of my relation Mr. Askham, of Northumberland. I think you saw him and his wife here a few years ago; but it begins now to be so long since you were with us, I scarce know of whom to write. . . . I have had Will Guthrie at work lately, continuing the walk through the shubbery, quite round the field the house stands in, and planting the

lower part of it. 'Oh!' says Will, 'if Master John could send us some of the trees from his country, of which they have too many, we would soon find places to put them in.' I conclude you are a strong Republican. I do not like to write about politics, but I believe we, the English people, will never find a better government than we live under. There can be no doubt many things might be improved; no human institution can be perfect; and it appears to me a peculiar beauty of the British Constitution that it either is or might be always renovating or improving itself. Do not be distressed by the accounts you see or hear of the dissatisfaction of the English people with the present government. It is not the bulk of the people; but in the manufacturing towns, there is always a necessity for a military force. This has always been the case in my time, not from any dislike to men or manners, but from the riotous and licentious disposition prevailing where a number of the lower kinds of people are gathered together, who get drunk one part of the week on what they earn the other. I do not apprehend more danger than for many years past. The present trials for high treason are unpopular, and will try the strength of the Ministry; so is the war, carried on at an immense expense, and taxes already so high, I do not see how more money is to be raised. Notwithstanding which, the habits of expense among all sorts of people seem to increase. Be quite easy, however, about the French. They will not venture over amongst us, and if they should, would never get back again. I hope all is settled between this kingdom and America. I should grieve indeed to turn our arms against you. I am obliged to you for the account of that part of Fredericksburg in which you live. Have you ever been in any of the other American towns? Your descriptions always amuse me. I rejoice in your letters, but have not had one since July 21st, and I begin wishing for another. If you would write beforehand, the letter would be ready, and prevent your being hurried; people write better when at leisure; and if a letter lies by you for three months, and you add a line at bottom to say you are well when you despatch it, it will be as new

and valuable to me, as if written the day the ship sails. May God in heaven bless you and make you a blessing to your friends and to yourself, is the ardent wish and prayer of

"Your ever affectionate

"M. YATES."

John O. Yates to Charles Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *November 22nd*, 1794.

"DEAR BROTHER,—Your favourable accounts of John have made his mother, myself, and all his friends extremely happy, and impress us with grateful sensations for your unremitting attention to his improvement. His mother wrote to him about ten days ago, during my absence from home. I was at the time on a visit, with Miss Yates and many others, to Mr. Curwen at Workington, who had assembled his friends on completely winning the most valuable band of coal ever discovered in the kingdom, or at least in this part of it, being from ten to twelve feet thick and of immense extent. It was a bold enterprise to venture nearly twenty thousand pounds before the value could be ascertained, or a shilling hoped for in return. But he will now be richly repaid, and the whole town of Workington and neighbourhood in proportion benefited. . . .

"Mr. Pattenson has been qualifying his youngest son, Charles, now eighteen years of age, for business, intending him for the Manchester line, but the many failures of late in that place have a good deal alarmed him, and Charles showing a partiality to embark in business abroad, particularly America, for which John and Christopher Raincock, his relations, are great attractions, Mr. Pattenson writes to you by this opportunity, requesting your advice and assistance how to proceed. . . . Charles is a fine, brisk, and lively young fellow, but John can give you better information about him, they being schoolfellows at Appleby for two years.

"Dr. Yates went to Bath this summer, receiving great benefit from its waters. On the 4th instant he was elected Vice-Chancellor of the University, a thing he is by no means

fond of, but being in rotation, he could not avoid it. It is a year's confinement to college; and though a place of high distinction, the emoluments scarcely exceed the extra expenses incurred, and attended with a good deal of official care. Public affairs wear a most gloomy aspect; defeated by our enemies, deserted by our allies, and attended by an expense no war was ever carried on with before, the nation in general is highly discontented; particularly the increase and success of the French marines causes an almost universal despondency. Government has taken up certain people for treasonable practices, perhaps with some reason. The first man tried was acquitted, the prosecution lamely conducted. The second man, the famous John Horne Tooke, is at this moment on his trial. They should never prosecute but with the certainty of conviction. . . ."

1795.

Francis Yates to John Yates.

"LIVERPOOL, *January*, 1795.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,— . . . We have a new master at Rugby, a Mr. Ingles, who was formerly master of Macclesfield School, in Cheshire. He is a very learned man, but very strict, and not nearly so much beloved as our late master, Dr. James, to whom it had been the intention of the boys to present a piece of plate of the value of sixty guineas, as a mark of gratitude to him for his care of their education. I am almost at the head of the school, and have the power of having the little boys flogged, and I can also send them upon messages, which we call *fagging*. It is only the eighteen first boys who have these privileges, but I am very lenient, and I have never complained of a boy yet. . . . Two of the men, Horne Tooke and Hardy, who have been confined in the Tower on suspicion of high treason, have been acquitted, to the great triumph of the Opposition. I should be sorry for a rupture between England and America to interrupt our correspondence. Every letter that I see from you silently reproaches me with the badness of my

writing, but, you know, I never was a skilful penman, and used to be frequently scolded by Mr. Coward for not improving. . . ."

Mrs. Matthews to Charles Yates.

"WIGTON HALL, *March 17th*, 1795.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,— . . . We have had a most dreadfully severe winter, and a great deal of sickness in the country, in which we had a share; but I trust, with better weather, we shall all be well again. We had the pleasure of Brother John's company a few days at Christmas; and what added to our pleasure, he brought his daughter Anne and his son Francis along with him. Francis is tall and stout and extremely handsome, and much improved since he went to Rugby. Anne is, and always was, a sweet and good-humoured girl. It is nearly four years since I went to Skirwith; and whether I get there this summer, time must discover. . . .

"In a letter to Mr. Matthews, you mention that 'Aunt Joyce'* was in possession of a cookery-book by which she was enabled to improve the ketchup I sent you, by the addition of spices; I wish I had the same box to go to that she has, and I would try the same experiments with mine without the help of 'Mrs. Glass,' having long known the effect good spices have on many good things when they are *come-at-able*. . . . I did not think I could have spun so long an epistle, for every day I find I am less alert in wielding the pen, though I have not given you any proof of the defect. The pleasing accounts you always give of our nephew's health and good behaviour afford joy to all his friends here, and must be a comfort to you. He always had the character of a well-disposed and good-tempered boy. . . ."

Mrs. Matthews to John Yates.

"WIGTON HALL, *March 17th*, 1795.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—Your acceptable favour gave much pleasure to this family. I confess I had given up all

* Negro cook.

expectation of hearing from you, as I am the only near relation you seemed to have forgotten in the epistolary way; but the apologies you make are sufficient to convince me the neglect was not intentional, and let me assure you, the hearing from you will always make me happy. . . . Your Skirwith correspondents will give you all the news of the neighbourhood; therefore I say nothing of the Pattensons and others. Your inquiries after your Wigton acquaintances are soon answered, as they consist of only two: Mrs. Wetherald and our parrot. The former is alive as well as the latter, and both seem equally amused with talking nonsense. Your cousin Richard has been at home since last summer. Jane and Mary have been at Carlisle this winter, but are at home at present. Jane often talks of you, and wonders what *little John* is doing. We have sent you more mutton, as you praised the last so much. I wish we had an opportunity of equally praising some of your uncle's bacon hams, as they greatly surpass our own. I hope you have not had so cold a winter as we have had. How they bore it on the Fell-sides I do not know. I never suffered so much from cold in my life. I hope this will find you and your uncle well. Mr. Matthews and your cousins unite in love with my dear John's affectionate aunt,

"JANE MATTHEWS."

John Yates to his mother.

"FREDERICKSBURG, *March 20th*, 1795.

"DEAR MOTHER,—I confide this letter to Mr. Anthony Buck, who is about to leave this place for England. I hope he will deliver it in person at Skirwith. . . . I almost hope you will not receive my last, as it will pain you to hear of my uncle's and my own sickness, and you might conclude it was worse than I mentioned. We are both well now as ever we were in our lives. . . . I am learning to fence of an Italian who teaches the art, but I have not leisure to pay much attention to drawing. As to holding in my chin and shoulders, that takes up no time; and I am endeavouring

to cure myself, I hope successfully. I rejoice the disputes between our two countries are settled satisfactorily. The letter from Henry is convincing proof of his improvement. How happy he is to be always with you, and not separated by the boisterous ocean. However, if I am not with you, the numerous goodnesses of my uncle and his kindnesses to me are nearly as tender as a parent's; and I have no reason to complain. Should the bearer of this chance to call at Skirwith, you will find him, I believe—I am not much acquainted with him—a sensible young man, and able to give you much information about Virginia, particularly Fredericksburg, of which place he is an inhabitant. . . ."

Anne Yates to John Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *April 20th*, 1795.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,— . . . I need not tell you how much we wish for letters from you or from my uncle. This war makes everything going abroad so uncertain, we wonder what fate our letters to you have met. We have all borne this past winter very well, though it was a very severe one. My mother looks better than she has done since you left England. . . . Francis spent his Christmas vacation at home, and did not return to Rugby till February, the roads being impassable with snow; and when that melted, the bridges in many places were carried away, particularly in the south. . . . The school at Appleby is once more coming into notice. Mr. Waller, the new master, gives the greatest attention to his scholars; there is to be a new usher, and Henry is to go there during the summer. . . . There is now an annual tax of a guinea on powdered heads, and we see far fewer of the lower kind of people wearing it than we did last year. . . ."

John O. Yates to Charles Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *July 19th*, 1795.

". . . Mr. Pattenson desires me to return his best thanks for your attention to his and my letters concerning his son Charles, and perfectly confiding in your judgment, he is now

taking measures accordingly. Charles was sadly disappointed at not being able to embark directly, but cheerfully acquiesces in the plan proposed for him. The second son, John Pattenson, has this year got a writer's appointment to Bengal, through the Duke of Portland's interest.

"My hand continues very numb, but without pain, except when writing for a considerable time, which causes a nervous affection in my fingers, and has, I think, altered my writing a good deal.

"P.S. Sept. 5th.—The arrival of yours and John's letters last night made us all happy. I trust, from your manner of writing, your health is perfectly re-established, or you would hardly form the idea of travelling with John in the manner proposed. . . ."

John O. Yates to John Yates.

"Skirwith Abbey, *July 20th*, 1795.

". . . Your brother has bid adieu to Rugby, and has now entered the Cambridge University, at Catherine Hall, your uncle's college, but he does not reside there till November, when the term commences. For the present he is going to Sedburgh, by Dr. Yates' recommendation, to study mathematics under a Mr. Dawson, who gave instructions in that branch of learning even so long ago as when your uncle Charles went to school there. His pupils have for many years past gained the highest honours on their taking degrees, at least more than those of any other man in the kingdom; and as Francis has hitherto acquitted himself so well, I fear not he will be equally proficient in this also. . . . Henry goes to Appleby School to-morrow. It is thought the new master will restore the school to its original height. Mr. Coward tired of it, and of course neglected it, so it sank to less than twenty boys. He is returned to Queen's College, Oxford, and become a tutor until a living comes to his turn. Mary has had a good winter, and is now at Gilsland, where she thinks she receives great benefit. Anne complains you

have never answered one of the many letters she has written you. You should not neglect your correspondence to any one, particularly to so affectionate a sister.

"Of our war with France it is impossible to give you a detail in a letter. It is a subject to employ the pens of a hundred historians. Hitherto it has been replete with blunders and misfortunes, the sure attendants of ill-digested plans. It beats the misconduct of the American war a hundredfold. . . . Mr. Jay* has acquitted himself well; a less temperate man would have embroiled us with America; on our part it was want of power, not of will, that kept peace between the two countries. . . ."

Mrs. Yates to John Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *December* 31*st*, 1795.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—I wrote to you upon the 16th of November, in answer to a letter of yours dated 18th of August, which I had received a few days before, in which you expressed a wish to be cleared from the supposition of having forgotten your parents. I wrote as soon as possible, and sent by the way of London, to assure you I should just as soon doubt my own affection as doubt yours. . . . Your sister Anne is staying a fortnight with Mrs. Bamber, who is lame and confined to the house ever since last August, by a fall among the rocks. Your father is well, and is upon a visit to the Duke of Norfolk, who is come for a short stay at Greystoke. Whether he means to have any large parties during that time I have not heard. Henry is home for the holidays, an active boy, but with not as strong health as I could wish. I hope Francis is happy at Cambridge; I hear nothing to the contrary. He went there in November, and says Dr. Yates is vastly well, but Richard Matthews is indisposed, attributable to too sedentary a life. . . . I have been at one assembly at Appleby this winter. It was in a sad room, but the people were very merry and joyous. I expect Sir John and Lady Musgrave (Sir Philip died last summer)

* Of the United States.

will be down next summer. Henry informs you of Dr. Paley's marriage to Miss Dobinson, by which I lose one of my oldest and best friends out of the county. Dr. Paley lives at Bishop Wearmouth, near Sunderland, and has a good thing at the cathedral at Lincoln, where he has just carried his bride for a three months' residence. . . . I have been uneasy at the accounts of yellow fever at New York and Norfolk. I hope you will forbear going wherever there is a probability of meeting it; the taking care is a duty we owe to ourselves and our friends: the success depends upon Heaven. You will perhaps be alarmed by the accounts in the English papers of the extreme dearness of all the necessaries of life here. Everything, to be sure, is advanced in price, but there is a scarcity of nothing but wheat, and that is an article that can so well be done without, where there is plenty of barley, oats, rye, and potatoes, that it ought not to be lamented here, where the usual food of the country consists of these articles. And as the people of the south ought to do the same, they scarcely deserve pity if they cannot reconcile themselves to less delicate food. Government has raised an immense sum this year by not allowing us to powder our hair without taking out a licence. It is now under contemplation not to permit powder to be made, to prevent unnecessary expenditure of wheat, so that next year we shall all probably appear with brown, black, or parti-coloured heads, as they happen to be. Parliament is dismissed, but meets again in February. The Sedition Bills lately passed are unpopular, and, I should think, could not answer the ends designed. We all wish for peace, but it does not seem to be near. The insurrection of the Maroons in Jamaica prevented Matthew Atkinson from sending me some cinnamon trees, which he had ready to send by the last fleet; he was called off to carry a musket two days before it sailed, and my trees were forgotten. I have made two or three little plantations this year by the side of the road coming up to the house; and the thorn hedges are taken away that surrounded the wood behind the house, which makes a great alteration for the better.

"I have now, my beloved John, an opportunity of telling you we are all well this second day of February, 1796, and wishing you and your uncle long life and many happy new years. And may Heaven bless you and restore you some time to the arms of

"Your ever affectionate

"M. YATES."

1796.

John Yates, seventeen years of age, was sent to pursue his studies at the college of New Jersey, Princeton, where he continued for two years.

John O. Yates to John Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *February 24th*, 1796.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—I was much rejoiced with the sight of your letter to your mother. It was without date, an omission take care to avoid in future. The account of your tour through Maryland was a very pretty one. The increase of populations and habitations in your part of the world is very wonderful. Baltimore, I suppose, is not more than forty years from the first formation of it. Whilst you in America are multiplying, we—I think you may properly call us the savages of Europe—are running counter to it as fast as possible. This diabolical war now raging by sea and by land has at least cost Europe six millions of people, by battle, by sickness, and by famine, and all for what? . . . I wish you had seen Whittork and his wife. They are both sensible, well-behaved people. Tom Pattenson has taken his degree at Cambridge, but what he is to do now I have not heard. Jack Pattenson, in the passage out to India, touched at the Brazils, whence they had accounts of him in September; he complained much of sea-sickness. Removing you to Princeton is a strong proof of your uncle's attachment for you, that he prefers your improvement to everything else, depriving himself of the satisfaction he

declares he has in having you with him. You will, I suppose, in vacation time be able to visit him, as the distance is not much greater than from hence to Cambridge. Anne writes by this conveyance, and I will only add my blessing. . . ."

Anne Yates to John Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *February 27th*, 1796.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—An opportunity of sending this allows me to say how happy your letter made us, after our uneasiness about the dreadful yellow fever. . . . What part of your education is to be advanced by going to Princeton? . . . I spent a great part of the winter at Nunnery, with my aunt, who was so lame as to be confined to her room and dressing-room, where she lay all day. Mary is there now, but comes home soon. Mr. and Mrs. Bateman have taken Mrs. Lowthian's estate at Newbiggen, near Carlisle, and will go there soon. . . . The Duke of Norfolk was at Greystock at Christmas, and I was there with my father and mother. We met a large party, generally dining between thirty and forty; it was very gay, with dancing every night; and we spent a week very agreeably. His Grace is colonel of the West York Militia, and had many officers with him, among them Mr. Howard, of Corby, who for some time has been in that regiment. Mr. Wallace was at Carleton this winter and very ill; and Mrs. Wallace, it is said to oblige him, is going to reside in the neighbourhood of London. We shall regret her going as the most agreeable person in the county. . . . From the papers one would think that a war with England was the general wish of the Americans. Surely that must be wrong. We all wish for peace. It appears the greatest blessing to wish for Europe in general. A General Enclosure Bill is now before the House of Commons, it is a very popular measure, and next week there is to be a meeting of the county to petition the Commons to pass the Bill. It will make a great change in the appearance of the country. . . ."

Mrs. Yates to John Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *February 27th*, 1796.

"Thank you, my dear love, for your long and entertaining letter, which gave me great satisfaction, and relieved my anxiety. For knowing the destruction the yellow fever was making at New York and Norfolk, and ignorant how far inland it extended, it was impossible for those having friends in that part of America not to be anxious to know they were safe and well. I had also begun to think you long in writing to me. . . . I am glad you have seen more of America than the State in which you live. I wish you had mentioned the distance to Baltimore, the style of travelling, roads, general face of the country, etc. Do you think Baltimore will be as large as Manchester? I hope Whittork will make his fortune abroad. Tell me if they are approved. She did not meet with that applause upon the London stage I think she deserves, for excepting her sister, Mrs. Siddons, I esteem her the best tragedy actress I ever saw perform. . . . There is a great alarm through this country of a very fatal fever being at Kirkoswald, but I make not the least doubt that the truth is greatly magnified; for in a country place a death or two happening from the same cause occasions as much alarm, as the cruel depredations by fever in America. I am sorry you did not receive the last book I sent you. It must have been shipwrecked or captured. The high character the reviews gave of the book induced me to send for it, but it did not answer my expectation. My good friend Miss Dobinson married Dr. Paley * last Christmas, and that family is scattered. She has become the step-mother of eight or nine children. Her sister Mrs. Jolliffe is living at Skelton, and Miss Betsey is in lodgings in Carlisle. . . . We have got two young black coach-horses, and are going to part with the old ones, which have been truly good in their day. . . ."

* The theologian.

From Mrs. Yates.

"*March 3rd*, 1796.

"My ever dear and beloved John,— . . . I send this by one going to Liverpool, for since the late Act regulating franking, they are seldom to be got, and carry so little weight, that postage has become a great family expense, and we are glad to meet with gratis opportunities of conveyance. Indeed, every necessary of life is so enhanced in value, that people who before lived in great ease are obliged to practise the strictest economy. I am sure it is the case with us, for, between the expense of the times and the losses your father has had in his fortune in India, we are obliged to be as careful as possible. On my own account I do not so regret it, but for your sister Mary I do. Her constant bad health needs every alleviation a warmer climate could give her. At present she is very ill at Nunnery. . . . I wish much to have her at home; and if she is able to come, I partly expect her to-day. . . . I drank tea with Mrs. Atkinson on my way home (from Appleby), who charged me to write to 'Master John' to get some snail shells picked *off the ground*, and to send them. 'Indeed,' said I, 'I am tired of writing to him for such things, for I have repeatedly asked him to send me over two or three cockle, oyster, and mussel shells, and I have never got one.' 'Never mind that,' said she. 'Request of him to get some land snails picked up, scald them in hot water, and pack them in a little tow or cotton, to prevent breaking, and send them in a Whitehaven ship; desire him not to mind how they look, send such as he can get, the larger the better.' Now, my dear, if there are snails upon the ground, I beg that you will oblige both Mrs. Atkinson and myself by employing the negroes to gather some. It is no matter how ugly they look. We can get them polished and beautified here. Mrs. Atkinson gave me one-and-twenty shells yesterday, and I shall be very much obliged to you if either by the snail shells, or any other thing that we have not here, whether insect, shell, bird, stone, mineral, or vegetable, you can put it in my power to

make her any return. Her own sons, both in Jamaica and the East Indies, are continually sending her over things. I told her when you were older, I made no doubt you would do so too. I hope in a few years, when classical learning is less engrossing, you will give some attention to natural history. It is perhaps of all studies the most engaging, and every place and every climate affords a new source of amusement. A botanist finds information and pleasure everywhere, and every branch of natural history enlarges the mind and expands the heart with gratitude and admiration of the great Author and Maker of the wonderful globe we inhabit.

"I had written so far when your sister Mary arrived, escorted by Mr. Bamber. She is much fatigued by the coming, and looks very ill, but her being able to come at all is a sign she thinks herself better, and I am much satisfied she is come. When she is with me, I know the worst; at a distance I am distressed by a thousand anxieties. She begs to be kindly remembered to you. . . . My old housekeeper, Mrs. Armstrong, came to see me a little time ago. She was come into the county upon her own business, and made a short stay. She has been housekeeper at Sir Henry Fletcher's since she left me. The expenses of travelling are got up astonishingly. A chaise and pair scarce runs anywhere for less than fourteen-pence a mile, and the charges for one's own horses are advanced proportionally. We all much wish for peace, but there is no immediate prospect of it. There is now less ferment in the minds of the lower kind of people; they begin to see the fallacy of those ideas of liberty and equality which for a time fascinated them. The calamities of France by the adoption of so false and impossible a system have opened their understandings, and reconciled them to their situation, which it is impossible not to feel is better than is enjoyed in any other part of Europe. It is astonishing to me that war is not more sedulously avoided by all mankind, to whom it is productive of nothing but misery.

"My dear John, I must request you to pay attention to your grammar and spelling. You are sometimes defective in

both in your letters. I am told it is a general fault in American education. Pray avoid both. I trust you do all in your power to make your uncle sensible how much you feel his kindness. I hope amongst other branches of learning your religion is not forgotten, but that, either from instruction or books, you have those sentiments of piety and virtue implanted in your heart which will make you pass happily through life, and assure your happiness hereafter. May God bless you is ever the prayer of

"Your ever affectionate

"M. YATES.

"P.S.—Your sister Anne desires me to assure you of her love. She would have written this evening, but whilst I am writing she stayed by Mary. We cannot both leave her. We all love you tenderly and affectionately."

Charles Yates to John O. Yates.

"FREDERICKSBURG, *May 2nd*, 1796.

"DEAR BROTHER,—Since I addressed you (January 13th) by the *St. Taminy*, to the care of Mr. Maury, none of your favours have reached me, but John hath his mother's of December 31st. This is to be delivered to John Yates for forwarding from Alexandria, Baltimore, or Philadelphia (as opportunity of conveyance may be found), through which places he will pass in his way to Nassau College, in Princeton, where I send him with his own desire, as the place, from every information I have been able to procure, most likely to answer my hope and desire for his future welfare. The Rev. Samuel Smith, the present President, was some years ago principal of a seminary of learning in Virginia, and then had a high reputation, not only for his literary ability, but also for inculcating into his pupils the strongest regard for piety and good morals. Such is his present character; and I am assured all the professors or tutors are exemplary in their conduct, also that the greatest regularity and good order is strictly attended to, all which, I hope,

will be confirmed by John, after he hath had time to experience it.

"On the 13th April departed this life Mr. Daniel Payne. Between us there hath been an intimacy and attached friendship ever since the year 1752. By his will I am appointed his executor and residuary legatee, so that his funded stock in your hands, and the interest arising thereon, is now my property. Whether the stock stands in his name, or in yours as his attorney, I know not. Whatever is necessary to invest it legally in me, you will please advise. . . . Tell Mrs. Yates that if my own gratification had only been consulted, John should have increased in stature under my own eye, but as something else is necessary, I part with him under many consolations; one of inferior note, but which will be highly pleasing, is that we can correspond as frequently, and with equal regularity, as you can with London. Respectfully wishing her, yourself, and family all happiness, I rest

"Your affectionate brother,

"CHARLES YATES."

Charles Yates to his nephew at Princeton, N.J.

"FREDERICKSBURG, *June* 18*th*, 1796.

"DEAR JOHN,—Both yours from Philadelphia and Princeton got to hand. The letter dated May 13th arrived on the 19th, answer to which, leaving this town on the 23rd, would reach you in a short time after the 25th, when you wrote by Mr. Mercer, this last received on the 13th instant, previous to which you were addressed on the 9th, the contents of which are not recapitulated, because the conveyance by post is next to a certainty, especially for letters which command ready money. Newspapers are not perhaps so regularly attended to; and Timothy's* being a single one for your town, may not have yet fallen into the right track. On speaking to him, he told me they had been regularly sent since the 10th ult., and was surprised at the failure, which he

* Timothy Green established and edited the *Virginia Herald.*

would try and prevent in future. What for the present may not be quite agreeable must be submitted to, for the sake of what is perfectly so and the advantage that it is hoped will accrue from the whole. As to very early rising, it may not be a pleasure, but hath always been esteemed wholesome. Habit makes most things tolerable; and should you write me three months hence that you could submit to an indulgence in bed whilst seventy-two of your fellow-students and their tutors conformed strictly to rules that had been established on mature consideration, and long continued under the conviction of their being salutary, you would not gain all that credit which it is my wish to give to whatever falls from your pen. Sixty students are said to sit at a table. What becomes of the remainder, the whole being quoted at seventy-three? An old soldier would think little of messing with the whole company provided the rations were good; if not, he, poor fellow, would still find some sort of resource, when a raw recruit would be at much loss; this recruit by experience and habit will become an old soldier; and when you enter the senior class, early rising and crowded table will have become so familiar, as not even to occupy a thought. It is my earnest wish that you profit by the example given of method and regularity in your seminary, which, however, in my conception, must be as much inferior to what is in practice on board a British ship of war, as Princeton is in size to Philadelphia. Without these, in whatever station of life a person is placed, all is confusion, till his affairs are reduced to a tangle not to be undone, and he becomes stupid and miserable.

"An instant opportunity, after receipt of your letter by Mr. Mercer, offered to inform Colonel William Thornton of what you say of his son, to whom you will tender my respects. Mr. Forsythe makes me happy in saying you passed a good examination, whether a strict one or a slight one is not worth further inquiring, as he adds, since your admission proof is given of your diligence, attention, and appearance in your class. Although conveyances by post are generally preferred by me, yet Mr. Thomas Rootes going directly for Nassau

Hall,* to place his son under the superintendence of his own former tutor, and informing me thereof, this is by him, not to save a pistareen, but that on his return he may say he saw you. My last letters from England are the 13th of April, but none from our relatives. By Mr. Fontaine Maury's ship, *Hope*, about sailing at this time, I wrote to your father, giving your present address, and recommending packet conveyance as most convenient. You are now so near New York, that the failure of a monthly correspondence would be reprehensible.

"Slow in my motions, and particularly with my pen, my whole time since you left me hath been so occupied, that my spring trip to Berkeley is relinquished. After saying everything here is as usual, it remains only to give assurance of the affectionate regards and best wishes of

"CHARLES YATES."

Anne Yates to John Yates. (*Death of Mrs. Matthews.*)

"*September*, 1796.

"I am much hurt, my dear brother, to begin a letter to you with intelligence that will give you so much concern as this will do, when I name the death of our good aunt Mrs. Matthews. This melancholy event took place on the 27th of last month. She had been indisposed for several weeks, and was in bed for three weeks before her death. Her friends have the consolation of thinking that in any stage of her disorder, she did not suffer much pain. Richard came from Cambridge at her desire, and Dr. Yates was at Wigton at the time. He had spent a week here on his road down, and looked thin, but was in good health. My father went to Wigton immediately on hearing of the sad event, and stayed some days. All the family are well except Miss Matthews, who was worn out with fatigue and anxiety. Of this family I am able to give you more pleasing intelligence. My father, though much shocked by the death of his sister, is well, so is my mother,

* College of New Jersey.

and Mary is much recovered from her severe attack. Francis is spending the long vacation at home, and Henry is here during the Appleby assizes. Sir Henry Fletcher breakfasted with us this morning on his way south. He looks well. . . ."

Mrs. Yates to John Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *November 28th*, 1796.

"MY BELOVED JOHN,—I wrote to you from Allonby in the latter end of September, where your sister Anne and I were for a fortnight for sea-bathing. Several untoward events have prevented my finishing the letter. Anne got a bad cold by the breaking down of the bathing-machine in the sea, and she has never been well since; and a young man, a nephew of the late Mr. Salmond, who was recommended to my kindness five years ago, when he first came to school at Whitehaven, met me at Cockermouth, and came home with me, and was taken ill the day after, and died in ten days. The first alarm was that it was a fever, and I sent your sisters both to Nunnery. Mary only returned last week, after a month's absence. Anne is yet with Mrs. Bamber. I believe the poor boy's disease was an oppression upon the brain, and nothing to be apprehended; it is now five weeks since his death, and those who attended him are all well. Since that time I have had Francis to fit out for Cambridge, at which place he arrived, after a good journey, upon the 10th of this month. Dr. Yates has been three weeks here; and not having either of your sisters to assist me, my time has been fully occupied. We yesterday heard from the Doctor that he had got well to Cambridge, and found both his nephews there in good health. The Doctor had the gout flying about him whilst he was here, but he was in good spirits. You will by this time have heard of Mrs. Matthews' death. She had been ill for some time, but was carried off easily at last. Your cousin Miss Matthews is not well, and your aunt Julia is in a bad state of health. Mrs. Bamber was long lame by a mismanaged accident in her foot, but she is walking now, and, I hope, likely to get quite the better

of it. Mr. and Mrs. Bateman are settled at Newbiggen, near Carlisle, at a house and estate of Mrs. Lowthian's, which they have leased for twenty-one years. Their only child, Henry, five years old, I hear, is soon to be sent to Mr. Fisher's care at Kirkoswald School, who I think has limited his number of scholars to ten. Your brother Francis received a letter from you just before he left home, *without a date*, giving an account of your situation at Princeton, which we rejoice to think is agreeable to you. From what you say, it strikes me your college is more like an English academy than our universities, as you do not mention its endowment or professors; and Anne having taken Morse's geography to Nunnery prevents my looking for information there. . . . Mrs. Matthews' death prevented my going to the assizes, and the young man's death here happened just at the time of the hunt, so that I have not been to Carlisle since the election. Mr. Curwen and Sir Frederick Vane, after a strong opposition from Lord Lonsdale's candidates, were the returned members, and were chaired in *two beautiful blue chairs*, amidst the acclamations of thousands. You had been so pleased on a former occasion, that Henry raised his expectations of the sight too high, and was disappointed. Henry bears as good a character at school as either Francis or you did. I sometimes think he is the finest boy of the three. I am sorry to see you complain of writing *ill* and *slow*. You certainly do not write ill, and you would soon get the better of the other if you took pleasure in it, used yourself to moving your fingers quickly, and wrote to your *near friends* all you thought. It would take off that stiff and constrained air which your letters bear. They have the stiffness of a man of business. I imagine I write to you more than any one else does, and I am sure I set you no such example. I always wish to think correctly and then write it down as fast as possible. I could never have got through all the writing it has been my lot to do if I could not. I must not forget to tell you Francis has cut off his hair behind, wears it short and without powder, which is become very general among the young men, particularly those who hold

independent principles. I have neither room nor time to touch upon politics, or I could give you, Mr. Republican, a very different reply from what you seem to expect in regard to your boasted liberty, of which, believe me, your American newspapers give me a very indifferent opinion. I am, however, expressly concerned to see General Washington's resignation announced. It will hand his character unsullied down to future ages, but it is not for the good of America. When you return to Fredericksburg, I hope you will find your uncle well and hearty. His life and health are of much consequence to you, my dear child. Never forget the obligations you owe him, and let every action of yours convince him you are sensible of them. There are many little obliging attentions, speaking more than words can do. I hope you retain that art of pleasing you had so eminently when you were young. I promise to write soon again. In the meantime I pray God to bless and prosper you, being ever, my dearest John,

"Most affectionately yours,

"M. YATES."

1797.

Henry Yates to John Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *January*, 1797.

"DEAR BROTHER,—My mother and I have been making some red ink this morning, and I am writing a few lines to show it to you. Thomas Jackson, your old schoolfellow, is going to Appleby School. I board now at Mr. Waller's, which I like much better than at old Dunne's. I have been staying at Nunnery. Anne looks a great deal better than she did three weeks ago. I am very much afraid the ink will not be legible when you get this short letter. Your little dog Venom is still alive, and so is your horse Stately, but he lives quite at his ease. I am going back to Appleby on Monday. Give my duty to my uncle; and believe me, my dear brother, to remain

"Your ever affectionate

"HENRY YATES."

Charles Yates to John Yates.

"FREDERICKSBURG, *February 6th*, 1797.

"DEAR JOHN,—Yours of 28th ult. was the repeating dose of a cordial the first draft of which had been administered by Dr. Smith in his letter of 21st, wherein he informs me that you and Mr. Thornton had professed your willingness to make the concessions required for your readmission, and that you proposed to do it on the Monday following, of which he could not delay giving me an early information, from all of which it appears the Doctor interests himself in the reconciliation, and that you have little to apprehend from his imperious disposition, which might as well perhaps have been expressed strictness of discipline. On what hath passed, I will only say it is my hope that, on reflection and further experience, you will acknowledge the necessity of subordination in all communities, and that all attempts to destroy or lessen it should be crushed in the bud, to prevent anarchy and confusion.

"A letter from Mary Matthews, dated October 30th, gives the pleasing information that her sister was much amended, Mr. Matthews well, Dr. Yates was then there, but to leave Wigton in a few days, and that Richard had been gone to Cambridge six weeks, and a few days before had been ordained by the Bishop of Ely. Not a word of your family, who would certainly have been mentioned if otherways than well. Mary writes with the facility of diction which distinguished her mother, and her hand is superior to most; need I say to yours? It hath often been expressed as my wish that you would apply yourself to penmanship, not with a view you should be such an adept therein as is required of a professed teacher, but to acquire at your present time of life a freedom of such sort of hand as is free from ambiguity, and to be readily legible. Formerly Ogilvie's vile scrawl was followed, and perhaps not with design. Whom you copy after in your last letters, were I to guess, should be from your shoemaker, if he is a high German. For

shame! Attempt to write like other folks, say like Guy Bell's scholars in this neighbourhood, whose educations are completed from great A in three years, without knowing a noun from a verb. If you have no writing-master, get a book of copper-plate copies, from which begin to form your capitals, and after with diligence apply yourself to copying a hand that appears to you freest for despatch and plainest to be read, having no doubtful letters. My present writing, with a tremulous hand and a bad pen, which I am apt to spoil in attempting to mend, ought to be no guide to yours. At the time you went from hence, I had lodged in the hands of Messrs. John Field and Son two hundred and sixty-three and one-third dollars for your use, and suppose their friend in Princeton is directed to advance you so much as may be wanted, or perhaps more if called for; but I would not have you draw from them more than that sum, which when expended, on your informing me thereof, you shall be otherways supplied.

"Yours sincerely,

"CHARLES YATES.

"Your last letter was not sealed."

Mrs. Yates to her son John.

"*January*, 1797.

"Yours and the affectionate attachment of all my children to me, I can harbour no doubt of, and I am convinced neither time nor distance can diminish it, and I will add that your tender assurances of affection, though unnecessary, are very gratifying to my heart. Do you remember how you used to say to me, 'Dear mother, I love you as well as any of them, but I do not know how to show it in the same manner'? So I now say to you, my dear John, I love you as well as any of your brothers or sisters, but I have not an opportunity of showing it in the same way; accept it, dear boy, in the only way I can assure you. You would be entertained to see Francis, six feet high, with his head upon my knee, saying,

'Dear mother, love me; good mother, love me best,' and Henry's address to me generally is, 'Dear blessing mother! good blessing mother!' I am so happy in you all; in childhood it can hardly be otherwise, but from seventeen to twenty-five is perhaps the most critical period in a man's life; you are just entered upon it, but I rely upon your naturally good inclinations to guard you against temptations. That every good may be your lot, is the ardent and unceasing prayer of

"Your ever affectionate mother."

Mrs. Yates to John Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *June 22nd*, 1797.

"Upon the 27th of May I received your letter of 23rd of March, dated Princeton. It was very welcome, for nearly a year had elapsed without hearing from you. The only one received during eleven months was written in April, 1796. I cannot make a doubt but you have written several in the interim, but they run many risks before reaching England, and none of them have been so lucky as to make me happy. I pray daily for your welfare and for your safe return to me in a few years. I beg you to inform me frequently of yourself, for neither *laziness* nor want of time are any excuse, the former is the root of many evils, and occasions the latter, which those who make the most of their time never feel the want of. My dear John, I repeat my caution to you about going in the neighbourhood of yellow fever. You desire me to be easy upon that subject, as it has hitherto been confined to the large cities, and you are in no danger; yet you immediately after tell me you spend your vacations either in Philadelphia or New York, the two very towns exposed to its ravages of all others in America. I am far from wishing you to give up going there, but I would have you to be well assured of the health of these towns before going, and not to trust to the strength of your constitution or your inaptitude to take infection. Yellow fever has

levelled the strongest and those least liable to suffer disease. I send this letter to you by a young man named Dixon, originally from Newcastle, but who has served his apprenticeship in Whitehaven, from whence he sails for Alexandria, to be in a store there for two years. He is nephew to the late Mrs. Melbourne, of Armathwaite, a most worthy and amiable woman, whose death we are all lamenting. Mr. Melbourne introduced him, requesting letters of introduction to you and to your uncle. I shall desire him when he forwards this to you to send his address, and I request you when you receive it to write and thank him for the care of my letter, assuring him of the pleasure it will give you to see him and to show him any service in your power; and if you have any friends in Alexandria, you could possibly introduce him, but of that you are the best judge; and I will only add, that my old friendship and regard for all the Melbournes will make me obliged to you for any civilities you can show him.

"Your brother Francis came home last Tuesday for the summer vacation. He is grown since last year—I now suppose him to be over six feet—and looks healthy, but is sadly disfigured by a cropped head, upon which there is not a hair left long enough to form the least shade to his ears. He brought a good account of Dr. Yates' health; and he spent a fortnight with my cousins in Yorkshire as he came down, at Mr. Wroughton's and at Mr. Howard's, of Handsworth, and seems to have been much pleased. Jack Pattenson has a good appointment in India. He is in one of the courts of justice at Dacca, where his father says he sits as judge, and every punishment except death is left to his judgment. I could not help saying, it was no wonder English affairs went so ill everywhere if youths of his age and inexperience had so much confidence placed in them. Charles P. is still in Liverpool.

"Your sister Anne has been all the winter at Nunnery. She writes me word—for I have not seen her since last October—that she has recovered her health, and she is coming home in a few days. Mrs. Bamber is still lame.

Your aunt Julia is amusing herself making fish ponds at Crossfield. Henry has had the measles, but got safely through them. The new master at Appleby is very strict with the boys, and wrote to signify he would give no short holidays, and they would only have liberty to come home four times a year. The boys grumble, but I believe he is right. Your sister Mary, I am hoping, can go to Harrowgate soon to try the waters, with Mrs. Fleming and Miss Taylor, who are going there next month. I have just written to them. I believe Joe and Fletcher Taylor have both been on board ships engaged in the late mutinies. Joe, I know, was sent ashore by the people of his ship. Peter is at the Cape of Good Hope; and Mrs. Taylor is enjoying the new house she has built, and the beautiful prospects from it, on the banks of the Windermere. Mr. Curwen, after a long attendance at Parliament, is returned to the Island, where he has had a large and gay party, at the launching of a new boat. Our summer has been, like the last one, remarkably cold and wet, so that we have not given up fires. Dr. and Mrs. Paley were here last week. She has entered a large family of stepchildren, and the constant gaiety and going about seem to agree with her. . . . I have been wishing to get something to send you by Mr. Dixon, but knew not what would be useful, and the shops are so bad in Penrith, that I got nothing but a purse, which is useful to every man who has money to put in it, as, I hope, is your case; here we have had very little for a long time, paper being the chief medium of commerce. I beg your acceptance of the purse. John and Kenneth Wilson are both settled and doing well in Demerara. Have you intercourse with that country from your part of America? . . . A new organ has been put up in the church at Penrith, with which the inhabitants are much pleased. I hope my letters written in January reached you. Your family think and talk of you with delight, but none so feelingly as

"Your affectionate mother,

"M. YATES."

John O. Yates to his son John.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *June 23rd*, 1797.

". . . Before the arrival of your last letter, under date of March 23rd, we had begun to be very uneasy at your long silence, for, except the letter to your brother Francis soon after you went to Princeton, we had only heard of, not from, you. You can have no excuse. It looks as if, when at a distance from us, we were out of your remembrance. Do cure yourself of this fault. An hour set apart once a month is a small matter to relieve the anxiety of parents and friends, to whom your welfare is so interesting. In your present situation, you are near to Philadelphia and New York, and letters are easily transmitted, as you say you have friends in both places. Besides, if I mistake not, the post betwixt them goes through Princeton.

"The situation of public affairs is very alarming. I cannot give you details in a letter, and I doubt not you see all in English and American newspapers, and, I fancy, French ones too, flattering myself you apply to that language, which bids fair to become universal. Our Ministry, from their misconduct and some unforeseen occurrences, are sadly embarrassed, and public credit and confidence are grievously shaken. The Ministry are now trying by negotiations for peace, but I fear their endeavours will prove abortive, for the terms insisted upon by the French during the late negotiations we can hardly expect to be lowered, now that they have made peace with the Emperor, obtaining Belgium by treaty from him, a cession our new Ministers said could not be suffered whilst England had a soldier left or a shilling to maintain him,—and their unparalleled success in Italy. I cannot see what terms can be offered or accepted, unless the pecuniary distress of France is equal to our own, a thing scarcely possible, as they have maintained their armies for the last twelve months at the expense of the enemy. To this add the mutiny of our fleets, which, though smothered, is not, I fear, totally extinguished. . . . Such is the dismal prospect of this once glorious nation.

You, my dear John, have reason to be thankful that your lot is cast in a better land; and I can assure you, I should, late in life as it is with me, feel happy were it possible for me to be with my family in the same country. With true affection,

"J. O. YATES."

1798.

In the spring of this year John Yates returned to Fredericksburg, where he began to study law in the office of T. R. Rootes, Esq., of that town, with much encouragement from his uncle, who, if very critical, was at all times very indulgent.

Mary Yates to John Yates.

"SKIRWITH, *June 30th*, 1798.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—It is long since I have written *to* you, and *from* you I have never had the pleasure of receiving a letter since we parted. I will not, however, lose a place in your remembrance from continuing *my* silence, and therefore very willingly act as my mother's secretary, as she is engaged at present, and will only add a few lines. She and my sister and Henry are going to Allonby in two days; the latter has come home from Appleby for the holidays with a lame leg, having hurt it by a fall *up*stairs, but I hope it will be a temporary inconvenience, and he has so little pain, he is unwilling to give it as much rest as Mr. Harrison enjoins him to do. He is a remarkably fine and sensible boy, and bears a very good character, both with his Latin and French masters; he is not tall for his age, but is the handsomest of his family, and very pleasant in his manners. Francis, except in size, is not altered since you saw him in face or figure. I have been at Crossfield since last January, and only got home last night. Poor Miss Aglionby is now alone, and not likely, I think, to recover from her disorder, though she may continue long to suffer from it. Francis gives but an indifferent account of Dr. Yates' health, who thought of going to Bath at the time he left Cambridge, in which case I fancy we

shall not see him in the north this year. The Pattensons are all well. Charles has been so fortunate as to get a writership in the Bengal establishment, through the Duke of Portland's interest, and went out in one of the last ships. I cannot tell whether you ever saw Mr. James Salmond. He is soon to marry a Miss Scott, daughter of one of the directors of the India Company. I fancy it is a match which will give satisfaction to his friends. Her father's interest may be advantageous to our cousin, who returns to the East, and takes his bride with him. Sir John Musgrave has pulled down the middle and one end of Edenhall, intending to rebuild in a more modern style, and then spend more time in Cumberland. I think I have little news to tell you, no births, deaths, or marriages in which you would be interested. Public affairs you will know in our newspapers; and they bear, I think, a very awful aspect at present. The Irish rebellion is very alarming. We have several genteel families in this county who have escaped from the confusion of their own country. . . . Some little hay has been cut in this neighbourhood, but rain has been so much wanted, I fear it will be a bad hay year. Provisions are very high, beef at eightpence, a surprising advance. My letter has been called for these last ten minutes, and I must conclude. . . ."

P.S. from his mother.

"I have had but one letter from you, my beloved John, in the last year. I have not time to look out the date of it, or of those I have written you, but I wish much oftener to hear from you. I apprehend since the war commenced many letters have been lost; yours would have been precious to me, and they were useless to any one else. One of the Dobsons, of Newbiggen, lately told your father he had passed through Princeton and inquired after you, that you were out walking, but he heard you were well, which was comforting to me, who unceasingly love you. Write as soon as you receive this. There is always a packet from New York regularly. We seldom hear from your uncle. His letters too, I suppose, are lost. In the general convulsions of Europe, we

must be thankful that the loss of letters is the greatest affliction we feel. I have the pleasure of informing you of the good health of your father, brothers, and sisters. I have them all about me now, a satisfaction I have not had for long. . . ."

Mrs. Yates to John Yates. (*Dr. Yates' death.*)

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *August 26th*, 1798.

"I write to you, my beloved John, in very bad spirits, to inform you of the loss of a dear and valued friend, whom we all lament, and which you must prepare your uncle to hear in the best manner you can, as it will be a great shock to him to learn it has pleased God to take Dr. Yates to Himself. But he has suffered so little pain, and has gone out of the world so easily and happily, that he must console himself, and pray with me that our ends may all be like his.

"Dr. Yates came into the country about six weeks ago. When your brother left Cambridge a little time before, he was very unwell, and talked of going to Bath, but changed his mind. Anne and I were at the seaside when he came here. Your sister Mary informed me he was so broken, and looked so ill, they were quite shocked. We returned as soon as we could to meet him; and indeed his appearance confirmed what they said, though they thought him much recovered from the time of his arrival here. He looked quite a feeble old man, and, I thought, had no promise of returning health, except that his colour was good, his complexion clear and fresh as ever. We could not prevail with him to stay more than a fortnight here. He said he was in a hurry to go to the sea and try salt-water bathing. I asked if he was going by advice, and he said no, but it had always done him good. He told me he had a fit of the gout at Norwich last year, and he had never been well since; he seemed frequently in considerable pain in his limbs, and I imagined he had the gout flying about him. I ventured to say to him, I thought it would be better he had good advice before going into the sea, and I wish now I had urged it more strongly, but he

was often fretful from his illness, and I was afraid of annoying him. Upon the 10th of this month Miss Matthews wrote word that she and her sister were going that day to Allonby with the Doctor, who was considerably mended both in health and spirits since he had been at Wigton, and they hoped he would be much benefited by sea-bathing. Upon the 20th she wrote again, to inform your father they were just returned from Allonby; that she thought the sea-bathing had disagreed with the Doctor; that whilst there he had appeared for some days very ill, almost always asleep. Unknown to him, she had sent for Dr. Relph, a Wigton man, but a London physician, who was upon a visit to his friends, to come to Allonby to see Dr. Yates. He had no hopes of his recovery from the moment he saw him, and advised his immediate return to Wigton, and with great difficulty prevailed upon him to go. Miss Matthews requested your father to come directly. Her letter was written on Monday, and got here the day after, and your father and brother went the next day. They found the good Doctor in a lethargic state, in which, your father informs me, he continued until Friday night, when he ceased to breathe, for there was no struggle, no convulsive pang. I bless God for it, for in losing a friend that is the greatest consolation; we must all die, but to die easily and happily is of all things to be desired most earnestly. Mr. Yates writes that Dr. Relph does not think the bathing *occasioned* your uncle's death, but it *hastened* it; he thinks he had been for some time in a going state, that bathing threw the blood in his head, and brought on the lethargic disorder which carried him off. He is to be buried tomorrow; and the world has lost in him a truly good and worthy man, my family a most benevolent, kind, and affectionate relation. Your sisters are in great affliction; and I sincerely join with them in lamenting a highly valued friend, with whom from my childhood I have lived in undisturbed habits of most cordial friendship and esteem. I do not know anything of his affairs, or if he has made any disposition of them, but I believe I before told you that he had last year given his four nieces five hundred pounds apiece, a rare

instance of generosity and affection, for few people part with anything in their lifetime. I should not have written to you of this affecting event before your father's return, but Lord Suffolk being at Penrith, which place he leaves in two days, gives me an opportunity of getting my letters franked to London. Mr. Yates will write to your uncle himself as soon as he is sufficiently composed to do so. Your aunt Julia Aglionby, whom I have for some time thought would be the first relation we should lose, still holds out, and, I think, may do so for some time; she is better now, and her spirits at times more cheerful than one would suppose possible; but I have no expectation of her recovery. Our Edinburgh friend Mr. Bell will be in the country next month, when I much wish her to take his advice, for in the surgical line he is one of the first men of his time.

"I have now, my dear John, a letter of yours to acknowledge, dated Fredericksburg, 28th May. I had long and anxiously wished to hear from you, for the letter prior to this was dated October, 1797, and did not get here till the following January. I answered it on the 2nd of March by the way of London, in June by London, and in July by Whitehaven, and sent from the latter place in the ship *Hero*, bound for Alexandria. They were both directed to you at Nassau College, Princeton; and as you have left there, it will be necessary for you to write and have them forwarded to Fredericksburg. The letter I received in January, 1798, came by Mr. Wilson. I have shown him all the civility he would accept. He went some time ago up into Wales, and, I imagined, would have returned to Cumberland ere this, but I have heard nothing of him, and suppose he is returned to America. You say you have heard from me only once in six months. I am convinced many letters are lost. I write six or eight times a year, and your sisters write frequently. In these troublous times the only chance of receiving any is by writing many, and some may reach their destination. You give me no reason, dear John, for not returning to Princeton. I should be glad to know. I had understood you were to take your degrees

there. Was there anything your uncle disapproved in the college? for I flatter myself your own conduct would be such as to merit his approbation. Is the college at Williamsburg in reputation? I should like much to know your uncle's plans for your future course. I hope it is the intention of you both that you shall follow some pursuit or profession. Business of some kind is absolutely necessary for a man's own happiness. The human mind must be occupied, and if not properly employed, will pursue mischief or the gratification of its own passions. I therefore strongly recommend you to follow something that is agreeable to your own mind, and suitable to the character of a gentleman and to the situation you are likely to hold in the country you seem destined—and I rejoice to find it is your own wish—to live in. Whenever your uncle is willing you should come over here, I shall be rejoiced, beloved John, to see you, but during this war I cannot wish it. The sea seems to have sufficient dangers, without running the risk of encountering the horrors of a French gaol, which, if hostilities are commenced between America and France, are more to be dreaded than heretofore. I also imagine you cannot be a naturalised citizen of the United States until you are twenty-one, and your uncle will probably think that a strong reason why you should remain till that period. Your interest and your happiness, my dear son, have been entrusted to him. Oblige him in everything; he is your parent in America, and you must be a child to him and support his declining years. Your brother had intended writing to you, but his absence at present prevents. If you wish to hear from him, why do you not write to himself and tell him so? Writing letters is the way to receive answers. What you write of yourself never requires an apology. The more particular you are, the more you gratify me. I am glad to hear you are five feet seven inches in height. It is no matter if you never grow more. You are a middle-sized man, which is most desirable. Francis is too large.

"The last was one of the finest and mildest winters I ever knew, little frost and less snow. By what you say, I suppose

it has been the reverse with you. This summer has also been remarkably fine. We have had more sun than usual. I have a little flower-garden, in which I have much pleasure; and if you can send me any seeds you think will answer, I will be obliged. A friend in Jamaica sent me seeds that have vegetated and have grown well. I have an Indian reed in full flower and beauty from that country in seed.

"I am certainly not so young, so healthy, nor good-looking as I used to be. I ought not to complain. Time will leave its mark as it passes; it is bringing you to perfection and me to decay, the common course of nature; but Henry says if it is the case, I ought not to say it, so I will be done with the subject. The Wigton family were all well before this sad affliction. Richard Matthews is now at Cambridge; he has been living in Dr. Yates' house for the last twelve months, and intended to stand for the vacant Fellowship. Whether he will try for it I cannot say. The Doctor will be a terrible loss to him. I have generally in my letters carried on a chain of events that have taken place in the country since you left it. By the loss of them that chain will be broken, and it is no wonder that I allude to circumstances you cannot understand. The rebellion in Ireland, we trust, is over. Pray remember us affectionately to your uncle, with our best wishes for his and your health.

"I am, dear John,

"Most affectionately yours,

"M. YATES.

"I will not put a black seal, for fear of alarming you."

John O. Yates to Charles Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *August 30th*, 1798.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—With unspeakable concern I have to convey to you the afflicting intelligence of the death of our beloved Lowther, who came here in an evidently enfeebled state, but by no means exciting apprehensions of immediate danger, about six weeks ago. . . . From Tuesday, the 21st, to Friday, the 25th, the day of his death,

he hardly ever spoke or took any notice. On my first seeing him on Thursday early, his servant repeating my name two or three times in his ear, induced him to open his eyes. He endeavoured to put his hand towards me and speak, but failed in both. That was the last mark of sensibility he showed. Thank God, he had not the least appearance of suffering, and with his hand in mine, rather ceased to breathe than died, not making a single struggle.

"Having no papers with him except his pocket-book of the year, we are yet ignorant if he has made any disposition of his affairs. I have written to R. Matthews, now at Catherine Hall, to inquire of the attorney who transacted his business, and to Stephenson, Batson, and Co., his bankers, to know if they have any will in their custody, but I cannot obtain their answers for a day more. Mrs. Yates wrote to John on hearing from me. I came home last night, and add this in hopes it may save the packet of the month. Francis got to Wigton before me, and, with the utmost affection, attended his uncle to the last. Of all the Doctor's relatives, he, poor fellow, has the most to lament, for want of his guidance and instruction at this critical period of his life. Richard Matthews, one may say, is fixed, and sure of a Fellowship at the next election. Mrs. Yates and my daughters feel equally with me. A sincere affection has invariably subsisted betwixt them. May God preserve you and my dear boy.

"Yours affectionately,

"J. O. Yates."

The Rev. Dr. Lowther Yates was the son of the Rev. Francis Yates and Anne Orfeur, his wife. After a useful and honourable life, and greatly beloved, he died at the age of sixty-eight, unmarried, and was buried at the parish church of Wigton, in which church is a monument to his memory. By his will, he left a small moneyed estate in legacies to his near relatives, to whom he had always been very liberal. A handsome Prayer-book and Bible, sent after-

wards to Virginia, are heirlooms, and the latter contains this inscription: "This copy of the Holy Bible was the property of Lowther Yates, D.D., Prebendary of Norwich and Master of Catherine Hall, Cambridge, and was given by his executor, John Orfeur Yates, of Skirwith Abbey, Cumberland, to his son John Yates."

Francis Yates to John Yates.

"SEDBERGH, YORKSHIRE, *September 23rd*, 1798.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—You would hear by the last packet the melancholy intelligence of the death of our good and worthy uncle Dr. Yates, who, after a short illness, breathed his last at Wigton, on the 24th of August. A more kind and affectionate relation never lived, and few have gone out of the world more sincerely regretted or more universally beloved. He was indeed a good man, and the remembrance of him at this moment fills my eyes with tears and my mind with grief. His life was peaceful, and his last moments were easy and painless. So let the memory of a good man be honoured when himself is in the grave, and his virtues leave an unfading remembrance, and good example to his sorrowing relatives.

"I have just heard of the death of our aunt Miss Aglionby, who expired on the 16th instant, after nearly a year's suffering. Her release from a painful existence is a blessing to herself, and we are all thankful that her sufferings are ended. My father is going to Cambridge next week to settle the affairs of our departed uncle. . . . I have been for some few days at this place, for the benefit of learning mathematics from a person very eminent in that way, of the name of Dawson. I take the degree of B.A. in January. Mr. Yates' name I have seen cut in schoolboy fashion here. The school has much gone down since his time, there being only eight or nine scholars here. I shall go to Skirwith in about a month, and soon after to Cambridge. I have so bad a pen, you will scarcely be able to read this; and I left my penknife behind me. . . ."

Miss Julia Aglionby was the second daughter of Henry Aglionby, Esq., of Nunnery, and Anne Musgrave, his wife. She was living upon her estate of Crossfield at the time of her death: September 16th, 1798.

John O. Yates to Charles Yates. (Death of Mrs. Lowthian.)

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *November 30th*, 1798.

". . . For the present I dismiss the subject, and turn to another in which our beloved John has a bare, remote, contingent interest: the death of his mother's aunt, Mrs. Lowthian, of Dumfries. . . . At the time her will was made, the old lady was in possession of all her husband's fortune, about one hundred thousand pounds, under his will, since which his heirs-at-law have attacked the will, and recovered almost all the Scots property by suits in the Scots courts, and confirmed by the House of Lords in England. They next attacked her third or widow's right. They carried it in Scotland, but by appeal to the House of Lords, she was there victorious. At the time of her death they were in the Scots courts about what part of the real estate in Scotland was liable to her thirds and what not, as different tenures of land there have different customs; that remains yet undecided. They, the heirs-at-law, also talk of attacking the personal property in Scotland. As far as relates to English property, all parties allow the validity of the will. She has by her last will, and also by deed of entail, left young Bateman to enter into immediate possession of all her real property, and in case of failure of heirs male to John, second son of her niece Mary Yates, and in failure of his heirs to Henry, third son of Mary Yates, in like manner, and in failure thereof to her own right heirs. In like manner, she has left to Sir Wilfrid Lawson her personal property—at present from one hundred and fifty thousand to one hundred and eighty thousand pounds, but what it may be reduced to no one can tell before all the suits are ended—*in trust*, for him to pay the interest thereof to her

three nieces, Elizabeth Bamber, Anne Bateman, and Julia Aglionby (since dead), share and share alike during their lives, and upon the death of the survivor to convey it to her real estate as before directed in the entail. This strange will has had no other effect upon Mrs. Yates and myself than that of surprise, considering her partiality for seniority, she should step over Francis, whom she has not seen since he was four years old. However, we do not repine. . . ."

Mrs. Lowthian was the daughter of Henry Aglionby, Esq., of Nunnery, and Elizabeth Lawson, his wife. She married Richard Lowthian, Esq., of Dumfries, in March, 1737, and died in 1798.

John Yates to his mother.

"FREDERICKSBURG, *December 24th*, 1798.

". . . During the last fifteen months I have received but one letter from Skirwith, which was from my sister Mary, with a few lines from yourself. I have written to Skirwith four letters since I returned to Fredericksburg: to you in May, to my father in July, to you in August, and to my sister Mary in October. I am writing now more because it is agreeable to you than because I have anything agreeable to communicate. . . . It is seven years since I left home, and I am very anxious to see you all again. My prospects may be more promising here, but whether I can expect more real happiness, separated from my natural friends, is certainly problematical. My being transferred to my uncle's care I must ever feel and acknowledge as the greatest exertion of parental affection, yet I should be well content to have remained with you. Do not conclude I am dissatisfied here, for it is by no means the case. No son ever had more reason to love his parents, nor did nephew ever receive more kindness from an uncle. You will pardon my taking your time to tell you this. I have no other way of expressing my feelings to you. I am here, though my heart is with you. . . ."

1799.

Mary Matthews to Charles Yates.

"WIGTON HALL, *March* 13*th*, 1799.

". . . Our cousin Miss Yates is with us at present, and has been for some time. It is long since we have been together, and it makes us quite happy. Cousin Francis has chosen the law as his profession, and is now studying in the Temple (London). Of what concerns this family, I will tell my dear uncle that my brother and sister and I are going to spend the spring in London, where it is necessary my brother should go, and he thinks it would do Jane and me good to accompany him, and you may be sure we are of the same opinion, and look forward with delight to the variety and pleasure we expect to find in our journey. We have several friends and relatives in London, whom it gives us pleasure to anticipate seeing, among them our cousin Mrs. Harris, who you will be glad to hear is, with her family, made comfortable by the liberal kindness of her brother-in-law, General Harris, of whose recent success in India you will doubtless have heard. My uncle Tommy keeps well, and always begs his kindest remembrance to you. Of public affairs, alas! we hear of nothing but war and famine. Markets are dreadfully dear. Wheat has been sold at two guineas a Carlisle bushel in the Wigton market. We heard that at the last Carlisle market, barley was five-and-forty, and oats five-and-twenty shillings a Carlisle bushel. My brother is now staying a few days with Mr. Story, who is bad in the gout, from which he frequently suffers, and is often in great danger. Along with this you will get a keg of ketchup. It has been made two years, but these perilous times made us fearful of sending anything, till this excellent opportunity of Mr. Steel's vessel offered, by which, I trust, you will safely receive all we send. I hope you will be able to read this letter. I have done my very best to render it legible, though I fear poor is the effect of my exertion. However, my dear

uncle, have the goodness to remember that the wish of a moment cannot overcome the habit of years. . . ."

Jane Matthews to Charles Yates.

"WIGTON, *June* 1*st*, 1799.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—Though I wrote to you by the packet of April, dated the 12th, I cannot let this one go without telling you of the very bad state of health my father is in. My last letter would inform you of his state, since which he has rapidly grown worse, and about three weeks ago he had a slight paralytic stroke in one hand and leg; and though he has in great measure recovered the use of both, such a failure of appetite and weakness have taken place, I fear we must not flatter ourselves with hopes of his recovery. I am happy to inform you my brother got home a week ago. I hope you have received some of the many letters we have written lately, for I think one of us has written by every packet for many months back. I believe I told you Mrs. Yates' aunt, Mrs. Lowthian, was dead, and has left all to little Henry Bateman, but in case he died without a son to my cousin John Yates, and if he had none, to Henry Yates. . . . You will excuse my writing a longer letter, for indeed my mind is in a state of anxiety about my father, which drives everything else out of my head. With the love of the family,

"I am your affectionate niece,

"J. MATTHEWS."

John O. Yates to John Yates.

"12*th July*, 1799.

"MY DEAREST JOHN,—An opportunity offering to Liverpool, we embrace it to let you know of us, your mother and Francis to acknowledge your last letters to them, and Anne and Henry are, I believe, volunteers. In these you will have every kind of domestic and family intelligence. I will therefore confine myself to what more immediately concerns

yourself. Your good and worthy uncle Dr. Yates left you a small legacy of one hundred pounds in his will, and with the most affectionate expressions. The sum is in my hands, and shall be disposed of as you shall think proper to direct. . . . I am much concerned to say your uncle Matthews is in a poor way, has had a slight paralytic stroke, and though better, there is little probability he can hold out for any time. . . . All your old friends constantly inquire after you, and rejoice when we hear. You will see my writing much worsened, owing to a contraction of the middle finger of my right hand, that much writing brings on a cramp, and at times I can hardly hold a pen. . . ."

Mrs. Yates to her son John.

"*July* 15*th*, 1799.

"My dear John,—I well know the uneasiness and suspense a long silence from those one loves occasions. From our having two letters from you this spring, I flatter myself there is less interruption to correspondence between the two countries than there has been. From the letters you acknowledge receiving, five out of six that we have written to you have miscarried. . . . I have great satisfaction in your quitting Princeton. Its vicinity to Philadelphia, the original seat and nursery of yellow fever, gave me constant apprehension. Of all the letters you have written during the last year, the dates of which you enumerate, only one in May and one of 24th August reached us. Yours of 24th of last December came to me in Edinburgh, where I was gone on a disagreeable business, the removal of a swelling from my leg, probably brought on by the fatigue of looking after a large family in states of reduced weakness, when I have found myself quite outdone by it. Good Mr. Bell, whom you will remember, performed the operation with his usual feeling and kindness of heart and dexterity of hand. The pain was less than I expected, but left me in a state of great weakness, and it was seven weeks before I was able to bear the journey home, and then I came too soon. I am

still unable to bear walking for any length of time, and I have not been to the garden this summer. Not but I could get there well enough for distance, but I am afraid of the hill coming back. Your sisters were very kind and attentive nurses to me, and I have the satisfaction of thinking both of them were better for the journey. Your sister Mary, you know, has had no good health for years. Your sister Anne had very good health, but three years ago she had the misfortune to get into a damp bed, going to Allonby; she has been in a very uncertain state ever since. She is better now, and, I trust, with care will continue to go on well. Your brothers are everything I could wish them, but as they are writing to you themselves, I shall say little about them. Mary is at present at Gilsland with Mrs. Bamber. By your letter to your brother we know you have received accounts of the near friends whom death deprived us of last year. I thank God none have gone since. We have been under great apprehensions for Mr. Matthews, but the last letters have brought better accounts of him. His son came down in haste to him six or seven weeks ago, and is still at Wigton, so that he has the kind and uninterrupted attentions of all his children; and there is nothing more soothing upon the bed of sickness. My dear sister Mrs. Bateman is in health, and continues to live at Newbiggen, near Carlisle, late Mrs. Lowthian's property, and now her son's. . . . I strongly recommend to you some employment or profession that will give a degree of independence to your future life. To your brother I have given the same advice; and he turns his thoughts to the law, which he will pursue for the next two years. If his constitution should be unequal to the application and confinement of so intricate a study, the Church will be equally open to him then as now.

"Your letters, my dear child, have a stiffness and formality in the style that is not natural to your age or disposition. What occasions it? Write to me as if you were conversing with me, and let me know all your thoughts and sentiments. Mine will ever be to promote your happiness. I hope many years will not elapse before we meet. In the meantime com-

plete your education in the best manner you have an opportunity of doing in America. Francis disliked the study of mathematics as much as you do, but a few months' application enabled him to take a creditable degree at Cambridge; the knowledge will amply repay the trouble. I hope you have by this time made so considerable a progress that the future will be a pleasure to you. School education will be over with you now; and idleness, that parent of all mischief, I trust you are unacquainted with. I beseech you to avoid the cock-fighting, horse-racing, and gambling propensities to which the young men in Virginia are said to be addicted. Let me know if you dance well, if you understand French and speak it, if you have learned fencing, drawing, and music. Tell me of your appearance, your height, the colour of your hair, your complexion. With what anxious eyes I look forward to our meeting, and to the changes a few years have made, the dear child from whom I parted with so many tears and so much reluctance arrived, I trust, to everything I wish him to be! . . .

"The winter was uncommonly severe, and lasted till May, for we had literally no spring. All the hay and straw in the country have been eaten up. At Liverpool hay got to the amazing price of 2*s.* 6*d.* per stone. We have had such weather in June that the grass crops will be very light, but rain being come gives us hopes of a plentiful wheat harvest. Between the advance of every article of living and the excessive taxes, people of small fortunes feel themselves much distressed to make things answer as formerly. Good Dr. Yates' bequests to your sisters have made them quite easy. He was possessed of the kindest of hearts, which must be gratefully acknowledged by his relations. I hear Sir John Musgrave has sold Kempton Park, but not with the intention of residing at Edenhall, where, however, he has been making alterations. He came to Edenhall last night for a fortnight's stay. He has three sons and a daughter. You will be surprised when I tell you there is still snow to be seen from these windows, a circumstance I never knew in July before; but there was such an excessive storm of

wind and snow in April, which was so deeply drifted and frozen, that neither the rain nor the sun have been able to remove it. . . . Adieu, my beloved John. Your uncle never writes to me of you, but I trust he is satisfied with you, and you happy with him. I once more recommend you to lead an active and employed life. Let your dependence be on yourself; that can only make you comfortable and happy. Present my respects and best wishes to your uncle, and assure him his kindness to you impresses my heart with gratitude; and believe me

"Most affectionately yours,

"M. YATES."

Rev. Richard Matthews to Charles Yates.

"WIGTON, *August 13th*, 1799.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have written twice (June 17th and 29th) informing you of my arrival at home in consequence of the bad state of my father's health. . . . The occasion of this letter is a very melancholy one. You would conclude, from what I said before, that I entertained no hopes of my father's recovery. This despondency proved only too well founded, for his illness suddenly increasing, he lingered a while and expired on the 19th of July. I cannot refrain from expressing my sorrow at this dispensation of Providence. I am persuaded there never was a better parent than my father. He was always ready to gratify every reasonable wish which my sisters or myself could form, and to his affection and prudent care we owe more than I am able to describe. By his will, of which on some future occasion I intend to send you a copy, he bequeathed to my sisters each two thousand pounds, with some articles of furniture, and to me all the residue of his property. The justness and equity of this disposition is, I think, unquestionable, and we have every reason to be satisfied with it; I hope we feel so. The provision for my sisters is handsome; and for me what remains is sufficient if I make a good use of it, and infinitely too much if I am so unhappy as to make a

bad one. My father's death puts an entire end to all my hopes of preferment at Catherine Hall, a Fellowship there not being tenable with landed property of value above ten marks yearly. I am therefore finally settled at Wigton. As to household matters and the management of the estate, it is my intention to tread as nearly in my father's steps as I can, for I am of opinion a better path cannot be pursued. It is true, I am not much skilled in the practice of husbandry, but time and experience will remedy this defect. I enjoy the advantage of an old and faithful servant, so that if I fall into any very egregious errors, the fault must be my own. My sisters of course continue with me, and as we have hitherto lived in much harmony, I entertain no apprehension that any future discord will arise to interrupt our peace. . . . My sisters join me in their most affectionate love to you and my cousin.

"I remain very sincerely yours,

"R. MATTHEWS."

Mrs. Yates to John Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *August 8th*, 1799.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—I am sorry to find that so late as the 24th of May, the date of your last to me, you had received but the first notification of the deaths of your uncle and aunt, upon which events I thank you for the condolence you offer and the regret you express that you have been so long weaned from us. I trust you do not feel these losses acutely. It is the constant habit of doing and receiving good offices that endears others to us. . . . How my aunt Mrs. Lowthian came to prefer you and Henry to my son Francis, I can account for in no other manner than your bearing the christened names of her own family, to which that of Francis was unknown. He was personally unknown to her since childhood, and as a man none bears or can deserve a better character. Henry has all the best properties of you both. He remains at Appleby, from the inconvenience to which the enormous expense of the great

schools would put his father. When I wrote to you on the 15th July, our last accounts of Mr. Matthews' health were better. Within a few days we heard of his death. He will be a great loss to his daughters. I have not heard how he has left his affairs, or of their future plans, but I imagine your cousin Richard and his sisters will find it best to live together, where he can look after his own property, and take anything in the Church that may offer. I propose seeing them next week in my way to Allonby, where Miss Yates accompanies me. We all regret Mr. Matthews as a good and worthy man; and I dread the first meeting with his children, before time has softened their early affliction. To this regretted event I add the death of good Mrs. Ascot, whom, as a kind relation and a most valued and affectionate friend, I shall ever lament. At the great age of eighty-four, she was equally beloved by young and old, by rich and poor. To us her house was a second home, and she only found fault with us that we did not come often enough. Miss Waugh also died about the same time as these two dear friends of ours, and I suppose she will be equally regretted amongst her own. Sir John Musgrave has been in the county three weeks. I took leave of him yesterday. He is a kind-hearted and valuable man. I understand he has sold Kempton Park, but retains it for five years, not with a view of coming to Edenhall, which I suppose he only thinks of as a two or three months' summer residence, but, as I understand, to purchase a place in the neighbourhood of London on a smaller scale. This may be prudent, but I regret the loss of Kempton Park to the head of my family, for it is a very fine place. The park itself, I apprehend, has as many acres in it as the whole estate of Skirwith, and very finely wooded, which, sixteen miles from London, is a noble patrimony. I wish he may never regret parting with it.

"I am glad you saw Christopher Raincock, but it was unfortunate that he should time his visit when it was out of your power to stay and entertain him. It is, however, satisfactory that your uncle has so much confidence in you as to trust you with business that would not admit of a day's

delay. . . . I shall be glad to hear that John Railton is doing well in Kentucky, for he was one of the most untaught things when he left England I ever saw. When he came here to announce his intention of going to America and desire letters to you, his manners were so uncouth, your sister Anne, who was alone in the parlour, and is a great coward, took him for mad, and made the best of her way to inform me a maniac had taken possession of the room. Of Clarkson's death I had not heard till your letter came. I understood he had gone into a seafaring life. How then came he by an estate? But perhaps by that word you may not in America understand exactly what we do here. With us it is only applied to landed property, of which I cannot suppose him possessed. His father has been dead some time, but his mother and brother will receive whatever is remitted. Of the fire in Fredericksburg I had not heard. I rejoice neither your uncle nor you received any injury from the hurricane. Is that part of America subject to such storms? It is fortunate for the peace of your country that the insurrection in Pennsylvania was so soon quelled. The example made of the ringleaders, it is to be hoped, will deter others. I am of opinion you will not have war with France; it is impossible, with your *rising marine*, she can cope against you.

"I make no doubt but, in the many letters I write, I tell you things over and over again; but so few of my letters reach you that it is immaterial. There is no one living at Crossfield now but a servant. . . . "

CHAPTER IV.

1800—1809.

"Yea, all who journey soon or late
Must pass within the garden gate,
Must kneel alone in darkness there,
And battle with some fierce despair;
All roads that have been or shall be
Pass somewhere through Gethsemane."

ELLA WHEELER.

1800.—Francis Yates studies law, Gray's Inn, London. John Yates studies law, William and Mary College, Virginia. 1801.—Troubles at Skirwith Abbey. Death of Henry Yates. 1802.—Death of Anne Yates. Removal from Skirwith Abbey to Hutton Hall, Penrith. 1803.—Marriage of John Yates to Miss Julia Lovell. Francis accepts a captain's commission in the Cumberland militia. 1804.—Birth of Janet Yates in Culpeper County, Virginia. 1805.—Birth of Mary Yates in Culpeper County, Virginia. 1807.—Birth of Charles Yates in Culpeper County, Virginia. 1808.—Death of Richard Bamber, Esq. 1809.—Death of Charles Yates, Esq., at Fredericksburg, Virginia.

1800.

John Yates to his mother. Marked, "Received July 7th, 1800."

"VIRGINIA, FREDERICKSBURG,
"*January 30th.*

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have been so happy as to receive your letter of 15th July, and four others from Skirwith of the same date, and since then yours of the 8th August. My uncle went to Berkeley early that month, and I followed in September. We returned early in November, and then first heard of the death of Mr. Matthews. . . . I had heard

of the disposition of Mrs. Lowthian's fortune. Believe me, I am far from repining at H. Bateman's good fortune; may he long and worthily enjoy her bequest. I rely on a competency from my uncle's liberality, but if otherwise, God forbid I should hope for benefit from his misfortune. I have also lately received your letter from Bellefield. Such recent accounts are extremely gratifying. In return I have but written one letter you have not mentioned receiving; that was to Anne in August.

"Throughout the United States we are all in mourning for the loss of General Washington. He died at his seat, Mount Vernon, on the 14th ult., in the sixty-eighth year of his age, of an inflammatory quinsy, *cinache trachealis*, caused probably by being exposed to rain the day before he fell ill. After twenty-three hours' sickness, he expired, in full possession of his intellect, exhibiting the same serene composure and self-possession that characterised him in situations the most embarrassing, painful, and perilous. This unexpected event was followed by instant and general grief. He is spoken of but with eulogy joined to sorrow, and he has received the highest honours from all public bodies, and the people generally wear mourning. I am thankful to say I have seen this great man, though I was never introduced to him. He resigned the Presidency three years ago, and had not chosen to act in any civil capacity since. He was commander-in-chief of the army. It is however, certain that he enjoyed the fullest confidence of our Government, and it is believed that no measure of national importance was adopted unless sanctioned by the approval of his judgment. . . . You will probably see some account of his life; if not, I will send you what is deemed the best here. Without the common advantages of education, he seems far the greatest soldier and statesman that has existed, and the goodness of his private life is perhaps unequalled. . . . I have been a good deal from home lately, in Berkeley County, at Richmond, the seat of our State government, and on a visit to the country, or rather a shooting party. My uncle's former partner, Mr. Lovell, a most amiable man, has declined business and re-

moved to an estate twenty-six miles from here. His family are peculiarly agreeable, and one in which I was intimate; I feel the loss of their society much, and I propose paying them a visit of some length soon. Our winter hitherto is uncommonly mild. This day I am shutting the sun out of my room and letting the fire go almost out. My love to everybody at Skirwith. . . .

"JOHN YATES."

Anne Yates to John Yates.

"WIGTON HALL, *April 14th*, 1800.

"It is a long, a very long time, my dear brother, since any of your family have had the happiness of hearing from you; and it has given us much uneasiness, particularly my mother, who never without a sigh thinks it was June, 1799, that the last letter reached my brother Francis at Skirwith. . . . I have been here six weeks, and have spent that time very happily with my cousins. Richard has been for some days at Mirehouse, with his relation Mr. Story, who is ill, but very soon he and his sisters are going to London, which I trust will prove a pleasant jaunt, the season for travelling being good, and the ladies having never visited any large town. I am sure London has more variety and more sights worth seeing than any other place. Mr. Matthews talks of building an addition to his house next year, thereby gaining a handsome sitting-room, with two rooms above it. . . . Sir John Musgrave is sheriff of the county, which will certainly bring him down this summer, and, I hope, will induce him to do something to the new part of the house at Edenhall, which has been a sort of *modern ruin*, built and covered in, but not any further finished. . . . I think I have mentioned all your nearest connections, my dearest John, but your brothers, who are both well. Francis is pursuing the study of the law, in the office of an eminent special pleader in Gray's Inn. Henry still goes to Appleby, and is a very fine boy, very like what my oldest brother was when you left England. . . . Since I came to Wigton, my cousin had a letter from Mr. Yates, enclosing some

papers, one of which you had signed as a witness, which shows you were alive and, I trust, well in January. . . .

"ANNE YATES."

John Yates to Mrs. Yates.

"FREDERICKSBURG, *August 2nd*, 1800.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,— . . . I mentioned in my last that, in compliance with my request, my uncle had agreed to my studying the law. I have been prevented by my avocations in Berkeley, but I shall begin immediately. My situation is an eligible one with an eminent practitioner* in this town, a gentleman who to much legal information has added a polite knowledge, who is well acquainted with the public characters of this country, and is visited by many of them. My footing will be that of a young friend rather than a clerk or common student. I shall continue to reside with my uncle, but will have access to his house and office at pleasure. Preferring a more quiet and private life, I hope never to practise this profession. My desire of studying arose from an idea of the propriety of every one knowing some business or resource if disappointed in other views. . . . Of politics, the only leading subject that interests the American mind, our pending negotiations with the French excepted, is the ensuing election for the office of President of the United States, to take place in a few months. There is no reasonable doubt of the re-election of our present President, in which case a continuation of internal happiness may be predicted. But should Jefferson, the Vice-President, supersede Mr. Adams, we may dread the evils of anarchy, and that Jacobinism will terminate the blessings America peculiarly enjoys. . . .

"JOHN YATES."

Francis Yates to John Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *September 12th*, 1800.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—Your letter of April 15th was gratefully received by me, and I hope to have many equally

* T. R. Rootes, Esq.

welcome. A direct opportunity of forwarding letters now presents itself in Mr. Wilson, with whom you are well acquainted. Seldom have I received greater pleasure from seeing any person than from him, the only man with whom I have ever conversed who had seen you since you left England. I have asked many questions concerning you, and have had satisfactory answers. He leaves this kingdom in a few days, and carries my best wishes with him across the Atlantic. I am glad you have undertaken a profession with which you seem so much gratified. Here indeed the study is not so simplified as you express it to be in America. Many years of close and unremitting attention are necessary to procure even the very means of livelihood by the study of law in this country. Great and lucrative preferment is only to be acquired by powerful interest. Though the law is one road to political honours, it is so very narrow and thorny in the outset, that its difficulties are sufficient to deter even the bold and sanguine. Add to these the expenses of a legal education and the annually increasing expenses of the times, which to a person of small fortune are very serious evils. However, as the profession I have embraced will not incapacitate, but rather make me more fit for any other, if it should be to my advantage, I mean to pursue it with all my powers and industry, trusting that if the former fail me, I shall not have to blame myself for a deficiency in the latter. . . . The great character which you gave to the late General Washington was, I think, due to his merits. The brightest pages of history produce none superior and few equal to him. . . . I believe European politics are not very interesting in the United States, but any you communicate to me would be very welcome. Present my love and affectionate remembrance to my uncle; and believe me, dear brother,

"Yours most sincerely,

"F. YATES.'

Mary Matthews to Charles Yates.

"WIGTON, *October*, 1800.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—I have now left the noise and bustle of the great metropolis, and am again returned to the more peaceful and quiet scenes of Cumberland, where, much flattered by your request to have an account of my journey, I sit down with pleasure to give it in the best manner I am able. I will first speak of the delights I enjoyed in travelling, and the wonders and beauties thereby introduced to me, for I must proceed methodically. The principal were York Minster, King's Chapel at Cambridge, and Burleigh House, near Stamford, belonging to Lord Exeter. The first is a most magnificent and beautiful pile. Its immensity and fine Gothic architecture struck me with admiration, and the long perspective of lofty arches is sublime. King's Chapel is exquisitely beautiful, and distinguished for its very finely painted windows, and the solemn effect of the light through them is well suited to a place of worship. Burleigh House is a grand specimen of the style of building in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and contains the best collection of ancient paintings in the kingdom. The grounds are remarkable for the very large trees which adorn them. Some of the oaks are fourteen or fifteen feet in circumference. I was much charmed with Cambridge. King's College and Clare Hall are very handsome buildings, and the walks about the University are delightful. The town of Cambridge is ill built, and the colleges are not placed to add beauty to the streets. I felt almost at home there, as many things were familiar from having heard so much of them. I viewed Catherine Hall with peculiar interest. I will now say something of what we saw in London. I must not particularise too much, for, instead of the circumscribed space of a sheet, I should fill volumes. That ancient fortress the Tower was the first place of note I visited. There the small armoury struck my attention most. In what horrible array of beauty are those engines of death arranged! I next went to St. Paul's; and, to gratify my curiosity, I mounted to the

stone gallery. I cannot say the prospect was worth the labour of ascending. We spent a morning at Westminster Abbey, with a great deal of pleasure; but at the same time it presented a striking instance of mortality. I was highly gratified by several exhibitions of paintings, but as a grand and beautiful sight, everything must yield to the Opera, where the immensely large and splendid house, with the fine scenery and elegant dresses of the performers, produce an effect that seems little less than enchantment to those who behold it for the first time. Drury Lane is a very handsome and spacious theatre. There we had the amusement of Mrs. Jordan's unrivalled comic performance. Mrs. Siddons had left the stage for the season before we arrived in London, but we were so fortunate as to see her act in Birmingham in our way down. I consider it fortunate indeed, for Mrs. Siddons has every requisite for a tragic actress, and affords a gratification I would do much to experience again. We were at Vauxhall on a great gala night, when the brilliancy of the lights and the elegance of the company made an inexpressibly beautiful sight; and we spent a charming evening. I must stop here, for the pleasures of the wonderful metropolis are without end, and it is necessary for me to fix on something to conclude with, lest I weary you. We were with Mrs. Harris while in London, except a fortnight at Dr. Relph's; and after leaving London, we stayed with the Taylors at Greenwich, and received much attention from them. The hospital at Greenwich is a beautiful building and a noble charity. The number of institutions for charitable purposes, many of them supported by voluntary contributions, in and about London, is a great credit to our nation. We were a week at Mr. Borrodaile's country house, where everything is in the first style. We were a few days with General Harris' sister at Kensington, and saw the General, who arrived from India while we were in town, with much honour and immense wealth. On our road home we spent a fortnight at Ashley Park very pleasantly indeed. Sir Henry and Lady Fletcher procured us every pleasure in their power. They

showed us everything worth seeing about Ashley, and sent us to spend a Sunday at Windsor, in order to have the honour of seeing his Majesty and the royal family walk on the terrace, which we were handsomely squeezed in obtaining. Windsor I greatly admire. The Castle and State apartments exceed any idea I had formed. Sir Henry and Lady Fletcher are both very well and in good spirits. Mr. Fletcher is well, but Miss Fletcher is in a very melancholy state. Ashley Park is a noble mansion, and as I had heard much of it, I was highly delighted to see it. The society about Walton is numerous and pleasant.

"I must mention Oxford, which a beautiful university renders an admirably fine town, as a show place far superior to Cambridge. From Woodstock we walked to see the Duke of Marlborough's famous place, Blenheim, which is like a palace from its grandeur and the extent of the grounds. We were a day at Liverpool, a tolerably handsome town, with wonderfully fine docks, and much appearance of commercial bustle, and immensely lofty warehouses. We ended our journey by a tour of the lakes, and were delighted with the scenery. We were made very happy last night by your letter to my brother, containing the welcome tidings of your good health; and my brother bids me say he is proceeding as quickly as possible with your business. . . . Jane begs to join me in thanks for your kind present, and Richard unites with us both in love and good wishes for you and my cousin; and I am, dear uncle,

"Your grateful and affectionate niece,

"MARY MATTHEWS."

1801.

The year 1801 came in with trouble to the family at Skirwith Abbey. Mr. Yates had met with serious losses in his property, the extent of which was only recently become known to his wife and children. Through what they felt to be mistaken kindness, he delayed telling them, until concealment was no longer possible; and years afterwards Mrs.

Yates in a letter wrote of the shock and surprise when her husband one day asked her if she would be willing to leave Skirwith Abbey, with a request to give up to him one of the title-deeds to the estate, which happened to be in her keeping. He revealed his financial embarrassment and his wish to curtail expenses and straighten his tangled affairs, in which Mrs. Yates promptly concurred. She would agree to any honourable arrangement which would not injuriously affect the rights or claims of her children, and her energies were immediately devoted to second her husband's purposes. The uncertainty and distress of this period, though bravely met, occasioned great sadness and suspense. It is not necessary to enter upon details. Suffice it that judicious steps were taken at once to reduce affairs to a solid footing. An estate belonging to Mr. Yates, called Sebergham, was sold; and the proceeds, with other assets, were applied to paying off debts. Mr. Charles Yates, to whom a large sum was owing, in his own words was "willing to accept a real lien upon the lands of Skirwith," adding, "this proposal was made with a view that his brother might not be turned out of his house, and obliged to sacrifice his property by a precipitate sale, to the prejudice of the unblamable parts of his family." He considered his brother negligent in not retrenching expenses as soon as his losses in India became known to him. Mrs. Yates' fortune was fortunately unencumbered, and her marriage settlement secured; and with her excellent management, the family continued to live in a comfortable, if more contracted manner. Francis Yates explains to his brother John the causes of the Indian reverses in a letter dated January 24th, 1801.

". . . When my father left India, he was obliged to leave a considerable part of his fortune behind, owing to the difficulty of procuring remittances to this country. He

afterwards endeavoured to have money remitted by various modes, and amongst others, two thousand pounds were consigned to a merchant in France, who broke, and consequently that money was lost. But this loss was of trivial importance compared with a subsequent one, which originated in the death of my father's agent in Calcutta, in whose hands a great portion of his fortune was lodged. That gentleman, I understand, died insolvent, or nearly so, for since his death, which happened some years ago, my father has never been able to procure a single remittance from those who had the management of his affairs. . . . When my mother last summer became aware of my father's difficulties, she did not write to me in London, where I then was, of what had happened, not wishing to distress me at a distance. I returned home during the last week in July, and my mother herself communicated them to me early in September. When I wrote to you in that month, my knowledge was so recent and so imperfect, I purposely refrained from mentioning the subject. I have since determined to give you as full and plain an account of what I would willingly be spared the pain of relating. . . .

"FRANCIS YATES."

John Yates to his mother.

"FREDERICKSBURG, *March 2nd*, 1801.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—Your affecting letter of the 8th September only reached me the 27th ult., and contained the most distressing intelligence I ever heard in the course of my life. I knew my honoured parents were not affluent, but I always hoped their circumstances would admit of passing their declining years in ease and tranquillity, and I still entertain that hope. I have known for some time that my father was considerably indebted to my uncle, and I trust his other debts are not great. I rely on my uncle's liberal disposition. His heart, always open to benevolent feelings, is by no means chilled with his years. It is with heartfelt gratitude I can assure you, he is the most feeling

and generous man I ever knew. Fixed and deeply rooted habits of mercantile precision have rendered him uncommonly exact in the disposition of every part of his property, which convinces me he has no further object than making himself eventually secure ; and the fruits of that security, if I am not misled by my very high sense of his peculiar goodness, will be enjoyed by your own family. God forbid distress should ever approach nearer to you. If it does, as a son impressed with the sacred tie of filial duty, you shall command every dollar that is wanting if I ever possess property, and you shall command every exertion meanwhile in my power. I am too much affected with this subject to write upon any other. I am anxious to hear of Henry's recovery, and of your minds being restored to tranquillity. . . .

"JOHN YATES."

The state of Henry's health gave cause of serious alarm at this time. A pulmonary disease was rapidly exhausting his young life. Already a heavy weight of sorrow was upon the hearts of his family.

Francis Yates to John Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *April 30th*, 1801.

"DEAR BROTHER,—Happy should I be were it in my power to communicate any information on Henry's account that would be gratifying. I am grieved to say that he seems gradually drooping, and though not in immediate danger, there is great reason to dread the termination of his disorder. His youth and the approaching summer do not make us despair of a favourable turn, especially as Dr. Heysham says that his lungs are not at all injured. Henry is now under that gentleman's care at Carlisle. My letter of January 24th would inform you of the very unhappy situation in which the affairs of your family are placed, as I thought it right to be explicit about what, I am confident, would deeply affect you. I did not mention that I had

written to my uncle on a subject most painful to myself. I wrote in a moment when my mind was sore with disappointment and the total defeat of every hope. I alluded to an expression in a letter to Mr. R. Matthews which I should never have understood had it not been explained to me by him and by a series of letters to himself and to his late father, for two years preceding, which were shown to me. It was from them that I learned the manner in which my father became embarrassed with his brother. That what I wrote has given offence to my uncle has hurt me much. I must request you to apologise for me, and say how sorry I am that anything I said might be supposed disrespectful. It is very far from my intention to be rude to any person, much less to so near a relation. Upon an assertion which I made, I was induced to hazard my honour, which I have always esteemed equivalent with the most sacred obligation, and which I would not have done for any consideration but a thorough conviction that what I said was true, and for which I referred to my cousin Matthews, whose opinion was the same as my own. . . . The sole and whole cause of the misfortunes that have come upon us is my father never making any disclosure of the real state of his circumstances, his want of resolution and more latterly of capacity to look into them, and never making or requiring to be made any reduction in expenses. My view in writing to my uncle was to undeceive him in one point. My wish was to conciliate, not to provoke. I am afraid he has mistaken the whole purport of my letter. I am truly sensible of the motives which induced him to accept a mortgage upon my father's estate. They are too deeply impressed upon my mind to be forgotten, and too kind not to require my warmest gratitude. I should now have written this to himself if I thought it would be acceptable, and I never mean to be deficient in duty or respect to those who have a right to expect them from me. Not a year ago I was sanguine enough to indulge in hopes of improving by my profession the independent fortune I expected to inherit. You may judge of my unspeakable mortification at finding a few months after that

my father, instead of saving money, as we thought, had been involved many years, and is now barely solvent. Consequently, I am obliged to abandon the line I engaged in without the means of embarking in another. Had it not been for what came to my mother by the death of her brother, we should be without a shilling in the world. The generosity and goodness of Dr. Yates has prevented my sisters from being placed in a situation I shudder to think of. . . . I am wounded to the soul with what has passed. My disappointments have been such as required the utmost exertion of human patience to endure. I have received an education which will now be useless, and I am losing the most valuable part of my life. My prospects, which were so promising, are now gloomy. I despair of being able to retrieve them. That you may always be a stranger to misfortune of every kind is the sincere wish of

"Your affectionate brother,

"F. YATES.

"We are all well excepting Henry. Mrs. Howard, of Handsworth, is dead. Mr. Fletcher, son of Sir Henry, is married to a lady in London."

Rev. R. Matthews to Charles Yates.

"WIGTON, *May 20th*, 1801.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,— . . . Mrs. Yates is at present suffering under a heavy maternal affliction, occasioned by the death of her youngest and favourite son, which happened on the 18th instant. His disease was a pulmonary consumption, which had been gradually exhausting the sources of life for more than a year. Poor fellow! He passed last December with my sisters and myself, and by his engaging behaviour interested us much in his fate. As he has not made a will, his father, as his heir-at-law, becomes entitled to the one thousand pounds Three per Cents. which Dr. Yates left him. Neither of my sisters are now at home,

Jane being at Newcastle and Mary in the neighbourhood of Liverpool. Begging my kindest respects to my cousin,

"I remain, my dear sir,

"Most affectionately yours,

"R. MATTHEWS."

Anne Yates to John Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *June 14th*, 1801.

"Before you receive this letter, my dear brother, you will know of the overwhelming affliction upon us, and that we have lost our beloved Henry. We ought to thank God that his departure was easy, and comfort ourselves that he is now, we hope, a blessed spirit in everlasting felicity. But alas! it is hard, very hard, to part with one we love, whom we have been watching for many months, and whose recovery was the first wish of our hearts. Henry was all we could wish, and we will ever love his memory. I hope my mother has not suffered in health from the long and constant attendance upon my brother. My sister, who was with my mother at Carlisle when the fatal event took place, has ever since had an agitation upon her nerves that is very distressing. I was at home with my father, who on the first shock was in the greatest grief a person could be in, sitting by the fire weeping for hours; but in his present state, nothing seems to affect him long that is not immediately before his eyes. His mind seems to have given way very much since the beginning of the year. Francis is at home, ever kind and affectionate to us all, but it is heart-rending to see him, with his excellent education, prevented from going on in the line for which he was intended. Other vexations about money seem trifling to that of seeing my brother distressed. As for myself, I am just got home from Nunnery, where I have been a week with Mrs. Bamber, who looks well, but is troubled with asthma. She is going to the seaside next week, and wants me to accompany her, but I shall not do so. I do not think it right to leave my mother and sister in distress, and though never strong, I

am, thank God, well. Every one of your letters gives us pleasure, and that you are well and happy in the care of Mr. Yates gives me more satisfaction than any circumstance in the world. So, dear brother, write often; and believe me

"Your truly affectionate sister,

"A. YATES."

Mrs. Yates to her son John Yates.

Duplicate of letter written June 15th, 1801, sent to Whitehaven to be forwarded by a ship going to Norfolk, Virginia.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—I wrote to your uncle by the packet, the latter end of last month, requesting him to inform you of the death of my dear child, my beloved Henry. O my God, what a blow it has been! for till the last two days of his life I had vainly flattered myself with hopes of his recovery. Though his flesh was gone, yet the worst symptoms seemed to have abated. During the cold weather at Easter, he had three severe chills, lost his appetite, and was completely reduced. At his own particular request, he was removed to Carlisle, to be immediately under Dr. Heysham's care, and I hoped he was coming about, as he looked better, and his rest and appetite amended, but I saw with concern that he grew still thinner. On the 16th of May he had a very bad and feverish night, but except an agitation upon his spirits, I did not observe any particular change. On the 17th, he had another bad night, though less so than the preceding one, but he complained more, and said he hoped my sleep had been more refreshing than his own. He got up rather earlier than usual that morning, and was much agitated. He said, 'These nervous attacks will kill me, mother; they will kill me.' I put my arms around him and pressed him to my bosom, and wept upon his neck. It was the first time I had suffered my affection to get the better of me before him. I was in great agony. I said, 'I hope not, my dear child, I hope not, but God's will be done.' 'And God's will be done, I say

too, mother,' he said with emphasis. 'Oh,' said he, 'that I could but cry! What a relief it would be to me! But here I sit, and cannot shed a tear.' He was greatly distressed. The apothecary came in, and I requested he would take hold of his arm and go downstairs. I thought we should be sooner composed by being a few minutes separate. When I went down, Dr. Heysham and your sister Mary were with him. He could take very little breakfast, and only what I fed to him. He said he was sleepy, and seemed overpowered. This might be between ten and eleven o'clock. A little time after I thought he seemed distressed by the light, and I put the window-shutter to. He smiled and nodded to me, with his usual kindness. Some time after I was sitting opposite to him. He said, 'Where is mother?' I went to him. He did not seem to want anything. I said, 'May I kiss you, my love?' 'I had rather not, mother.' I put my hand upon his back and clasped him gently, as I often did. 'Don't clasp me, mother,' he said. He told Dr. Heysham he believed he was losing both his eyesight and his hearing. He had the doctor sent for again before twelve, and was extremely anxious to go out for an airing. The doctor put him off by saying it was raining, and it might be dangerous. I never saw my dear child so earnest, or express so much disappointment. He grew restless, and I found his head was going. He asked where Mary was, and I called her to help me in raising her brother; she supported him, and he sat down on the sofa. I asked if I should put his feet up. He said, 'Yes.' I laid them up, and he reclined his dear head on the cushion behind him, and moved no more. Your sister thought he was sleeping, so easy was his transition from this world to the next; and with his last breath went the dearest, the kindest, the most affectionate, and the most beloved of children, a young man so gifted in body and mind, there were few equal to him. He was finely formed, his face uncommonly beautiful, with a countenance that at once bespoke the strength of his understanding and the amiableness of his disposition. He was one in whom was wanting nothing but good health. His

judgment was uncommon for his age. I can truly say for the last two years I have never consulted him that I have not found my own improved by doing so. His patience during his long illness was exemplary, his principal distress being the fear of giving me uneasiness, who he said had too much cause for it; and I am convinced he often concealed his own to prevent increasing mine. Cherish his memory with affection, my dear John; he did so by you. How often has he said, 'Dear John! How I love him and should like to see him!' When I doubted his recollection of you, he would tell me of something that had passed between you. The only consolation I have is that he did not suffer much pain during his long illness, it seemed a gradual wearing away, and I trust his virtues will be rewarded to all eternity. In the distressed state of his father's affairs, I think he could not have been made happy here. His taste was for literature, and the expense of an education of that sort could not have been gone into. Poor dear child! I fear he is the first sacrifice to his father's misfortune; he was extremely affected by it; it preyed upon his mind. Had we been in affluent or even easy circumstances, he could have gone to Bristol at an early period of his disease, or wintered in a warmer climate, and perhaps he might have lived to bless me. His sisters offered to raise the money to carry him, but I did not foresee his danger at the time, and the fear of involving them in difficulties made me decline. I now sincerely regret it was not tried. His life was of more value than anything else. Most dear child! He was buried in the cathedral of Carlisle. In that town my mother too lost the pride of her family.

"Do not be uneasy about my health, it has not suffered by long anxiety, and I bless God I was able to attend my dear child to the last. No hireling came about him whilst living or dead. Your sisters shared the nursing in the day; in the night I never left him. Your sister Mary is greatly distressed. We two, having attended him in his last moments and witnessed his pious resignation and patience and every mark of affection that the kindest of hearts could give,

certainly feel his loss the most. Events but heard of make a weak impression to those that are witnessed. Your father was much afflicted at first, but is now as cheerful and thoughtless as ever. Your brother has been the support of us all, but it is very distressing to me to see the impossibility of his going on in the profession he was pursuing. I wrote to your uncle last winter and stated the difficulties I was under in regard to your brother, the general situation of the family, and the gradual decline that has taken place in your father's mind for some time past. I hope he received that letter, and that you have seen it. I have for a number of years been endeavouring to persuade your father to let the farm and draw into a narrower compass in a town, for I plainly saw what ought to have gone for the education of my children and our own comfort was thrown away and sunk upon the land, producing to me only vexation and trouble, and a fatigue that destroyed my health and spirits. These were my reasons for wishing it. I had not the most distant idea that we owed a farthing in the world, more than the common shop bills of the year. . . . I pray God bless you all, and do you make yourself easy about us. It is a comfort to think you are well and happy. I hope you will continue always to merit your uncle's kindness. I am convinced an upright and virtuous conduct is the only way to happiness either for this world or the next. May our ends be as easy as that of the beloved child I have just lost. My dear John, I am ever affectionately yours,

"M. YATES.

"I have written particularly of the last moments of the dear child of my heart, because I believe your affectionate temper, though long separated from us, will make you interested in everything regarding him and us."

This "beloved child," Henry Yates, was born September 15th, 1784, and died May 18th, 1801. Of him no words were written but of love and praise. Among family relics is a package labelled, in his mother's hand, "Henry Yates'

hair;" and within is revealed a sunny lock carefully tied with pale golden ribbon, once white. The sorrow-stricken mother in grief and anguish tells the story of Henry's last hours, with a distinctness that sweeps away time; and we, her children's grandchildren, draw near in reverence and sympathy, and mingle our tears with hers.

John Yates to his mother.

"FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA,
"*September* 15*th*, 1801.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—Your letter of 15th June, a duplicate, the original of which has not yet come to hand, I received on the 9th instant. It contains the affecting particulars of our loved Henry's death. The event was communicated to me by my uncle early in August, who received a letter from you dated soon after the melancholy occurrence. I wrote to you immediately, but under such agitation that I took no copy, nor made a memorandum of the date. It was sent to Liverpool by a ship from this river. I was overwhelmed with grief. I dearly, very dearly, loved him. . . . I will not indulge in describing my own sensations. I will tenderly cherish the remembrance of the boyish scenes we enjoyed together. The care and tenderness that he received in his last illness I shall ever gratefully feel; every kindness bestowed on him impresses me as if bestowed upon myself. My convictions of your love tell me you would have extended the same to me, and dear Henry would have been amongst the foremost in acts of kindness. . . . My affectionate regard waits on you, my beloved mother, and on all my relatives at Skirwith. I will use every exertion to be of use to them. . . ."

John Yates attended the law lectures of Judge Tucker at William and Mary College during the session of 1800—1801, but a difficulty there with a fellow-student was the cause of a duel, in which young Mr. Yates was shot in the thigh and

severely wounded. His uncle's disapproval of this and some other youthful follies eventually led to an estrangement between them.

1802.

Mrs. Yates to John Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *February 2nd*, 1802.

"MY DEAR CHILD,— . . . I have scarce been able to do anything in writing, for when my attendance upon your sister Anne, who has been greatly indisposed all the winter, can be dispensed with, you may believe I have active employment in so large an establishment. My eyes since the death of my beloved child have so failed, I can scarce see to do anything without glasses. Yes, dear John, that was a severe blow. I watched his decline day and night for a year. I have lost my friend and companion, the beloved child of my heart. Your sister Mary has never recovered the shock of his death. She is now at Newbiggen Hall with Mrs. Bateman. Your sister Anne has been following the advice of Mr. Bell, of Edinburgh, for two months, but without any advantage as yet. She talks of writing to you, but illness makes her procrastinate, and she has not set about doing it. . . .

"*March 24th.*

"This letter, my dear child, was begun some time ago. Since then we have had the irreparable misfortune to lose your sister Anne, whom God took to Himself on the morning of Friday, 12th of February, after five days of severe but not very painful distress. She was seized with a hemorrhage early Sunday morning. You may imagine what my situation was, running to her from my own bed, without any one to give me advice or assistance for four hours, and my dear child in extremity. . . . She had no hopes of recovery after the hemorrhage came on, saying she was ready whenever the call came, and seemed to feel only the loss and affliction her death would occasion her parents. A more valuable and amiable woman never left the world. I will write more particularly to you in a little time, when my mind

is less agitated. Your father wrote immediately to inform your uncle of our misfortune. Your sister Mary stands the affliction better than I could have expected. Your brother has supported me. May the Almighty reward him! Comfort yourself we are as well as can be under the trying circumstances. Your father says he will write to you by the next packet. May God bless and preserve you, my dear child, is the prayer of your affectionate mother."

Mary Matthews to Charles Yates.

"WIGTON, *April 3rd*, 1802.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—I have been longer addressing you than I ought or ever mean to be. We live so quietly that in general there is little to be said of us, especially to you, who must now be unacquainted with most of Wigton's inhabitants. I believe they are more numerous than in the time of your acquaintance. Notwithstanding, society is more limited in numbers at present. Wigton has become a manufacturing town; and it is only the lower class who have increased, a circumstance sensibly felt by those possessing land, as the poor rates are increased. The number of manufactories in and about Wigton makes it a less agreeable place to live in, for gardens and everything about the grounds are subject to depredations. Jane and I have spent the winter at home, having but little of my brother's company. He has been attending his kind and worthy friend Mr. Storey almost constantly in his last illness. Mr. Storey died a few days ago; and we must ever lament him as a kind relation, and remember with gratitude his attention to us. He has often given proofs of attachment to my brother, and has left him a considerable landed property. I was his god-daughter, and as such he has left me one hundred pounds. . . . You will ere this have been informed of my dear cousin Anne Yates' death. It was very unexpected until it was exceedingly near, and we grieve for her loss. A sweeter or more amiable girl never lived. . . .

"M. MATTHEWS."

John O. Yates to John Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *April 2nd*, 1802.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—My affliction has been truly heightened by the death of your good sister Anne. . . . Her valuable life closed blessing and praying for us to the last moment, and regretting not for herself, but for her friends. On the day of her death I wrote to your uncle, desiring him to unfold the contents to you in the gentlest manner he was able, knowing how afflictive they would be. I daresay my embarrassed affairs have caused you no little pain. . . . I have now brought them to that circumscribed plan that will, I trust, prevent their growing worse. Your kind offers of assistance, as far as you are able, I feel with pleasure, but I cannot think of contracting your future establishment in life unless driven by great necessity indeed. . . . Your good sister made a will dictated by prudence and affection. You have a copy of it below. You must execute a power of attorney to receive your dividend of the stock bequeathed you.* God bless you, my dearest boy, prays

"Your affectionate father,

"J. O. YATES."

His mother to John Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *April 29th*, 1802.

". . . Your brother has been my chief support, and I pray God to reward him for his care and attention to us all. Dear Anne used to say she did not think anybody ever had so good a brother. For myself, my dear John, it is unnecessary to say what my feelings and my loss are. I have yet others to live for, to whom my life and my health are of consequence, and I must do what I can to preserve both. God took my youngest, the delight and pride of my heart, so beautiful and amiable and near perfection. He took him

* "To my brother John Yates, two hundred pounds, Three per Cents., and my mother's picture painted by Sheriff" (extract from the will of Anne Yates).

to Himself, and whilst I resigned a blessing that had been lent to me a while, I thought I ought to be thankful for the four who were left. I little looked for the misfortune awaiting me, for though Anne had been out of health for some years, and was more than usually declining since last October, I had no apprehension of immediate danger, until she was seized with hemorrhages, which returned at intervals, and wore her out. On Friday, 12th of February, she resigned her soul to the God Who gave it. Very early on the morning of the 7th, I was called to her. 'Dear mother,' she said, 'if I am dying, my will is in such a drawer.' During the morning, before medical aid could arrive, she was very ill; and you may imagine the distress we were in. She had prayers read to her that evening, and said it was long since she had received the Sacrament, and she wished for it. But when prayers were over, she was afraid she was not equal to more that night, but would be glad for the clergyman to come again. She named it two or three times afterwards, but, afraid of the effect of the least agitation, it was not ventured. She had prayers and the New Testament read to her as long as she was able to bear it. On Thursday the worst symptoms returned. I sat by her all night, which passed easier than I expected: short slumbers, then taking a little bread and wine, the good Madeira your uncle sent, which was a cordial, to his sister Matthews, to your aunt Julia, and now to my dear child, in their last illnesses. But about daybreak on Friday, a repetition of the hemorrhage quite exhausted her; and after a little moaning she ceased to breathe. What a sight for a parent who loved her child as I did mine! But her resigned state, her piety, and viewing her approaching dissolution with the firmness and composure she did, give me room to hope she is in happiness now. 'Dear mother,' she said, 'I hope I may recover, but if not, remember we must all go at some time.' Your father cried bitterly in her room. 'Tell him,' she said, 'I love him dearly, but his tears distress me, I cannot bear them, not to come into my room unless he can control them.' She could not see the afflictions of

her parents, whose declining years she had hoped to support. I sent for Winny Cook to come up as soon as your sister's distress began on Sunday; your sister Mary was at Mrs. Bateman's, so that I had only the common servants about me. Winny stayed and helped me to take care of her to the last, and to her my child gave directions how she would have everything done. She said she could not tell her mother and see her grief, and that she had concealed her sickness from me as long as she could, who already had too much to bear. On Thursday evening I was standing by the table, and Winny was feeding her. I heard her speaking with great earnestness, and supposing it was of the food she was taking, I said, 'No, my dear, it is not all wine; I put some water and ginger tea to it.' 'That is not it,' she said, with great earnestness. 'Who said I should be better in the morning?' 'I said so, ma'am,' said Winny. 'No, you did not say so.' Alarmed at her earnest manner of speaking, when perfect quiet was recommended, I went to the bedside and said, 'Yes, my dear, Winny said so, and we all hope so.' 'You do not know anything about it,' she replied. 'It was a voice you could not hear that said so.' She paused a moment, then turning her dear face to the side I stood on, 'Mother, could Henry say so to me? I think he did.' I feared her head was going; and wishing to turn her thoughts, I said, 'No, my dear, I think not. He was the darling of all our hearts, and you have been the same.' She named it no more, but I trust she found support and consolation in it; I know I did. It seemed to me as if God Almighty permitted one dear child to give comfort to the other in extremity, and I felt it a kind of assurance of the happiness of both my children, that made me sustain the afflicting stroke with a fortitude I could not otherwise have done. Some people may call this a mental wandering, but if it was, it was the only one, for she possessed her mind till the last moment. Oh! my dear John, what happiness does a well-spent life afford! and who for temporary gratifications would sacrifice that conscious innocence and firm hope which deprives death of its sting?

Your sister has indeed set us an example that I hope we shall all live and die the better for. 'If Miss Yates is not happy, what will become of us?' said Winny to me yesterday. My dear child had wanted to write to you, and when I offered her the folds of my letter, she said that was not enough, and whilst hesitating she became unable to write. She was buried in the chancel of Ainstable Church, which though she did not particularly order, she made Winny recite to her how things had been done here when my dear mother died, and told her to see that everything was done about her in the same way. I hope her wish was complied with in every respect. I would have written to you in your father's letter, but he had carried it to the post himself before I knew. I wish much your uncle would write to him with affectionate kindness. It would be a comfort to both of them. This has been the severest stroke your father could have sustained. Anne seemed his favourite child, and the only one who had any influence over him. Misfortunes soften the heart, teaching us our weaknesses and making us feel pity for those of others. I hope it will have this effect upon your uncle, and that he will forget his brother's errors in the afflictions it has pleased God to heap upon his declining years. Did he ever receive a letter I wrote to him about the beginning of 1801? Do you think if I was to write again, it would have any effect? . . .

"I can command composure, and I endeavour to keep myself employed, but I cannot command cheerfulness, which, for Mary's sake, I wish I could. Your father, Mrs. Bamber, and myself, each had letters from you dated September, in which you said you would write again soon, but none have come, and in our present state of affliction, believe me, your not writing, or, that I rather believe is the case, our not receiving your letters, is an additional source of distress. . . . May God bless and preserve you to me, my dear child; and with every kind wish for yourself and your uncle,

"I am your affectionate mother,

"M. YATES."

Mary Yates to John Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *April 29th*, 1802.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,— . . . My mother is sadly tormented with headaches, but under every calamity she is supported by a fortitude that nothing but the especial blessing of Providence could bestow as a reward for the piety with which she has submitted. She looks excessively ill, and here we are so out of the way of amusement and society, she has not the advantage that cheerful scenes and friends would afford. Nothing but her religion and excellence of mind could carry her through what she bears. She has been, and indeed is, the sole upholder of the family, not only by her fortune, but by her economy and management. She overlooks everything, so that, in a house of this size, you may imagine how much she does, for I am quite unable to give that assistance which would be no less a pleasure than a duty were I but able to fulfil my wishes. . . . I was at Newbiggen at the time my sister was taken from us, but I came home immediately. When I saw her remains so changed, not a trace of her former self remaining, when I heard of the blessed frame of mind in which she left the world, I almost felt it wrong to lament a transition that has exempted her from all we feel. Yet the dearest bonds of nature cannot be broken without pain, and only a long lapse of time can familiarise us to the sad blank. Francis is the great support and comfort to us all; and I doubt not in the advantage he has been to my mother, his own worthy heart has found some recompense for the cruel predicament he is thrown into and the change of prospects forced upon him. You must excuse a short letter. I have no variety of subject. My mother writes so frequently and particularly, that perhaps my doing so at all is superfluous, yet I trust an assurance of my warm and unceasing affection will not, my dear John, be unwelcome. You are ever fondly remembered by

"Your ever faithful and affectionate

"M. YATES."

John Yates to his mother.

"VIRGINIA, FREDERICKSBURG,
"*November* 1*st*, 1802.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—I replied to yours of April 29th on the 24th of September, and now acknowledge the receipt of yours and my sister Mary's of August 2nd on the 10th ult. I wrote to my father by packet. I have been induced to give up my intention of visiting you this winter, my uncle advising me not to risk a passage at so advanced a season of the year; and his own unpleasant situation contributed to deter me. I have now the pleasure to inform you his hand is much better, and both his appearance and his spirits are improved. I think there is no reason to doubt their continuance; but still, as there is no other person in his family but myself, I could not with propriety leave him long enough to cross the Atlantic. My last to my father was chiefly on a subject most interesting to me. As some accident may prevent its reaching you, I will copy as much as relates to the subject, and earnestly solicit your concurrence. I appeal to your affection, which I am sure I may confidently rely on, for your approbation of a step on which my happiness wholly depends. . . . Besides motives of duty and affection, I was anxious to spend the winter at home for the purpose of obtaining the sanction of my parents to my union with the daughter of Mr. Lovell, my uncle's former partner. This connection with Miss Julia Lovell, originating in no motive but long and mutual attachment, will not, I trust, be objected to by my parents. . . . Her situation in point of fortune is fully equal to my wishes and expectations; she is beautiful, amiable, and accomplished; and our affection renders our marriage essential to the happiness of your son. Mr. Lovell has expressed his approbation in a most flattering manner. He is one of the most respectable and best men I ever knew, and between him and my uncle a long friendship has existed. She is four years younger than myself, and, I venture to say, is every way worthy of being your daughter, far more than worthy of being my wife. This as a connection is highly advantageous,

my lot being cast where I have but one natural friend; and is desirable, for on it depends my happiness. . . . She has been the particular care of her father, from whom she has received every benefit of education and the most assiduous cultivation of her understanding and principles; and she may, exempt from partiality, vie with any of her sex. . . . In consequence of the intimacy between Mr. Lovell and my uncle, I was almost domesticated in his family soon after my arrival. To Mrs. Lovell's memory I cannot avoid paying the just tribute of acknowledging her almost maternal kindness, having loved her with filial affection. At the commencement of our acquaintance, Julia's superior merit caused in my breast a warm attachment, which free and frequent intercourse ripened into an affection which justified a declaration and offer of my hand. Delighted to find I also was preferred, I communicated the affair to Mr. Lovell. He expressed pleasure at thus perpetuating the connection with my uncle, who also gave his consent. A match of my own choice to a lady of acknowledged merit, advantageous in every respect, and approved by our connections, I trust, will be sanctioned by the approbation of my parents, whom I assure that no new connection will ever wean me from. I am far from exaggerating my Julia's merit; I do not possess language to do it justice. Did you know her worth, my dear mother, you would rejoice to embrace her as your daughter. Sure that you anxiously hope for my welfare, I confidently rely on your promoting my happiness by forwarding your approbation to a step so essential to it, and I hope ere long, with my Julia, to ask a blessing at your knees. Make my love to my father, sister, and brother; and assure yourself of the affection of

"Your grateful and dutiful son,

"JOHN YATES.

"On such a subject I need not say how anxiously I shall wait for your answer, and though convinced I may rely on it as favourable to my wishes, yet till it arrives I am held in suspense, and nothing else delays a union which only can make me happy."

Mrs. Yates to John Yates.

"HUTTON HALL, PENRITH,
"*December* 12*th*, 1802.

". . . I am better satisfied that you did not undertake a sea voyage at this season of the year, first for your own sake, and then I esteem it your duty to attend your uncle's pleasure in that respect. When I parted from you, I told you to look upon him as your parent, and his kindness and attachment have made him such to you; and whatever comfort or consolation your presence could give us—and in my afflicted state it is the greatest I could receive—I willingly postpone it for the present, trusting your attention will alleviate the distress of Mr. Yates' health. The contents of your last letter do not at all surprise me. Mr. Lovell's family is the only one you have ever particularised to me among your American friends, and I put it down in my own mind that there would be a wife for you in it. You write with all the ardour of a youthful lover and a first attachment, and as you draw Miss Lovell's picture, you make her appear unexceptionable. The happiness of my children has always been my first and my ardent prayer; if your union to this young lady contribute to yours, and has the sanction of Mr. Yates and Mr. Lovell, your father's and mine go along with theirs, and she will be received into our family as a welcome addition. But I entreat you to be perfectly explicit with Mr. Lovell. Tell him you have no expectations at all from your father, that your whole dependence is upon your uncle and your own abilities, which I again urge upon you to cultivate to the utmost, both for employment and for the benefit of your future family. If your uncle's generosity enables you to marry and live in the manner you have both been accustomed to do, it will render that eligible which otherwise will entail misfortune upon yourselves. I look upon it as the greatest injury a man can do to the woman he loves to marry her without the means of supporting her according to her education and early prospects. You are both very young to take cares upon you. I married when a

child myself, and have fully seen the disadvantages of it. I wish you were both four or five years older. You would then better know what would be for your happiness. I could have liked, my dear John, before you attached your heart, that you had returned to Europe and had seen your own country-women. Marriage is the most important action in a man's life, his future happiness and respectability depend upon it, and it should be well considered before determined on. Want of reflection is the cause of many unhappy marriages. Try to divest yourself of prepossession and passion, and think how young you each are, and of the duties and cares you will enter upon, which having done, and you remain convinced it is for your happiness, and your mutual friends approve, then may the Almighty shower His blessings down upon you, and your lot be happier and attended with fewer difficulties than that of your unfortunate parents. I have upon the subject one wish to add, and as the time is so little distant, it would probably be complied with without mentioning,—my beloved child, your dear sister Anne, breathed her last upon the 12th of February; pay that respect to her memory by letting that time next year pass before you call upon us to congratulate and rejoice with you; her kind and affectionate heart would have shared in your happiness.

"I enclose this to Mr. Parry's care at Liverpool, and I shall write again in a little time under cover to him, for I have a great deal to say to you. Your father will write by the next packet. He has had a long and severe spell of rheumatism, which has debilitated him very much. We have taken a house in Penrith, Hutton Hall. I think you will remember it as where Mr. Hasell lived, a good house and garden, which now belong to Lord Lowther. We have taken it for three years. It is more suited to our state than our own, whose size and the now smallness of our family formed a blank that brought remembrances every day of what we have lost. Your father and I have been here a fortnight. Your brother only joined us yesterday, having stayed to see all things settled at home. Winny Cook has the care of the house, which is half furnished. If we could get an eligible tenant, we would let

it for three years; if not, it is ready if we wish to return to it again. When your marriage takes place, be so good as to write to your aunts Mrs. Bamber and Mrs. Bateman, and inform them of it. You may be sure we shall be anxious to hear again from you. All in which you are interested finds a place in our hearts. Farewell, my dear child. May the blessings of the Almighty attend you. Our united respects to your uncle; and be ever assured of the unceasing affection of

"Your affectionate mother,

"M. YATES."

1803.

Mrs. Bamber to John Yates.

"NUNNERY, *February 2nd*, 1803.

"MY DEAR NEPHEW,—Your letter should have been answered long before this time, but when I received it, my mind was labouring under extreme anxiety, on account of your dearly loved sister's illness; and its fatal termination overwhelmed me with such excess of affliction, that for several weeks I was incapable of writing. Many, many times since then I have taken up my pen, but the idea of addressing a brother so tenderly beloved as you were by her has forced me to relinquish it, for I cannot yet think with any composure of the extreme loss I had sustained when it pleased God to take to Himself the darling of my heart, whom from infancy I had loved with maternal regard, and who was everything that was good and amiable. She was indeed, my dear John, a pattern of goodness; and between us there was ever the most tender affection, so that her death has, and ever will, sit heavy on my heart. Nor do I believe I would have summoned resolution to write to you now but that your brother told me you were soon to be married, and that impels me to send you the warmest wishes for your happiness. From the account Francis gives of your long acquaintance with the lady who has gained your heart, you must be so well known to each other in sentiment and

affection, and your union being agreeable to friends on both sides, affords every rational prospect of felicity. I understand you intend bringing your bride to England as soon as your uncle's health will permit, which I hope will be soon, for I assure you my affection is unabated, and Mr. Bamber is prepared to love you. He has often heard me talk of the good little boy whom indulgence never spoiled. How many melancholy events have taken place since that period you stayed with us in Carlisle, and which you say you remember with pleasure. But before I say more, let me assure you, my dear John, that the last letter I ever received from you I answered—I think it may be about eight years ago—and I have often wondered at your not writing, but whilst my dear Anne lived I heard of you constantly from her. Your brother is often here, and gives frequent accounts of you, but to hear from yourself always was and will be a great satisfaction. So pray write soon. Old Andrew is still alive and in the same house. He is still able to come and dine here on a fine day, but for many years has not done anything. John Lowe is still our servant, and I hope you will find him here. *Mrs. Molly* has been married for nine years to a clergyman near Appleby. Last Monday I lost a dear friend, the youngest of the Miss Waughs, for whom I am much grieved. All our acquaintances in Carlisle whom you knew are either dead, removed, or become Methodists, that family excepted, and they are now reduced to three. That place is indeed much changed, and you, who have been so many years absent, will scarcely know anybody by name. The children have become men and women, and time has laid a heavy hand on those who were not young. But affection may be as warm as ever, and I assure you it is so to you, and I anticipate with as much pleasure as I can do anything now the seeing you and your dear Julia wandering in the shades of Nunnery, which an American friend of yours admired more than I expected, as I thought even the Eden, in our eyes a fine river, would in his appear but a brook. Mr. Bamber desires to be kindly remembered to you, and joins me in hoping for a long visit from you and your lady

when you come to England. I hope your kind uncle is in better health; pray make my compliments to him; and also present your beloved with the affectionate regards of, my dear John,

"Your affectionate aunt,
"E. BAMBER."

Mary Yates to John Yates.

"HUTTON HALL, *January 1st*, 1803.

". . . My mother desires me to tell you that since the receipt of that letter to my father announcing your intended marriage with Miss Lovell, she has written twice by Liverpool and once by Whitehaven signifying their consent would accompany that of my uncle and Mr. Lovell's approbation of the connection. A letter my father has just had from my uncle places the affair in a different point of view. He only says, 'he will throw no obstacle in the way of your marriage.' But, my dear John, if it has not his perfect concurrence, and he does not make such settlements as will enable you both to live in the way you have been used to, my mother entreats it may be wholly relinquished, or postponed till circumstances more favourable to its conclusion may take place. . . ."

Mr. Charles Yates positively refused his consent to the marriage, explaining, in a letter to his brother, that he "had other views" for his nephew, but John impetuously resolved to consummate his engagement with the beautiful Miss Lovell.

John Yates to his father.

"VIRGINIA, FREDERICKSBURG,
"*March 29th*, 1803.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I received a letter from my sister of the 1st of January on the 7th instant, and one from my mother of December 12th on the 16th instant. I have also seen one from you to my uncle of the first-mentioned date.

Since then I have been agitated in my mind in an extreme degree. A singular situation and conflicting motives have rendered me truly unhappy. I hope I shall continue to act with conscious rectitude. I must premise that when I informed you that my uncle consented to my union to Julia Lovell, on my sacred honour I was not deceiving you. I was under a most unhappy deception myself from what he said to me and wrote to Mr. Lovell. Mr. Lovell will write and satisfy you on this point by next packet. On this my parents consented to my happiness, but afterwards retracted that consent in consequence of what was said by my uncle. It was only on the 7th instant that he undeceived me, and told me he was much opposed to my marriage, explaining what Mr. Lovell and I thought a full consent to be no more than that he would not forbid me. . . . The connection with my uncle is now totally dissolved. Do not let it distress you. I can in future convince you it was the happiest step to be taken. I intended to visit my parents and then push my fortune as might appear best. I informed Mr. Lovell of this by letter, and soon after went to take a final leave of him and of Julia. He received me and said he could not be accessory to the perpetual wretchedness of his daughter and myself. He will give me his daughter and place us in a situation in which we can be contented. We can be so, and we are to be married on the 7th of April, and will live with him. The last post which will save the packet is almost going off, but I can assure you that I will clear up everything to your satisfaction. In sacrificing my prospects of fortune, I ensure, as far as human affairs can be ensured, my future happiness. If I fail in fully satisfying you of my acting rightly, I rely on your and my mother's affections for your blessing on myself and future family. I shall write very fully by the next packet, and so will Mr. Lovell. My mind is not at present composed, but it is nearly completely happy. Mr. Lovell will place us in a situation perfectly independent, and I have hopes that time will reconcile my uncle to me; if not, I shall bear it with fortitude. If he should alter the disposition of his property and give me

nothing, I shall not want it; and I shall be happy in the idea that it will be added to the portions of those I love and esteem. Make my love to all the family. For the present I bid you an affectionate adieu.

"JOHN YATES."

Mary Matthews to Charles Yates.

"WIGTON, *April 2nd*, 1803.

"MY DEAR UNCLE, — . . . I have not been settled at home during the winter, constantly going backwards and forwards to Carlisle, to stay with my relation Mrs. Harrington, who has been very lame, owing to a sprained knee. I do not pretend to say I have not had time to write, but only the circumstances I have mentioned induced me to put it off from day to day. When I assure my dear uncle that he has lost neither amusement nor information by my silence, I hope he will excuse it, and believe if I could have given him either, I would have done so long ago.

"We had a very gay event in this neighbourhood at Christmas, a masquerade given by Sir Wilfrid Lawson; my sister and I attended, and were very much pleased. I cannot say there was much support of character, but there was much amusement in various ways for a person who had never been at anything of the sort before. The house at Brayton is fitted up in the highest style of modern elegance, and when lighted up and filled with gay company, makes a beautiful appearance. Such it was on the night of the masquerade, and in one of the apartments there was an inviting supper, to which we sat down at two o'clock; and as we had dancing after it, the evening's amusement did not conclude till six o'clock the next morning. Our cousin Miss Pattenson accompanied us to this grand fête. My brother was not of the party, as his profession and his health both forbid his attending anything so gay. . . . You inquire after the old servants sometimes. We have Betty and James still, and it is probable they will never quit

us. . . . We heard of the Fletchers the other day. Lady Fletcher is not well, but Sir Henry, though a good deal altered in looks, is well. My brother and sister join in kindest remembrance. . . ."

On the 7th of April, 1803, John Yates and Miss Lovell were married at Fox Neck, her father's country seat in Culpeper County, Virginia, by the Rev. John Woodville, of the Episcopal Church. The loss of letters and irregular postal facilities prevented friends in England from receiving prompt information of the event.

John O. Yates to John Yates.

"HUTTON HALL, 10*th June*, 1803.

" . . . By your last I perceive you had not received mine of 29th January, at which I am extremely concerned, hoping it would defer for a time the absolute engagement I think you have rather precipitately entered into. I by no means wished you to break one you were bound in honour and inclination to fulfil. It certainly would have been prudent to conciliate rather than exasperate your uncle, and in the meantime paid us a visit, in which matters might have occurred to enable you to fill your engagements with honour and propriety. At present you have so placed yourself that your mother's and my consent or dissent are of no avail, and the only thing we can do is to offer our best prayers and wishes for yourself and for her who is to share your future life. From Mr. Lovell and yourself I am impatient to hear. . . ."

Mrs. Yates, under the same cover.

"MY DEAR CHILD,—Having for the last week had more writing to do, than my head is at all equal to—for business in a general way brings on those dreadful headaches to which I am subject—I had not intended writing by the present conveyance to Liverpool, having done so a fortnight

ago, by your brother, who I then informed you had taken a commission in the Cumberland militia, which was ordered to march for that place at two days' notice, the suddenness of which agitated us all not a little. But the receipt of yours of 29th of March has induced me to change my intention. In regard to your letter, my dear John, it brings me the only account I ever received of any of my children that gave me cause for distress and uneasiness. You have written in such agitation of spirits, that we can derive little information but that, contrary to your uncle's inclination, you had determined upon your marriage and broken with your uncle in consequence. Alas! my dear child, what have you done but involved the woman you love in distress? In all the letters I wrote to you, I warned you against this. Have you so little learned to conquer your own passions, that you could not wait till time—it could not, in the course of nature, be very long—had made you independent and at liberty, without offending any one, to follow your own inclinations? I hope in God that the step you have taken may turn out well, but as your parent, I must give you a piece of advice. Leave no stone unturned to be reconciled to your uncle; even humble your mind to make advances to a restoration to the place in his affections you held before this disagreement. I am convinced your own future happiness and that of your wife and children depend upon it. Amongst the many misfortunes that of late years have overwhelmed me, your happiness and prosperity with your uncle have been a great consolation. This is now at an end. Far from being able to give assistance, you will need it yourself, and add to your parents' afflictions that they cannot give it to you. I have ever pressed your applying to business, from the possibility there was that old age and youth might not always agree. May I hope you are able to practise the law, for which you were educated, and have some prospect of living independently? Even then what a life of care and anxiety you must lead if your family must depend upon your own exertions! For the sake of everything that is dear to you, be reconciled to your uncle. You are tied by gratitude and affection to render the decline

of life comfortable to him, if he will permit you; you owe it to yourself and your future hopes; you owe it to your wife, who has given up a comfortable home and an affectionate father to unite her fortunes with yours; you owe it to your parents, whose chief comfort latterly has been in your doing well. You cannot degrade yourself by soliciting your uncle's favour. He has been a parent. Show him you consider him as such, and ask his forgiveness. Tell him the impetuosity of youth led you to transgress the bounds of prudence, but the study of your life shall be to evince your affection and gratitude. I hope no words passed between you to make him think you wanting in either. As yet you have only the happiness of a youthful mind, unknowing want, unbroken by misfortune; and you are not sensible in how different a light you will see your conduct in a few years. I trust and hope Mr. Lovell will see the propriety of conciliating your uncle in the same light that I do, and will join his endeavours to bring it about. Your uncle would be a gainer as much as any one, for nothing can more soothe the decline of life than the attentions of an amiable young woman and rising family; I pray he may be of the same opinion. And now, my dear child, I have given you this advice, which was my duty to do from the contents of your last letter and the distress and affliction it occasioned me. Let me add those affectionate wishes no misfortune or occurrence can drive from my heart. The happiness of my child is my first object. If you are married, I pray the Almighty to pour His blessings upon you; if Miss Lovell is become my daughter, assure her of my interest in her; as one of my family, she will be loved and respected in all its branches. I had pleased myself with the hopes of seeing you soon, but these are over for the present. Till you are independent you cannot come. Everything is become so expensive here, that people with small fortunes can scarcely live; those with wealthy connections can only do so in mortification. Oh that my dear, my beloved child, had come to comfort his parents before he brought the cares and vexations of the world upon him! Your father and your sister are better

than usual. For myself, broken spirits and an humbled mind must be my companions through life. The remembrance of the beloved children taken from me, the misfortunes of those who are left, my own and their prospects in life so crushed, wean me from this world, and will, I pray the Almighty, fit and prepare me for another. My dear, whatever your future fortune, let no new connection draw you from your brother and sister. They may want your assistance, or they may be able to give you theirs. There is no knowing what changes may take place, but an united and happy family always carries strength and weight with it. May the Almighty preserve my children! I feel a consolation that you assure your father you have been perfectly explicit with Mr. Lovell, that he knows if your uncle forsakes you, you have no expectations from us. Deceit carries wounds with it that can only be known to those who have suffered from them; but I trust that truth and honour are rooted in my children's hearts: these give comfort and support when everything else goes. Be assured we shall be most anxious to hear from you again. Letters so often miscarry, particularly in war-time, I entreat you not to content yourself with writing once, but that you will repeatedly explain what at present requires it, and also your future plans. The letters from you and Mr. Lovell by the next packet we are impatient to receive, but probably may never get them. Oh! how anxious my heart is, how I pray for you, and what a relief it will be to hear you are well and doing well!

"Your affectionate mother,

"M. YATES."

John O. Yates to Charles Yates.

"PENRITH, *August 28th*, 1803.

". . . Francis has, on Lord Lowther's offer, accepted a company in the Cumberland militia, and has so far given satisfaction as an active, intelligent, and attentive officer. He is at present encamped near Hull, to defend us against the great disturber of Europe. He seems well satisfied with his position. At this present critical time, it appears as if all

men of his age will shortly be under the necessity of bearing arms, for the defence of their very existence and that of their country. . . ."

John Yates to his mother.

"VIRGINIA, GERMANNA, *November 21st*, 1803.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have to acknowledge letters from you and my father of the 10th June, with duplicates of the same of 29th of July, and one from my sister of 31st July. I wrote to you the 2nd of May and 10th of July. How grateful I am for your solicitude, and I am truly sorry to have caused you any uneasiness. Be assured, dear mother, the last months have been the happiest of my life, and I have no reason to fear the future. I am, it is true, in a different situation than my parents destined me for, but the exchange was my voluntary choice, and will not, as you fear, 'prove a source of unavailing remorse. . . .' I have addressed my uncle by letter and in person, and expressed in such terms of respect and regret for our breach, as though sincere, deeply humiliated me; for, conscious of disinterestedness, everything that appears otherwise penetrates to the quick. He gave no answer, and I have discharged my duty. The scenes of my past and probably of my future conduct are too distant to fall enough within your observation. I must rely upon your affection and your confidence in my assertions. . . . Though the warmth of my uncle's heart may be chilled, and his judgment biassed, yet he is inflexible in fulfilling his notions of rectitude. He has indirectly offered me pecuniary assistance, which I am sure on application would be immediately given. But, thank God, I am very far from wanting a bounty of which the donor may think me unworthy. I have never been so particular as you may wish in stating my present situation. You seem to think that in my marriage I have sacrificed every consideration to love. I was not actuated by avarice, but I did not disregard prudence. While under the impression my uncle would liberally contribute to render my circumstances easy, I cared

not whether my wife possessed a cent. She was herself invaluable. I imparted my situation fully to Mr. Lovell, informing him what property I had, and inquired if he thought that, with his assistance, would render it prudent for his daughter and myself to be united. He replied in the affirmative. Convinced of his liberality and friendship and of Julia's affection and merit, I married his daughter. Immediately on our marriage he put into my hands an obligation to pay a certain sum to me annually, until he should make ampler provision, having before wished us to make his house our home till another residence should be more convenient, so that the above income is almost free from deduction. My confidence has been justified. Julia makes me the best of wives, and her father proves a valuable friend. Mr. Lovell has since that time executed and deposited in my hands a will, wherein, after some small legacies, he devises all his estate, real and personal, to my wife and his other five children, in equal proportions, naming one of his friends and myself his executors. I may add that his fortune is daily accumulating, from his expenses being within his income, and his property, which is chiefly landed, rapidly increasing in value. This account will remove, I trust, your uneasiness about my pecuniary circumstances, which, you see, though not wealthy, are not dependent. I feel it incumbent upon me to omit no opportunity to improve them; and I trust, without unexpected ill-fortune, by care and industry to better them. Anxious to be actively employed, I have determined to engage in agricultural pursuits; and with this view I shall soon settle a piece of unoccupied ground of Mr. Lovell's, the cultivation of which I shall commence with prospects of advantage. For some time I have been engaged in erecting the necessary buildings. I must request you to direct your letters in future to Germanna, a small place of which Mr. Lovell is proprietor, and where a post-office has been lately established. I continue very happy in my father-in-law's family; and I am united to one of the best and most affectionate of wives, in whom I am truly happy. She

participates warmly in desiring the welfare of my relations, and, I am sure, through life will exhibit every mark of duty and regard to all my connections. . . . I wish much for your picture bequeathed to me by our dear lost Anne. Mr. James Maury frequently consigns vessels to Major Benjamin Day, of Fredericksburg, who is my friend; and if transmitted to him, it would certainly reach me. . . .

"JOHN YATES."

This miniature portrait of Mrs. Yates is uniquely set in gold, and was painted in London by Sheriff in 1785, she being about thirty-five years old. The picture is yet perfect, and the bright blue eyes beneath the powdered hair look forth to-day from a countenance as lovely and lifelike as they did one hundred years ago.

Mrs. Yates to John Yates.

"HUTTON HALL, *November 16th*, 1803.

". . . Your brother, as captain of light infantry, has been with the Cumberland militia all the summer, in the early part at Liverpool, then at Hull, and now about fourteen miles inland, at the small, neat town of Beverley. As an officer he is in high estimation. Since Sir Michael Fleming joined, the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, he wrote to me purposely to say my son was well and a credit to the regiment. Your father has recruited much this summer, and Mary spent the greater part of it at the seaside, in company with the Matthews family. Here, alas! my home account ends, and the tears flow from my eyes for the dear children who are gone. Were my Henry living, how many anxious moments should I now have on his account. His age would have allowed him, and his manly spirit would not have permitted him to keep back when others moved into action. Government is full of expectation of an immediate invasion from the French, and every precaution is taken for internal defence. Every young and middle-aged man is learning the use of arms; and the old do not

withhold themselves, but in many places have formed themselves into volunteer companies for garrison duty and to assist the police. You will see by the English papers that the threats of invasion have united Englishmen into a general profession of loyalty and attachment. I have not any doubt should an attack be hazarded upon this island, it would be disastrous only to themselves. If they attempt Ireland, that is a more vulnerable part, for the lower Irish continue much disaffected, and may give a great deal of trouble. There is, however, a strong body of troops in that country, which are supposed to be sufficient for defence; and it seems impossible, when our great naval force is considered, that they should get any large number of men conveyed to Ireland. Since I came to this house last November, I have never been from it but one night at Dalemain and two at Skirwith Abbey, settling things before it was given up to the gentleman who has taken it for three years. The change to this house has been in every respect better for us. We have many conveniences a remote situation did not afford us. We have had a wonderful year in point of weather, a fine harvest, and everything for which to be thankful to the Almighty.

"Three weeks have elapsed since this letter was begun. Mr. Matthews and his sisters have been staying a few days here. Since they returned home, they have informed me they found a letter from Mr. Charles Yates at Wigton, that he was well, but complained of the decline of his eyesight. He did not name you in any way. This suspense about you is more painful than I can express, uncertain whether you are married or single, or with your uncle. Perhaps, in the distress of your mind, you have started to return to the arms of your parents, where kindness and affection always await you, and you may at this moment be in a French prison. May the Almighty avert it and every misfortune from my beloved child!

"*November* 21*st.*

"We have just heard of the death of Mr. Matthews' old housekeeper, Betty. You will probably recollect her. After

bringing them all up and living thirty years in the family, she will be a great loss to them.

"*January 25th*, 1804.

"My dear child, not having forwarded these letters, as I expected, I can now acknowledge the receipt of yours dated 21st of November, but those you mention writing on the 2nd May and 10th July have not reached us, and now I suppose they never will. As this letter has reference to those we have lost, there remains much in your situation interesting to us that we do not know. I repeat, be reconciled to your uncle if you can. If it has not taken place before the birth of your child, avail yourself of that opportunity to renew the subject; ask him to stand godfather to it, thank him for his kindness to you in childhood, and assure him of the wish you and your wife have to make every return of duty and gratitude. . . . Why do you abandon the law for agriculture, which must certainly be more laborious? But whatever you do, do it in earnest, and spare neither labour nor pains to obtain independency whilst you have youth, health, and unbroken spirits. May you long have them all, my dear child.

"Your affectionate mother,

"M. YATES."

1804.

Mrs. Bateman to John Yates, Germanna, Virginia.

"NEWBIGGEN HALL, *January 21st*, 1804.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—Though so many years have elapsed since we parted, my affection, believe me, is as warm as ever; and trusting you feel the same, I do not stand upon the ceremony of waiting for the announcement from yourself of the change in your life, but take the earliest opportunity, upon the intimation of it from your mother and sister, of expressing my sincere congratulations and wishes for your happiness. I make no doubt but the lady is possessed of qualifications to ensure it; and so strongly is your amiable disposition impressed on my mind, that I trust

my new niece for many years will enjoy as much happiness as this world affords. I beg you from me, in the most agreeable manner, to present my best wishes and affectionate remembrances, and that it will not be long before she is introduced to your friends in this country; and none will receive her with greater pleasure than

Your affectionate aunt,

"A. BATEMAN.

"Mr. Bateman and your cousin, who is at home for the Christmas vacation, desire you will accept every compliment on the occasion; and pray make mine to your uncle, who probably has not forgotten me as an acquaintance at Skirwith."

Mrs. Yates to William Lovell, Esq.

"HUTTON HALL, *January 24th*, 1804.

"SIR,—We did not know till last week, when we received a letter from my son John, dated November 21st, 1803, that his marriage with your daughter had taken place. This information will apologise to you, I hope, for my addressing you, as we have now a mutual interest in the happiness of those young people. Permit me to assure you that his connection with your family would have been perfectly agreeable in every respect had it not occasioned this unfortunate breach with his uncle, on whom my son's sole dependence rests. Mr. Yates, who would have written to you himself on this subject had not holding the pen usually brought the cramp in his right hand so much as to disable him from using it any length of time together, has met with such severe losses in his property in India, as to put it out of his power to help to assist John (which we hope he fully informed you of prior to his marriage), whom we always looked upon as a child happy, prosperous, and provided for under his uncle's auspices. Your prudence, sir, cannot but see under these circumstances the necessity there is for closing the breach that now unfortunately subsists between them, if it is possible to do so, and which I am willing to

hope, by time and the mediation of common friends, may be brought about. We are ignorant whether Mr. Yates and you continue on terms of friendship; no one can know his temperament better than yourself, and from your consenting to their marriage, I trust you do not expect he will be inflexible in his resentment; and we hope you will be able to suggest the means of bringing about a reconciliation. I am afraid John does not foresee the inconvenience to himself and his future family. High-spirited young men, unknowing in the ways of the world and unused to the changes and misfortunes attending a passage through it, are apt to give way to the disinterested feelings of the moment, instead of using them to promote their future interests in life. I have written to John strongly on this subject, and I trust you will second my endeavours in persuading him that he ought not to be retarded in the attempt, even by the mortification it may occasion his own feelings. At this distance it is impossible to judge of the proper manner of attempting it. I have advised his taking the opportunity of the birth of his child to endeavour to renew the slumbering affection in his uncle's heart. You may suggest some more proper time or manner, being upon the spot, and knowing all the circumstances attending the separation, which we do not; but we must mutually see the advantages of their uncle's friendship. My son speaks highly of your friendship and liberality; it is our great consolation, and the unceasing gratitude of his parents is all the return we can make you for it. Our children have entered upon the cares of life at what we here esteem a very early period. So young and inexperienced as they both are, they stand much in need of your assistance and counsel. John's temper and disposition when he left here were perfectly amiable and conciliating, and he seemed possessed of good abilities. If to these he adds activity of mind and habits of industry, he may, by your kindness, do well, and I hope you will be able to inform us it is the case. We much prefer his remaining with you as long as it is agreeable to you both. I beg you will assure your daughter of our affection. As a part of our family, she is become truly

interesting to us; and we shall take a parental concern in everything pertaining to her. I regret my prospect of a personal acquaintance is so distant, but I hope it will take place if our lives are prolonged. Mr. Yates unites with me in thanking you for your kindness to our children. My best wishes attend you and your family.

"I am your obliged and humble servant,

"M. YATES."

Mrs. Yates to Mr. and Mrs. John Yates.

"HUTTON HALL, *January 26th*, 1804.

"I address you, my dear children, in one sheet; and I send you the sincerest good wishes for health, happiness, and prosperity, as lasting and as perfect as can be looked for in a world where changes are continually taking place. You have taken upon you the cares of life at an early period; for your own sakes, I wish you had deferred it a few years; but as you have judged otherwise for yourselves, you must make the best of it, and as mutual attachment has united you, you must, by being a support and comfort to each other, lighten the difficulties of life. Wealth is not necessary to happiness, but it is a great addition to it, and I hope it may yet be within your reach. If you are not wanting to yourselves, I cannot believe Mr. Yates will be inexorable in his resentment. Conquer, my dear John, your ideas of disinterestedness, very good to possess in a proper degree; but no man will lose sight of the advantages to be derived to himself and his whole generation from possessing the good things of this world. You have not yet felt the uphill work of struggling with a narrow income, and it is much better to conquer feelings of pride and resentment when only yourselves and those dear to you will be the sufferers by them. I hope Mrs. Yates will join me in using her influence in your heart to persuade you to conciliation. I fear it is more your own rashness, from the acuteness of wounded feelings, that separated you, than his resentment. . . . I request that you will write frequently to us, and on *one* large sheet

of paper. Every additional sheet makes a very heavy English postage. The picture you request I will put in a box, and send as you direct; and in the same box I shall put a few trifles, tokens of my affection to you both. I deeply regret that, circumstanced as we are now, trifles are all we can offer, but they will be accompanied by the warmest affections of our hearts. Let our present situation, my dear John, be a useful lesson to you; the knowledge of it came like a thunderbolt upon us all, destroying your brother's opening prospects in life, and must have totally ruined us had I not had an independent property, that could not be touched without my concurrence. If the concealment was meant for kindness, it was a misjudged one; and in mentioning it now, I take the opportunity of advising you both, as you are embarked in one common interest, to have no concealments from each other. They destroy affection and trust. By mutual confidence you will lessen the evils and increase the happiness of life. If you pursue agriculture, my dear John, give your mind wholly to it, make it both your business and pleasure. Trust as little to hirelings as possible. There are few who do their duty. I forbear giving advice to Mrs. Yates in her department as a farmer's wife, because I am ignorant what is assigned to it in America, but from the amiable character of her you give me, I trust she does not need it. But I hope she will consider that whatever constitutes your interest or happiness constitutes her own. I am concerned to think I have so little prospect of an immediate personal acquaintance with her. . . . The loss of your letters is most vexatious. Since the death of my dear Anne, whose loss I ever feel, and the remembrance of which has prevented me from giving your wife the endearing appellation of daughter, by which I should have taken pleasure in addressing her, I have never received one letter from you till your last in which you have sympathised in our loss or mentioned her much-loved name. Your uncle either writes oftener or manages better, for his letters are received at Wigton. Accept, my dear children, Mr. Yates' and my united blessings, to which I daily add my earnest prayers to

the Almighty for every good for you, to hear of which will always give heartfelt satisfaction to

"Your affectionate mother,

"M. YATES.

"Mary, wishing to open an affectionate correspondence with Mrs. Yates, has addressed her by letter. I tell her it is a very stiff one, from the awkwardness of addressing a perfect stranger, but that being got over, I hope they will entertain the most favourable sentiments towards each other.

"I have in my other letters always forgotten to tell you of the death of our good friend and relation Mr. Craik. Mrs. Nelson and Miss Craik are still living, and always remember and inquire for you with kindness."

Mrs. Yates to John Yates.

"HUTTON HALL, *August 14th*, 1804.

"It is impossible, my dear children, to say how many uneasy moments our not hearing from you occasions. Last week your brother received a letter from you, at the bottom of which you say, '*My wife and daughter* are well*,' this being the only intimation we have had of Mrs. Yates' safety and the birth of my little grand-daughter. I take the earliest opportunity of offering our sincerest congratulations upon both events, requesting you to let me know the age and name of the dear babe and all particulars concerning her. . . . I beg of you to write four times yearly by the New York packet, and that you send duplicates between times by private conveyances. Do not think writing frequently to your parents of yourself and family too much trouble. I have never thought anything I could do for you, either for your pleasure or happiness, was such. As I have no other way of making acquaintance with you, my dear daughter, I hope you will accept my invitation to correspond, in which, I assure you, there need be no loss of a subject, for everything about yourself, family, and domestic arrangements

* Janet Yates.

will be very interesting to me. Your little daughter will be a topic equally delightful to us both. My son has probably told you of the circumstances by which at present we are a good deal embarrassed, but we expect, from the change in our habits of living from a large country residence and expenditure to a lesser town house and establishment, that our situation will grow easier in time. It prevents me, however, from sending you as large and valuable a token of my affection as I wish to do; but knowing the cause, I hope you will accept the intention. My total ignorance of what would be most welcome to you may make me send things that are useless to you, but I thought the best way to obviate that was to send a variety of articles, of which I enclose a list. If you would wish to have any of them repeated against another year, I desire you will inform me, and of anything else that may be within the compass of my purse. I have some pieces of India taffetas by me; if you wear such things in America, let me know, and I will send you some; here we wear silk only in the very depth of winter. I have a very rich silk flowered gown; it was my mother's wedding gown, full of large flowers; she gave it to me to make into chair and sofa cushions; it was not made up whilst I was at Skirwith, and here I have no use for such things. If you can make use of it, I will send it to you, but it is fit for no other purpose than that I have mentioned, and being old, I could not send it without knowing it would be acceptable. If I forward not what you desire, impute it to not knowing your wishes. I had once selected some silver ornaments for Mrs. Yates' personal wear, but upon reflection I have thought it better not to send them. Being showy, they might be thought too expensive either for me to give or for my daughter to wear, situated as we both are.

"I have often written to you to do all in your power to effect a reconciliation with your uncle. . . . He certainly has a good opinion of Mrs. Yates, for though he wrote very warmly, disapproving the connection as one formed too early and thwarting his views, he said nothing but well of her; and that being the case, I hope she will cultivate the good

opinion he seemed to have of her—by a prudent and economical management of your domestic affairs, convince him that his nephew has done well. His future conduct will no doubt be much influenced by the manner in which you conduct yourselves, for you may be sure he will be inquisitive about you, and will be continually receiving information concerning you. . . . The picture you wish for I do not send in the box, fearing it should be lost. During the war there is the double danger of the elements and of the enemy. Will it not be better to retain it till some private opportunity offers, or the French war dangers are over? Consider, and if you determine so, it shall be forwarded. Muslins and feathers may be repeated, but the picture if lost cannot be replaced. Mr. Yates joins with me and your sister in every affectionate wish to you both, my dear children, and to the little one, whose name I wish I had, being to all a

"Most affectionate mother.

"M. YATES.

"We have just heard of Fletcher Taylor's death in the West Indies. I imagine you will remember him. Joe is also dead, and only Peter remains. I have congratulations and good wishes to send you on your marriage from all our relations and friends. None know there is any cloud overcasting the pleasure we should have derived from any circumstance contributing to your happiness. Mrs. Salmond bids me tell you that Mrs. Yates and you were a bumper toast the day she was informed of it, and she hopes you will both come to England when the war is over. Sir Henry Fletcher hopes your progeny will spread over the fine new country, Louisiana, now attached to the United States. Mrs. Paley—formerly Miss Dobinson—with every kind wish, says, you used to laugh at her when she told you she wished she had twenty such children as you, and she wishes you a dozen. May the Almighty bless you and them! I have not seen Mrs. Paley for three or four years. The Doctor has such bad health, they do not come into the country, but live one half

of the year at Lincoln, the other at Bishop Wearmouth, in the county of Durham, the places where his preferments lay.

"*September 2nd.*

"Since the above was written, Mr. Maury has shipped a box I sent to him for you, on the 22nd of August, on board the *Jane*, Captain Colby, for Norfolk, in Virginia, requesting his friend there to enter, receive, and forward to Major Day, of Fredericksburg. You had better write to him concerning it. He insured it for part of its value, which will prevent a total loss in case of miscarriage.

"Government is certainly in daily expectation of the French invasion of this country, but such measures of defence are taken, and *all* are so armed, that I feel no apprehension. Farewell. A thousand blessings on you, my dear children."

Charles Yates to John O. Yates.

"VIRGINIA, FREDERICKSBURG, *May 21st*, 1804.

"DEAR BROTHER,—Your favour of 13th of January reached me on the 7th instant, and causes an effort to own it under my own hand. My sight hath so failed that I seldom attempt writing, and that at any length is impracticable. On the subject of yours, I shall only say that I have acted according to the best of my judgment for the promotion of future happiness. Mr. Lovell, with whom I have conferred, approves my conduct, and gives it as his deliberate opinion, that as no distress is felt, it may be better to let matters remain for the present as they now stand. You may rest at ease in your mind concerning the future conduct of

"Your affectionate brother,

"C. YATES."

Mr. Charles Yates continued to suffer from failing eyesight, and was compelled to rely upon the kind offices of friends to write his letters, at his own dictation, until he procured the services of Joseph Martin, a young man from

England, recommended by the Rev. Richard Matthews, who acted as secretary the remaining years of Mr. Yates' life. There is something very pathetic in the picture these last letters reveal of the kind old man, bowed with age and infirmities, casting wistful thoughts across the ocean towards the kindred he fain would see once more, yet he was too unselfish to ask the favour of their coming.

Mrs. Bamber to "John Yates, Germanna, Virginia."

"NUNNERY, *December* 23*rd*, 1804.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—As I hear a packet is to be forwarded to you this week from Penrith, I take the opportunity of congratulating you and your beloved wife on a union which I hope will be attended with every happiness this world can give you. Mr. Bamber requests you will accept his best wishes with mine for yourself and your lady. I am very sorry to find your new avocations will prevent our having the pleasure of seeing you for so long a time. . . . How has your kind uncle brought himself to part with you? I thought you would continue with him as long as he lived. To me, dear John, who have not seen you since you were a little boy, it seems extraordinary to be addressing you as a married man. I wish your brother would follow your example, but *Bellona* is now the only lady to whom he can devote himself, as not a day's leave of absence has been obtainable for some months past. But the terror of invasion has suddenly subsided. In the beginning of this month, we spent a week at Miss Waugh's (in Carlisle), and then it was the principal topic of conversation. Every post was anxiously expected, and every paper opened with trepidation. The Ministry had received *certain* information, and to doubt would have been infidelity itself; the following week the Ministry had received *certain* information the event would not take place, and fear was banished from every bosom. Neither Mr. Bamber nor I ever believed the French could effect a landing, for as two tides are requisite to bring them,

I trust in God and our brave seamen that they will be sunk if they attempt it.

"When you visited Carlisle, it was a pleasant town, with many genteel, agreeable families in it. Almost all we visited are gone, and their houses are full of manufacturers. The number of cotton mills in the neighbourhood would astonish you, and if the walls were taken away, I suppose the place would soon be doubled in size, but they prevent its increase, and are a great nuisance. The castle, it is thought, will be fitted up as barracks, and made a depôt for arms. If you see Cumberland papers, you will read a dashing account of the colours presented last Wednesday to the Carlisle volunteers, who are a fine body of men. All the kingdom is now military, and the expense so enormous, and taxes so heavy, that we cannot help envying those who live in America, where peace, I hope, will long flourish; and may you, my dear John, enjoy its blessings and every domestic comfort, is the sincere wish of

"Your truly affectionate aunt,

"E. Bamber."

1805.

Mary Yates to John Yates.

"Hutton Hall, *April 12th*, 1805.

". . . Francis was at home six weeks during the winter; and in that time he was presented in the handsomest manner, and wholly unsolicited, with a majority in the Royal Cumberland. Indeed, from all quarters we have the satisfaction of hearing him spoken of in the most creditable manner, and of knowing that his late promotion was entirely owing to the attention he has given his professional duties. He is now in command at Hull.

"Miss Pattenson is gone to Bath and London, upon a jaunt of pleasure and amusement. Mary and her husband, you probably know, live at Ousby. Tom is at home; and Jack and Charles, I understand, are doing well in India. They have married two sisters, the younger, I am told, one of the

prettiest women in India. A gentleman who saw Charles in Calcutta about two years ago would scarcely credit me when I mentioned his age, saying he had the appearance of a man between fifty and sixty. I hope change of country has not made any such change in you. Francis is a taller man than my father, and proportionately stout, less handsome than when he was a boy, but very gentlemanlike in his appearance, and improved by acquiring a military air.

"You must remember the Broughams of Edinburgh. Mr. Brougham is now in the county, and talks of building and being a resident in it. His eldest sons are in the law, and both likely to do well; one of them is a man of great genius,* and has published several things which have gained him great credit, but he is eccentric. Many people in this place remember and inquire for you, and you are not forgotten by our old neighbours of Skirwith, and I am sure *we* give you frequent proofs of recollection. Assure Mrs. John Yates of my respects; and to yourself I am ever a most affectionate sister.

"M. YATES."

His mother writes on the folds of the above letter,—

"MY DEAR CHILD,—It is with sincere pleasure we received yours of January 30th, bringing so good an account. I strongly recommend to you, if you are ever blessed with a boy, to call him after your uncle, who I rejoice to find is begun to do you good offices, and which I trust will put you upon a proper footing with him. You judged quite right to accept the negroes, however troublesome at the time. Continue to act prudently, and I please myself all will go well. The happiness of my children lies very near my heart. I will write in a little time and send you your father's answer to your letter, which was quite proper. God bless you, my dear children, is the ardent prayer of

"Your affectionate mother,

"M. YATES."

* Afterwards the celebrated Henry, Lord Brougham.

Rev. Richard Matthews to Charles Yates.

"WIGTON, *August 3rd*, 1805.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The letter by Mr. Day (from you) to Mary, received a few weeks ago, was a cause of no common satisfaction to us all, as a space of nearly a year and a half had elapsed since we had heard from you. The last letter previous to Mr. Day's is dated November 11th, 1803. You will judge then that no small degree of anxiety was removed, for to us it appeared that neither the dangers of the sea, the accidents of war, nor the unfortunate weakness of your sight, could sufficiently account for so long and unusual a silence. Mr. Day mentions two letters to me by the New York packet, which are undoubtedly lost, and some of mine have probably undergone the same fate, as all are not enumerated. I hope mine of the 28th January, 1804, reached its destination. I am the rather anxious about *its* fate because it was an answer to your very kind letter of November 11th, 1803, and contained my grateful acknowledgments for the affectionate regard you evinced towards this family. The care you expressed respecting our welfare and the kind manner in which you offered us an asylum, in case the animosity and power of France rendered Britain unsafe to dwell in, demanded our earliest and warmest thanks. The aspect of the times is such as to render the acceptance of your offer unnecessary, but that diminishes nothing of the obligation under which you have laid us. From the letters of mine which I know you have received, you will be in full possession of my opinion respecting invasion, and that opinion remains unaltered. I am grieved to find that your sight fails you so much, and I can only express an unavailing wish that it were otherwise. . . . My sisters join me in most affectionate regards; and I remain, my dear sir,

"Your obliged

"RICHARD MATTHEWS."

Mary Yates to John Yates.

"ALLONBY, *September* 15*th*, 1805.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,— . . . I feel disappointed my sister does not write to me. Being the only intercourse we can keep up, I am anxious it should not be neglected, to assure you all of my remembrance, to induce you to talk of me to your children, and to impress them with that regard for *Aunt Mary* she is prepared to feel for them. I trust I shall give you some satisfaction by saying I am considerably better than when I left home. You probably know I had a fever in the autumn and winter, which reduced me very much, and in consequence I was ordered to the seaside for change of air and bathing, if I was able to bear it, which, thank God, I have done with great advantage, and I trust I shall surprise my mother with my improved looks. Mr. and Mrs. Bamber, Mr. and Mrs. Bateman, and the Misses Matthews are here; and all desire their love to you. You will, I daresay, recollect this place, where we used to be bathed when children. Alas! what changes amongst us since then! But retrospection is so painful, I will not recall past afflictions to your mind. We have had a most unfavourable season in point of weather, and the prospect for the harvest is bad. The *Prospect* of invasion still keeps the country upon the *Alerte;* but the most important occurrence at present is the safe arrival of the India fleet, and information that the West India fleet had arrived at her destined port. Apparently, though, everything wears a most sombre hue, as a general mourning is now worn for the Duke of Gloucester, and you scarcely see any person in a better line of life out of black. Within the short space of a couple of months, I have had to wear it for three of our own relations: first of all for Mrs. James Salmond, a very lovely and amiable young woman; then Sir John Musgrave's youngest sister: and lastly for Lord Avonmore, whom you will recollect hearing of as Lord Yelverton, an Irish judge, one of the cleverest and most respectable men of his time. The improvements in Carlisle are principal topics of conversation;

and in this particular district the *high* price of coals is a chief complaint. When I mention that Lord Lowther, by adding two shillings and sixpence to the cost of a waggon-load, increased his annual income nine hundred pounds, you may form some idea of the magnitude of his collieries. . . . I know not the name of your new residence, but I suppose Germanna will be direction sufficient. Offer my best regards to Mrs. Yates; and believe me, my dear John,

"Most affectionately,

"M. YATES."

Mrs. Yates to John Yates.

"PENRITH, *Sunday, November 3rd*, 1805.

"By your letters, my dear child, we have the satisfaction of knowing Mrs. Yates has safely recovered;* we sincerely unite in offering our best wishes. You say you are contented and happy. I pray God you may always continue to think so. You have chosen for yourselves, and you equally show your good sense and prudence in making the best of your situation. Above all things, adhere to your resolution of not running into debt; independence and comfort are over the moment a man suffers his expenses to exceed his income. I am, however, much hurt to find you are without books; and I would have sent you some immediately if you had not in your last letter directed me not to send anything more unless you wrote for it. We would have spared you some of our books with the greatest pleasure; and if you would like to have some, my dear, do not hesitate in saying so. Tell me what kind you like, the expenses of carriage and insurance are not great, and if they will add to your comfort, I am sure mine will be increased thereby. In my last letter I sent you a receipt to make ink; I shall add it again upon the back of this; yours is so bad, your writing is scarcely legible, and my eyes do not distinguish with the quickness they used to do. . . . To your concluding address respecting your daughter Mary, be assured all that is dear to you will

* Birth of his second daughter, Mary Yates.

be so to us. Separated as we are, it is little we can do, but that little, in whatever way it can be useful to you and yours, you have a claim upon with our other children. To my heart you are equally dear. . . . I would like to know what sort of people your uncle has about him, and who transacts his business since you left. I trust there are none likely to do you ill offices on that side of the water, none that are interested in keeping the breach open. What distance is Germanna from Fredericksburg? Not having a map of Virginia, I cannot trace you. You now know what a parent's feelings are. Believe me, yours are not warmer or tenderer than are mine. We have had no letter from Mr. Yates this summer, but at Wigton they have. I am sorry he deprives himself in his old age of the soothing attentions I have no doubt you are ready to give. . . . Your brother was looking vastly well when he was with us; he is now furnished up to his height—six feet; he is not so handsome as he was, his complexion having lost its delicacy, being tanned and more robust, and his hair, which was beautiful, being turned dark and close cropped. We hope to see him again in the winter. His regiment is at Newcastle, only seventy miles off, but as its stay is uncertain, you must direct your letters to him here. Mary is a good deal taller than I am, plain in her face, in which the traces of much pain and anguish remain; her countenance is extremely intelligent, her spirits good, and her mind uncommonly stored. Your father carries his age well in appearance. We are living in a very good and comfortable house, and have a large garden, at a very easy rent. We only keep three servants, and have a horse for your father's riding. We have no dining company further than a friend dropping in occasionally. We give and take tea in town and neighbourhood. If I could forget the blessings that are taken from me, I should say we lived in more comfort here than at home, where our concerns were large and at great expense. We sold our coach-horses when we came here, and I have never been at a distance since July, 1804, when I came from the seaside. My health is better than formerly,

owing no doubt to having less care and anxiety. Time has doubtless made changes in me, but you would know me if we were to meet; the roses do not bloom so freshly in my cheeks as they used to do, but my complexion remains as well as that of most people who have lived so long; and though not able to bear much fatigue, I am still active, and have much to be thankful for. . . . I hope you are easy about us. We are not, God be thanked, deprived of comforts; we are drawn into smaller compass, but comforts, as far as essentials go, we have, and the greatest of all is, that we are living as we ought to do, and, I trust, within our means. I hope next year our farms, which have been greatly underlet, will advance considerably, and that every year things will grow better. If my children's prospects were but better, I should think nothing of what has happened to my own. . . . The paper you enclosed to your brother was a very extraordinary one. It seems to me that religion and morality are now confined to the middle classes of society; there is little to be met with in the high or low. Do not forget or neglect either of them, my dear children, for a good conscience is the best support under affliction. And train up your children in the way to everlasting happiness; the trust that I have done so by mine has supported me through the greatest of human deprivations.

"Nothing new has occurred among your friends here. Your aunts are always pleased to hear from you. Mrs. Bamber sent me your last letter, which was as admirably calculated for the person addressed, as if you recollected her peculiarities and disposition. . . . You will hear before receiving this of the combination of all the powers in Europe against the French nation. There have been different actions in Germany, with various success; the accounts have as yet come to England through the French and Dutch papers; the former say the allies in one battle were totally defeated, the latter that the French were routed in action with the Russians. We wait impatiently for official intelligence. Of this we are certain: our taxes, already very oppressive, must be greatly increased. Jack

Pattenson's wife has left India, in very bad health, and is come over to England, hoping to recover it. She came to Melmerby about a fortnight ago. I have not seen her. I beg you will accept every kind wish to you both, and to the dear little girls. Believe me to be a most affectionate mother.

"A receipt to make much better ink than yours:—

"To one quart of rainwater put four ounces of fresh blue galls of Aleppo, bruised small, two ounces of copperas, clean, rocky, and green, and two ounces of gum-arabic. Let these stand together in a large glass bottle with a narrow mouth, shake, roll, and stir it well once a day, and you will have fine ink in a month's time, and the older it grows, the better it is for use. What I now write with has had a second water put on the thick grounds."

Major Yates to John Yates.

"NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, *November 30th*, 1805.

". . . I feel much obliged to you for your congratulations upon my promotion, which was more gratifying to me from the manner in which it was conferred, than beneficial to my circumstances. . . . I offer in return my congratulations on your domestic felicity, together with my wishes for its continuance. . . ."

1806.

Mrs. Yates to John Yates.

"HUTTON HALL, *February 28th*, 1806.

". . . I hope some time we shall meet; and then we may talk over what is not well to be written, of which there is much on both sides of the Atlantic. So many letters are lost in their passage, and not knowing into whose hands they may fall makes one afraid to put upon paper all one wishes to communicate. You will continue to inform us of everything that appears prudent to you to write; everything, even the most trifling circumstances, is interesting to us, your in and out-of-door management, your children,

and yourselves, and I look forward with pleasure to the account of your farming progress. . . . You will observe in the English papers frequent mention made of Lord Collingwood, the second in command under Lord Nelson,* and successor to him; he is my second cousin, his mother and my father being first cousins, descendants of sisters, Lawsons. The Collingwoods are a very respectable Northumberland family, but he being the son of a younger brother, not in affluent circumstances, Parliament therefore with the peerage gives him an annuity of two thousand pounds per annum. Your brother writes that Lord Collingwood has just had fourteen hundred a year left him by a distant relative, who had taken no notice of him till he received public honours and rewards. . . . Mr. Pitt's death has occasioned an entire change in the Ministry, which is now formed of the best talents in the country, but of men who have upon various leading subjects held such a variety of opinions that it is doubtful whether they will long continue in unanimity. No change has taken place in the military establishment in this country, but some alterations are now before the House. So far the Ministry draws together very well. Bonaparte, who is certainly a remarkable man, has been portioning out Germany and Italy into new kingdoms and principalities, and placing his own family and connections at their head. It will make a wonderful epoch in history, being without a precedent. We are supposed to be on the eve of a war with Prussia. Last week a general embargo was laid on all vessels belonging to that country, and all our ships that could go went in pursuit of more. It is in consequence of that Government having seized upon Hanover and shutting up the ports in the North seas against our manufactures. . . .

"The large tract of land called Penrith Fell is enclosing, which will be a great improvement. Lord Lowther has bought two hundred acres of the heights above the town, which he has planted; in this is included Beacon Hill.

* Killed at the battle of Trafalgar.

I should like to know what you remember of this country and its inhabitants. I wish the times admitted of your coming to us. What pleasure it would give my heart, the greatest, I think, I am now capable of enjoying! I pray the Almighty to bless and prosper you. If I can render you a service, let me know in what way. I wish I could take a look at your little nursery. We unite in every good wish for my children.

"M. YATES."

Mrs. Yates to John Yates.

"HUTTON HALL, *July 30th*, 1806.

"MY DEAREST JOHN,—I gave you a good account in April, which I am happy to be able to confirm. . . . Your brother, with his regiment, removed in the spring from Newcastle to Sunderland, about sixteen miles eastward on the same coast. I have been expecting to see him for the last fortnight, but have been disappointed. I trust, however, his coming is only delayed. We have lately lost our two relations Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Sir Michael le Fleming. The latter dropped down suddenly in London, and died instantly. Sir Wilfrid died last week, and having no children, bequeathed all his large property to his wife's nephew. . . .

"Skirwith Abbey is returned upon our hands, the term for which it was let being expired. Isaac Topping now rents all the land. Winny Cook takes care of the house and garden, which we shall let again when we can meet with an agreeable tenant. Whilst it is unoccupied, it is a drawback upon our income, but we expect to let Drawdykes at a considerable advance next year, and I trust we shall not feel it much. I hope your farm will answer your expectations, and turn out productive this season. You promised me a full account of American farming, but I have never received it. Here a man must give his whole mind and attention to the business, or the ground will not pay for its management. Our friend Mr. Curwen has become an enthusiast in farming, and of what he makes by it.

I give him credit for the good he does by it. We are glad to hear your uncle is enjoying more domestic comfort and has good people about him. I expect your prudent manner of going on will in time propitiate him. God forbid he should not do handsomely by you in the end! and I hope nothing but absolute necessity will ever drive you to those uncivilised regions farther west, where the best part of your life would be spent in severe labour; perhaps you would lose all you have, and your lives too, in some incursion of the Indians. If you should be driven to that, you must send your children to me before you set off adventuring. Do the laws of Virginia admit of landed property being bequeathed to those who do not reside in the country? I take a great deal of thought for you and your family. I much wish you were rich enough to come and see us. I always regret you did not come before you married, and took the cares of the world upon you by becoming husband, father, farmer, and what not. . . . In clearing your lands, you must often meet with things that would be acceptable to me: insects, reptiles, birds, snails, seeds, roots, anything out of the common. Touch their heads with a feather dipped in aqua-fortis, to kill them instantly; then a pin through them will fix them to a cushion or a board. I want the cone of a mahogany tree, that holds the seeds. It should be tied to prevent bursting. I do not know whether it grows in your part of America. I do not want you to purchase anything, only take care of what falls in your way. Direct to the care of James Maury, Esq., of Liverpool, and he will forward to me.

"So far was written three weeks ago, but as Mrs. Bateman and your sister wrote at that time, I kept this for another opportunity. It now conveys to you the sad news of the death of Sir John Musgrave, which happened last week, after being in a declining state for some months. He was a most worthy character, and we are all very sorry for his early dissolution. He has left four or five children. A little Philip succeeds to the title.

"Mr. Bell, the surgeon in Edinburgh, with whom we have

kept up a constant friendship and communication since we first met, is dead. Many indeed are the friends and connections we have lately lost. . . . Is there any benefit derived from my writing duplicates of my letters? I do not mind the trouble. I only think of the extra expense to you. I pray God to bless you all, my dear children, being to each of you a most affectionate mother.

"M. YATES."

1807.

Major Day to Rev. R. Matthews.

"VIRGINIA, FREDERICKSBURG, *February 2nd*, 1807.

"SIR,—In the diction of my friend Charles Yates, Esq., I acknowledge his receipt of your letter of November 1st, containing his accounts for 1805 and 1806. . . . He wrote to Miss Mary Matthews October 15th, in answer to hers of 22nd June, from Dartington, in receipt of which she will have communicated to you what was said therein. He desires me to say that he hath not words to express the great pleasure he received in the account you give of his brother's health and spirits; be pleased to communicate this to him, and add that his son John and his family are well, and by no means in a state of *starvation*. To yourself he desires to say, that John hath not been what he thinks he ought to have been, however he may, and perhaps hath amended, and, as his brother's son, be equally entitled with his sister's children to a part of what Providence hath enabled him to dispose. . . . Although his sight is diminishing daily, yet it is what he is resigned to, and with thankfulness he acknowledges a continuance of such health as a person ought to expect who will enter his eightieth year on the 20th day of April next. He desires his tender and affectionate love to your sisters, begging they will communicate to him any wants they may feel, even if it should be wanting to come to Virginia, and he assures you he will be happy in your frequent communications.

"I am very respectfully, etc.,

"BENJAMIN DAY."

Charles Yates to Jane Matthews.

"VIRGINIA, FREDERICKSBURG, *March 10th*, 1807.

"DEAR NIECE,— . . . I have been happy in receiving a letter from your sister, dated Dartington, December 21st, when she informs me you were all well at Wigton. She is an idle girl. I should have written to her long ago, and would do so now, had she informed me with whom she was an inmate at Dartington. When she is to be with you, I believe she knows not herself, although she sets the time down next summer. I therefore request you will let her know I have received hers of the date mentioned above, and desire her to continue writing to me by every packet, and not forget to pay the postage, and to buy a little memorandum book, to set down the date she writes, that she may be more like her old uncle *Vellum*. Your sister mentions to me a Mr. Andrews, about to come to the United States for improvement in agriculture, and that she intended to write to me by him. Who he is I know not, but she may be assured that he will meet my marked attention if he comes to Fredericksburg. She also informs me that my cousin Sir Henry Fletcher is no longer in Parliament. Desire her to give my best respects, etc., to the family at Ashley Park, and when she writes to be full in an account of them.

"When I last wrote to your brother, I had purposed to mention a matter which, however, I then dropped; it was to request him to see if he could send me a young lad from Westward School, or near Wigton, his qualifications as follows: he must have a good voice and read English well, write a pretty good hand, and have a tolerable knowledge of figures, his age fifteen, sixteen, or seventeen years, but, above all, a good character and of respectable parentage. If such a one can be found and sent to Mr. Maury at Liverpool, with a request to forward him to Virginia at my expense, he will do it. As at my years long life cannot be expected, provision shall be made for such a youth, in case of my mortality, until he is twenty-one years of age. . . .

"CHARLES YATES."

Charles Yates to William Lovell, Esq.

"FREDERICKSBURG, *March 27th*, 1807.

"DEAR SIR,—I had the satisfaction to receive on the 11th of March the enclosed letter from my brother, which, after perusing and showing it to your daughter, if you think proper, you will please return to me at your convenience. It is probable you may attend the Spottsylvania election. In that case I shall be glad it may suit you to proceed to Fredericksburg, wishing to have some conversation with you. In the meantime, I am your humble servant,

"CHARLES YATES."

Charles Yates to John O. Yates.

"FREDERICKSBURG, *June 20th*, 1807.

"DEAR BROTHER,—Your favour of January 3rd I had the pleasure of receiving early in March, with the copy of my letter to you dated November 6th, 1802, which hath satisfied me on perusal thereof I had said nothing improper. This letter I enclosed to Mr. William Lovell, and, I suppose, hath had the wished-for effect. Your son hath since visited me, and said he had written to you informing you of my receipt of your favour; this made it not requisite I should mention it before now, but you will attribute the delay to another cause, viz., my incapacity of doing it myself. My eyes have so far failed me, that I barely am able to walk about my garden without a guide. For so much sight I am thankful, and although not able to walk as much as I could wish, yet I am thankful for that use of my feet and limbs which remains, more especially as I am, through God's mercy, free from pain or sickness, which is all that ought to be expected at my time of life. I have desired John Yates to write frequently to you, which I doubt not he will do, and through him, or addressed to myself, I hope to hear frequently of your family. . . .

"CHARLES YATES."

It is seen here that Mr. Charles Yates and his nephew were reconciled.

Charles Yates to Rev. R. Matthews.

"FREDERICKSBURG, *June 25th*, 1807.

"DEAR SIR,— . . . As to the account you give of my affairs, they will be debated in your next, which I hope will inform me that your Government acknowledges me to be a foreigner, and does not demand the income tax on my funded stock. As to farming affairs, I can say but little to you that might be of use in conducting your Wigton estate. From what you say, I perceive you follow your father's plan of improving your fields. On my farm over the Blue Ridge, nearly one hundred miles from this place, business is now plain sailing, enough of my land being open and fresh and strong. Wheat and Indian corn are the main crops: the former is either sold to the millers, or ground up by them for me into flour, and sent down to navigable waters; the latter is usually expended on the farm in feeding the negroes, horses, and other stock, especially hogs, which eat an abundance, and we in return eat them. As the distance from hence is so great, it is proposed that John Yates shall move up to Walnut Grove * in the autumn, with his family, viz., his wife and two daughters and a son, where he may carry on the farming business on a large scale; and he will, I daresay, be glad, if agreeable to you, to communicate the result of his exertions, and to gain improvement from you concerning your mode of management. My eyes continue to decay gradually, but I thank God I am able to walk about without a guide. My feet have become so tender, I am deprived of so much walking exercise as I could wish. I have thought a remedy might be had for the latter by the use of a sedan chair; and perhaps I may write to Mr. John Greyson, of London, to send me one. If so, he will be directed to call upon you for its cost. . . ."

Mrs. Yates to John Yates.

"HUTTON HALL, *July 2nd*, 1807.

"MY DEAR JOHN,— . . . Your last, mentioning the reconciliation with your uncle, gives us very sincere satisfaction. . . .

* The estate over the Blue Ridge.

I shall not pretend at this distance to give you particular advice, but I hope you will always act right for right's sake. . . . It gives me pleasure to observe the affection you express for your wife, and I hope she will long live to comfort you and to merit your attachment. Begin early to form the minds of your little ones to truth, virtue, and reflection. The sooner you can make reasonable beings of them, the better; and they will repay your attention by affection and improvement. Some time I hope you will spare one of them to me, for, remembering how I brought you up, you will not hesitate to trust your child to my care; the idea often pleases me, and I look forward to it with distant hope. . . .

"We have lately lost many near friends: Mrs. Nelson, of Hernby, her brother, Mr. Craik, Sir Henry Fletcher, Mr. Joseph Musgrave, old Mrs. Brougham, Mr. Dacre, Mr. Stanley, and others. Of all these you will probably have some recollection. . . . As to European politics, I have no patience to write about them. It seems to me as if a certain degree of frenzy pervades all orders of men. The late changes in his Majesty's councils and the dissolution of Parliament were great surprises upon the nation. The new Parliament met last week. In this part of the kingdom all went on quietly, and there were no changes in the representation, but in the county of York there was such a contest as is estimated to have cost half a million of money, and it was carried against the Court interest. . . .

"Sir Michael le Fleming's daughter and heiress last year married the present Sir Daniel, to whom the title devolved on her father's death. The Matthewses are all well; they were in London in the spring, and here in their way home; he has greatly improved his house and place at Wigton. They do not any of them seem to be marrying people. You will observe, if you leave Germanna, you must send us a new direction for your letters, as we must direct there till we know where you are removed. . . . What business is your uncle engaged in, that he sends for a clerk out of this country? The copy of your uncle's letter of the

5th of November, 1802, was sent to him, as you desired. What end was it to answer?

"*August 2nd.*

"It is just a month since the original of this letter was forwarded by Liverpool. Nothing has occurred in our domestic circle worth adding. The French have made peace with Russia and Prussia. What will be the consequence to England, time will show. Sweden still holds out, and a great *secret* naval expedition has just sailed from this country, I suppose to her assistance, but many think to attack some part of the French coast. We are sorry to see by the papers the late unfortunate affair off Norfolk (Virginia) between the *Leopard* and the *Chesapeake*, and I hope no disagreeable consequences to the countries will result, for, as far as I can observe, the wars of nations, like the quarrels of private families, both end in the same thing each side, being the worse for them. I some time ago told you Mary Pattenson had married a young clergyman of the name of Hare, who succeeded his father in the living of Ousby when that gentleman came into a good fortune in Norfolk. The father died suddenly a month ago, and these young Hares succeed him in a fine landed property in that county; they continue at Ousby until November, and then go to reside permanently in Norfolk. They will be a great loss, and much missed by Mr. Pattenson. Did you ever know that John Wilson formerly of Crossfield, but of late years a resident of Demerara, sailing about for the recovery of his health, went two years ago to Fredericksburg to visit you, was much disappointed to hear you lived thirty miles from that place, and he was too straitened for time to go to Germanna to see you? I think he had some conversation with your uncle. Farewell, my dear child."

Charles Yates to Rev. R. Matthews.

"FREDERICKSBURG, *August 25th*, 1807.

" . . . The death of Sir Henry Fletcher, with whom I have been acquainted, I think, seventy-three years, ought to make me look out for the long voyage we are all one day to take. . . ."

The same to Benjamin Wiltshire, overseer at Walnut Grove.

"FREDERICKSBURG, *October 23rd*, 1807.

"SIR,—Yours of the 16th instant is received, and hath been forwarded to John Yates, who will be prepared to load Mercury's* waggon on his arrival at Germanna, and to start him immediately. I have nothing particular to say to you now that concerns my affairs, but with great concern you are informed of a destructive fire which broke out here last Monday, in the house on the hill, formerly Colonel Edward Carter's, which was destroyed, and the flames spread upon the adjoining squares, which are totally consumed, on the right hand coming down the street as far as Mr. D. Henderson's store, and on the other side, from Messrs. Ross's large brick house, down the main street, to Mrs. Heath's, opposite Mr. Lovell's store-house, including all from the street to the river, which, you know, included Roysten's warehouses, and consequently destroyed the hogshead of tobacco which Mercury brought, and which Mr. Stuart said was equal to any he had ever inspected, its weight twelve hundred and thirty-nine pounds net, and would have brought me one hundred dollars; but this is a trifling loss. It will cost me more a great deal to help the poor indigent sufferers. Those are not reduced to distress who have five thousand dollars left. The Bank house was burned, but the money therein saved.

"Your friend, etc.,

"CHARLES YATES."

In November, 1807, John Yates, at his uncle's desire, removed from Germanna, in Culpeper, to Walnut Grove, in Jefferson County, then recently divided from the county of Berkeley. This new home in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley was a few miles west of Harper's Ferry, whose mountains and rivers are famed for picturesque interest, to which later years have added historic memories; for beneath

* Negro slave.

these great blue hills, aglow with camp fires, have echoed thundering guns and hissing shells, and tides have mingled in these lovely waters stained with the crimson blood of men in deadly fight along their banks.

Charles Yates to John Yates.

"FREDERICKSBURG, *November* 1*st*, 1807.

"SIR,—In mine by Mercury, you were told why it was not more at large. This by Armistead is to supply what was not then written. In our conversations I think I said that when you arrived at Walnut Grove, you were to take the management of everything upon yourself, without being accountable to me for sales of the produce of the farm, or what else you might think necessary to dispose of, including negroes if requisite, and it can be done with humanity, except that you are to take upon yourself the payment of my debt to Mr. Wiltshire, and what may be due to him besides for his services to the 30th of this month. Words being but wind, it may not be amiss to confirm this now under my own hand. You will, however, observe that this gives you no absolute title now, which, I think, is not necessary, as by my last will, made in the spring of 1806, confirmatory of a former one, I have bequeathed to you all my estate, real and personal, in Jefferson County, besides the real estates in Spottsylvania, but these may possibly be sold without prejudice to you. I think it is also mentioned, that I might perhaps make some requisitions of you, but this will by no means be what can prove inconvenient to you. . . . Let me know when you write, which I expect will be by Armistead on his return, giving me information of your favourable journey and the health of your family. When you are fairly fixed, it is my wish that by post you will advise me of what may be necessary at the time you write. With my best respects to Mrs. Yates and wishes for your and your children's health and happiness,

"I am your kinsman,

"CHARLES YATES."

The same to John Yates.

"*November* 13*th*, 1807.

"Sir,—Yours of the 7th instant by Armistead was delivered to me by him about two o'clock p.m. on the 10th. I had a hope you would have reached Walnut Grove on the 5th, as on that day we had a gloomy prospect, and on the following one an unusual snow for this time of year. However, your getting there on the next day, and all well, I was glad to see under your own hand. The prospect to Mrs. Yates must, I suppose, not be very pleasing, but on her talking to Mrs. Wiltshire, she will find it is not one twentieth part so bad, as when she first arrived at Walnut Grove. I will not anticipate future prospects, but rather incline to think bad weather, setting in so early, forebodes a hard winter, against which you are or may be pretty well provided. . . . I think it was mentioned to you that tobacco and hemp would be the most profitable articles you could cultivate, especially with such a multitude of young folks, who cannot be employed in the usual culture of corn, wheat, and rye; both of these articles will assuredly be in great demand. Such tobacco as the hogshead sent me will fetch eight dollars per stone at least, and I have no doubt but hemp equally as good as that I received will bring ten dollars per 112 lbs.; this you and Mr. Wiltshire will think of, and act according to the wheat crop.

"We have advice here, though not official, but yet credited, that the differences between the United States and Great Britain are amicably settled.

"You know I wish Mrs. Yates may cultivate an acquaintance with your neighbour Mrs. T. Rutherford, who is experienced in that mode of life which she is likely to lead. An intimacy between Jane Lovell * and Sally Rutherford may be agreeable and serviceable to both. . . . Tender my respects to Mrs. Yates. . . .

"Charles Yates."

* Sister of Mrs. Yates.

Mrs. Yates to "John Yates, Walnut Grove, Jefferson County, Virginia."

"HUTTON HALL, *December 30th*, 1807.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—Your father received yours of April 20th and July 22nd, and I have since had the pleasure of a later one (October 1st), the two last announcing the birth of your son,* upon which and Mrs. Yates' recovery we sincerely congratulate you, offering our prayers to the Dispenser of good for every blessing upon them. . . . I was convinced that whatever your youthful follies might have been that offended Mr. Yates, your more ripened judgment and propriety of acting would restore you to that place in his confidence which transactions upon this side of the Atlantic, as well as upon the other, had for a time made dormant. I beg you to be particular in informing us of your situation over the Blue Ridge, and what is expected. Permit me to recommend my dear child, whatever your fortune may be, to practise habits of active industry, thereby setting a good example to all around you, and still more those of strictest probity and honesty, and keep always in mind the old golden rule of doing unto others what you would have them do unto you. Cultivate the minds of your children. God only knows how long they may live; and if their lives are short, there cannot be so great consolation to parents, as the hope of having fitted them for the enjoyments of the blessed in a better world. I am sorry to find so few of our letters reach you. I make no doubt but it is owing in a great measure to our being obliged to pay the out postage (2*s.* 6*d.* for each single sheet that goes by the packet), which is a temptation to the clerks in office to pocket; and there is no helping it. I generally send a duplicate by Liverpool, in hopes one or the other will reach you. Your sister went yesterday to spend a week with Mrs. Bateman at Newbiggen. Your father spent some weeks at Buxton in September. I have the satisfaction of adding for myself, that I have had less headache this winter, and of

* Charles Yates.

course better health. It cannot be purchased too dearly, and to obtain it I am obliged to give up a great deal of reading and writing, which always amused me, and made the time pass agreeably; but that would not have sufficed if my general health was not improved. Your brother is with his regiment at Hull. We hope to see him here in January. Charles Pattenson got a fall from his horse in India about a year ago, and was taken up for dead; he has just come over, with his wife and children, to England, and last week arrived at Melmerby, hoping the climate and medical advice here may be of use to him. We understand in his present situation he can remember what happened before the accident, but nothing since, so that he cannot to-day recall what passed yesterday, a very distressing situation, particularly to a man with a wife and family, who has not yet had time to realise a fortune to maintain them. Jack Pattenson continues in India, and is in a very prosperous way; his wife and two children have been in England some time. Tom Pattenson lives at home. He is now curate of Ousby, a living lately occupied by Mr. Hare, the gentleman who married Mary Pattenson. Mrs. Bamber wrote not long ago that you had not answered her last letter, and sent some kind messages; if you have not written lately, I wish you would; there is nobody requires more or is better pleased with attention than she is. Say that you hope to hear Mr. Bamber and herself are both in better health. You have not told me the name of my little grandson.* You know what I *advised* you to call him, because I thought it right, and might contribute to your own as well as his interest. I had no right to *dictate;* and if you have done otherwise, I hope he will be no loser by it. I entreat you not to give them ugly names; it may be injurious to them *here.* I assure you for one I like to have both my eye and ear pleased. A good-sounding name gives as much the idea of gentility, family, and connection as a good exterior. Mrs. Yates has a pretty name, one of our family too. I hope it will descend. I pray God to bless you, my

* Charles Yates.

dear children, and send you many happy new years, and that some time I may have the satisfaction of seeing you everything I can wish. You will see by the papers what a strange state Europe is in. The royal family of Portugal have quitted a country they could no longer defend, and have sailed for the Brazils, with thirty or forty thousand Portuguese—the number is not exactly ascertained—under the protection of a British fleet. Further than heavy taxes and a scarcity of men, we know not the calamities of war, nor was the nation at any period ever more cordially united in support of the existing Government. I am glad to hear you have a sister of Mrs. Yates with you, knowing the acquisition a kind relation is in domestic life. Have you any society living near you? Remember to give us early information of your going to reside in Jefferson County (why was it changed from Berkeley?) and the proper direction for your letters. I address this on my own judgment. . . .

"M. YATES."

1808.

Charles Yates to "Patrick Kennon, Esq., New York."

"*March 8th*, 1808."

". . . Since my last it hath pleased the Almighty to send a grievous affliction upon me. On the 6th ult. it happened, but how I can hardly tell, but that I fell from the top of my steps, which, although not very high, yet the walk being hard and my strength feeble, the shock was such as you can hardly conceive. I was apprehensive my hip had been dislocated. However, I hope it is not. Since that time I have laid flat on my back, and endured pains which I could not now wish to be able to describe; but I am thankful they are greatly lessened, and I have hope they may continue to be so in some degree. As it will always afford me happiness to hear that you are happy, your communicating it, as leisure and opportunity offers, will be very gratifying to, dear sir,

"Your friend and obedient servant,

"CHARLES YATES."

The same to John Yates.

"*May 20th*, 1808.

". . . Stretched out in my bed and on my back, as I was when you were here last, you may suppose I am not very easy in my mind, but yet that is not really the case. Thank God, I remain free of sickness, and of anything like torturing pains. My humble wishes extend at present little further than that I should be able to remove myself from my bed, with slight assistance, to my chair, and perhaps they might go further, even to my dining-room, porches, or perhaps extend to the garden. My lower limbs, thank God, I can move, but they fail me in any attempts to be useful in supporting my weight. However, this, I hope, may amend, provided the weather will permit me shortly to get a little fresh air. Yesterday fortnight, Mrs. Heslop,* returning from a visit to Dumfries, had the misfortune to be upset in the stage and get a broken arm; next day she got home, and now in a fortnight is able to walk up and downstairs; whilst, poor me! after fifteen weeks of confinement to my bed, I see no time when that confinement is to end. I have heard nothing lately from Germanna, but communication being almost daily with this place, I take for granted all is as one would wish them. I hear that Jane Lovell is sent to school at Shepherdstown. The communications betwixt Mr. Mark's relatives there and his family here, with what you might write, even without any business, would let me know how you all are once a week at least. Wishing you and all under your roof every happiness that this world contains. . . ."

From the same.

"*May 30th.*

"Your crop of blacks (negroes) will overstock you, and it will be necessary to take and keep a correct list of them, and if you have not attempted such a plantation book as I always kept here, the sooner you set about it the better. . . ."

* The housekeeper.

From the same.

"*June* 24*th*.

"Yours of the 16th instant was received in due time. Mr. John Mark's report on his return was that you had prepared about eight and a half acres of ground for potatoes. Indefinite terms give improper information about quantities and qualities. Charles Lovell * was here last week, and makes his account about six and a half acres; your own calls it about seven and a half acres. Now which of the *abouts* and *roundabouts* is to be calculated on? There is no knowing. Only this I know: that if in the account of your last year's crop of potatoes you had said seventeen hundred bushels were made upon three and a half, four and a half, or five and a half acres, I could have known what the ground produced per acre. Experience only will teach the farmer. . . ."

From the same.

"*July* 15*th*.

". . . I will presume there was nothing so material as to make it absolutely necessary that you should have written by the last post, but yet it may be presumed on your part that the hearing from Walnut Grove is always a matter of some consequence to me. On the 12th I received a letter from your cousin Jane Matthews. The contents are as follows, in her own words: 'We had a letter last night from Mrs. Yates, who tells us my uncle is better, but looks pale and thin. Mrs. Yates' sister, Mrs. Bamber, of Nunnery, lost her husband last week; he has been long ill. Mrs. Bamber sent for Major Yates, and he is now at Nunnery. He is a very great favourite with his aunt.' . . ."

From the same.

"*July* 22*nd*.

"As to myself, I cannot say how I am; and what you may hear from others, you may take for granted that much reliance cannot be placed thereon, as I cannot at this time

* Brother of Mrs. J. Yates.

make an effort to move one foot before the other. In my communication last week by post, it was said that Mrs. Bamber had lost her husband, and that she had sent for your brother Francis, who was then at Nunnery. This I then thought, and now think, to be a matter of consequence to him and the family. I have not anything to add but the best wishes for all of you. . . ."

Mary Yates to John Yates.

"HUTTON HALL, *August* 1*st*, 1808.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—Though I wrote to you per New York packet only three days ago, a Liverpool gentleman now in Penrith informing us they are sending vessels from that port to the United States, I commit this to his charge, anxious to give every possible chance for your receiving those acknowledgments so justly due for your most kind and welcome letter of 15th April. I have not words to express the thanks I feel for your consideration for me, and the transfer you make to me of our late worthy uncle's legacy I accept with double pleasure, as a proof of the prosperity of your own situation, as well as of an affection that has not yielded to time nor distance. The kindness of relatives and the proofs we receive of their regard are some of the chief pleasures this world bestows without alloy; and as they are not so thickly strewn in our paths, they are prized in proportion. I register the assurance of your regard as one of the blessings I cannot be too grateful for to that Power Who ordereth all things for the best, and though chastening us with many deprivations, has left so much to soften the unavoidable evils of life. . . . I regret that your domestic details are not more minute. Your son you scarcely ever mention; and far from wearying, you could not gratify us so much as by accounts of those dear little ones, for whom only their parents can feel a more anxious interest. My nieces are now at the most amusing age, and I should like to hear of their progress. Judging of you in like manner, I will speak particularly of ourselves. My mother is the comfort and

support of us all, active as possible both in mind and body. My father has been staying at Shap Wells. . . . Mr. Bamber died suddenly on Easter Sunday; he had long been in a debilitated state, but neither himself nor any one about him seem to have entertained the most remote idea of his danger. My aunt is in great affliction, she has not fortitude to support her inevitable misfortune, and she lives so secluded, her mind, instead of being diverted, broods over and magnifies her loss. . . ."

Mrs. Yates fills the rest of the paper.

"My dear John,—I shall add a line to this sheet. The letter your sister acknowledges gave us great pleasure, as a proof of the ease of your own situation and of your affection to her. There cannot be a more gratifying thing to a parent, than to see union and affection run through the family. The money will be paid to your sister without the least inconvenience to your father, as I lodged the sum of the original legacy in a particular hand some time ago for that purpose, the same being left to me by my late worthy relation Mrs. Neilson, of Hemby. Some years ago I had also the satisfaction of enabling him to discharge a similar debt of five hundred pounds to your brother, which was also a legacy left me by good Mrs. Idle. I was gratified by having it in my power to do both, assisting at the same time their father and my children. I strongly recommend you, my dear child, to look well after your own affairs, whatever their situation may be; trust to others as little as possible. I do not see anybody thrive here who does, and men are the same everywhere. . . . I wish you would write a letter to Mrs. Bamber, of inquiry for herself and of condolence for the loss she has lately sustained. . . ."

Charles Yates to John Yates.

"Fredericksburg, *August 15th*, 1808.

". . . I have before me your favour of the 29th ult. You say you have hauled in nearly all your wheat and oats, but, like your predecessor, B. Wiltshire, cautiously avoid

giving me a hint of the quantity you expect to make of either. It is true this could answer no important end, but yet I should like to know to what you have to look forward. Presuming not to look into futurity with a prophetic eye, I can only answer your desire of my opinion of what would be doing for the best for the next year. I should not like to deviate too far from the beaten track, but, however, as prospects make against the cultivation of wheat, the quantities of tobacco and hemp may be increased to what extent you may think proper. . . . Since the resolution for increasing to a large extent the gun factory at Harper's Ferry, it would not be amiss to cultivate the acquaintance of the people there. . . ."

The same to Mary Matthews.

"*October* 20*th.*

". . . I have now to own your kind letter, and two from your brother. One would have thought that the accident of the 6th February last required no great painter to give it a better colouring than fell from my hand; however, it laid me flat upon my back from that time, which is now eight months. And now it is here I lie, leaving myself entirely at God's great mercy and favour, which have hitherto been extended to me through a long course of life, being now in my eighty-first year and the eighth month of the eighty-second. No doubt His future favours will be acknowledged as thankfully as in my power, and with a constant resignation to His holy will always. It need not be repeated that among the satisfactions I may expect is the hearing of the welfare of my relations. . . . We seem for these two or three months past to have given a sort of check to the havoc of the European tyrant, and I hope things will shortly be placed in a better-regulated manner. I wish it was in my power to spend a part of my time, which, unluckily for me, is now devoted to no profitable pursuit, in the entertainment of you and your sister and brother. However, depending upon hearing from you, I must rest satisfied with making such returns as my situation allows. . . ."

Mary Yates to John Yates.

"PENRITH, *November 5th*, 1808.

". . . Mrs. Bateman is just separated from her son, who is gone to Cambridge for the first time. He is a plain-looking young man, but very grave and steady in his manners, and I believe his school progress has been very creditable. . . . There have been a great many public meetings in the county this summer, but it is so long since I attended anything of the kind, I only hear of and do not join them. . . . Miss Hasell, I am grieved to say, is suffering under the fearful and incurable disease of cancer; and her eldest nephew, Mr. Salmond, has lately made a second marriage, under very good prospects. We have lost two relations in the course of the summer—Mrs. William Taylor, a niece of the late Sir Henry Fletcher, and Mrs. Johnson, whose husband was a clergyman in Essex, a nephew of Sir Philip Musgrave, and consequently a cousin of my mother's. We have two other connections who, from their great age and infirmities, cannot in all human probability survive very long—Miss Jackson, of Carlisle, and Miss Craik, the latter above, and the former near ninety years. . . ."

Mary Matthews to Charles Yates.

"WIGTON, *December 3rd*, 1808.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—We have anxiously looked for accounts from you by the last two packets, but none have arrived, and we feel very unhappy when we do not receive them. I hope by this you are more recovered from your accident. My brother wrote last, and gave you some account of the agricultural meeting at Workington, and informed you that our old James got a prize for his long services. He received it from Mr. Curwen's hands, in the presence of about two hundred people, with many fine compliments to his master and himself, and that good masters made good servants; and Mr. Curwen said he rejoiced in seeing before him one of the old school of servants, whose race he feared was too nearly extinct. He then bid James walk forward and show his

honest face, and presenting him with two guineas in a smart purse, said he had much gratification in bestowing a reward where it was so well merited. My memory will not allow me to do justice to the very neat manner in which Mr. Curwen bestowed the prize, but I have told you as much as I can recollect. A labourer of my brother's also received a reward for bringing up a family of nine children without parochial relief, but he could not be present to receive it, so my brother desired it to be saved for him, not liking to take it himself from Mr. Curwen before so many people, as it would have been an opportunity for a little wit upon his receiving a prize for the *largest family.* The ladies were present when the prizes were distributed, and a very amusing scene it was. My sister and I were at the Hall during the meeting, which lasted nearly a week. We were a party of near fifty ladies, and some amusement was devised for every day. Mrs. Curwen gave a grand rout at the Hall, where the apartments are so large and splendid, that it was a beautiful sight to see them lighted and filled with gay company. One morning we drove about Mr. Curwen's farm, which is considered a very neat one, and saw a dinner set out for two hundred farmers and gentlemen, which is given by Mr. Curwen. It is said that the members of this Society mean to present their president (Mr. Curwen) with a silver cup, price two hundred pounds, at the next meeting. Miss Pattenson and her sister, Mrs. Hare, were of our party, and Mr. Benson, and indeed every family in the county. Mrs. Spedding, of Mirehouse, was so kind as to take Jane and me in her carriage to Workington, and accommodate us whilst there with the use of it, and considered us of her party, which made it very comfortable and pleasant to us, and we enjoyed it very much. As we came from Workington, my brother owing visits to Sir Frederick Vane, Mr. Dykes, and Mr. Brown, of Tallentine, we went to these three places before we came home, where we are quietly settled for the winter. . . . Lady Fletcher is very well, and her grandson Henry is a fine boy. Charles Pattenson is still at Melmerby, and not recovered from the accident he had in

India. Happily, he has his pension. Mr. Hare, who married your cousin Mr. Pattenson's youngest daughter, by the death of his father, has come to an estate of near three thousand a year, and they are gone to live upon it. My sister wrote to you that old Mr. Stanley, of Whitehaven, inquired much after you when my brother and I were at Plumbland, where he lives with his son. . . ."

This was probably the last letter from his English relations that reached Mr. Charles Yates. Without any pronounced disease, his health continued to fail, and he died on the 11th of January, 1809. He was buried in the Masonic graveyard in Fredericksburg, where a neat monument marks his grave.

Charles Yates was the son of the Rev. Francis Yates and Anne Orfeur his wife. He was born April 20th, 1727, in Whitehaven, England. He lived in America sixty-one years, and through a long life of industry and enterprise, he won the confidence of all classes of men with whom he came in contact on both sides of the Atlantic. He was engaged in a large mercantile business for many years. He lived in Fredericksburg in much affluence, and drew about him the choice and better people of the land. His home was a handsome place in the suburbs of the town, surrounded by grounds of some extent. As the size of the town increased, a strong effort was made to extend the streets through his grounds, which he strenuously and successfully resisted. He owned lands in different parts of Virginia. The Walnut Grove estate, a tract of one thousand acres in that part of the county of Berkeley afterwards separated and called Jefferson County, was purchased of Mr. Thomas Rutherford, about the year 1780, for the sum of three thousand pounds sterling. It was so named, before Mr. Yates owned it, because of the great number of black or American walnut trees growing upon it. Mr. Yates built a good house for

himself and one for his overseer or steward near the edge of the forest. There was great labour involved in clearing away the heavy timber that covered the greater part of the estate. Mr. Yates colonised the farm with negroes, and soon stocked it with cattle, horses, sheep, and other animals, and erected convenient buildings and shelters and fencings. In the rank, fresh state of the soil, no attention was paid to enriching, clover had not come into use, and timothy served for pasture and hay. He had fine orchards of apple and other fruit trees planted, which a memorandum in his own hand, in his farm-book, states was done in the year 1780. The harvests from these trees have been gathered and enjoyed successively by several generations, and a few trees are yet standing. It was Mr. Yates' habit to spend a few months every year at Walnut Grove, in the improvement and farming of which place he took great interest. He handed over this entire property to his nephew John Yates in the autumn of the year 1807, but his active and practical interest continued unabated, as shown by his latest letters.

His last will was dated 13th October, 1806, and is recorded in Spottsylvania Court House, Virginia. He left legacies to various individuals, "to the trustees of the Fredericksburg Charity School, for educating poor boys, two thousand dollars." Many of his slaves he liberated, "for their faithful services and my attachment;" to several of them he left annuities for life. He bequeathed the bulk of his property to the families of his sister, Mrs. Matthews, and of his brother, John Orfeur Yates. To his relatives in England, his property was chiefly in funds, previously transmitted to that country, and his personal property in Fredericksburg was left to the Rev. R. Matthews; to his nephew John Yates, his lands and slaves in Virginia, with his personal property in Jefferson County, subject to

fourteen thousand dollars legacies. It may be interesting to those possessing some small articles to quote the clause in which they are mentioned, as follows: "Seventhly, I also bequeath to my said nephew John Yates and his representatives for ever all my silver plate, my gold watch, my plain gold ring, which was the wedding ring of my grandmother Yates, all the books, furniture, and property in his possession, my gold ring with my coat of arms engraved on a cornelian, and one half in value of my printed books in town,* to be ascertained by such person or persons as he and my executor in Virginia may agree on." The final clause names his executors: "Lastly, I appoint my aforesaid nephew the Rev. Richard Matthews, of Wigton, my sole executor in England and my sole residuary legatee and devisee; and I appoint the same before-mentioned Benjamin Day my sole executor in Virginia."

In appearance, Mr. Yates was tall and well proportioned. His former partner in business, Mr. Daniel Payne, at his death left Mr. Yates all his fortune, which, to his credit, he distributed equitably among the proper heirs of Daniel Payne.

"Among the many things that are told of Mr. Charles Yates, it is said there was a young gentleman who became largely indebted to him, and perhaps to others. He came to Mr. Yates and told he owed so much, he never expected to be able to pay his debts, and he would be glad if he would take charge of his estate, and dispose of it, to pay himself and others as far as it would go. After remonstrating with him, he at length consented to the proposition. The young man felt relieved from his burden, and thought that was the last he would hear of the matter. Mr. Yates investigated his affairs, and put them in the proper train, and in two or three years after, he met the young man on

* Fredericksburg.

the street, and asked him to come to his house; he wished to confer with him on the subject of his affairs. The young man was dejected, and rather demurred, stating that it was not worth while, as he had all the property and was himself without anything. 'Tut! tut!' said Mr. Yates. 'Come and see.' What was the surprise of the young man when Mr. Yates said to him, 'Here are your papers and accounts, and here is a reconveyance of your estate and a clear title to everything, free of all debts and encumbrances'! The young man was overwhelmed with astonishment and gratitude, and went away rejoicing at his good fortune and the kind disinterestedness of his old friend."

1809.

Mrs. Yates to "John Yates, Charlestown, Jefferson County, Virginia."

"HUTTON HALL, *March 30th*, 1809.

"MY DEAR CHILD,— . . . The accounts you wrote in November of the distressing situation in which your uncle lay prepared us to expect the account of his death, which was transmitted to your father by Mr. Matthews, who received it from Major Benjamin Day, saying, Mr. Yates died and was buried on such a day on January, and adds that he will send Mr. Matthews a copy of his will as soon as he can, by which we infer he is left in trust for it. Mr. Matthews says you were not mentioned in the letter, and as you have not written, we conclude you were not in Fredericksburg at the time of his death, though it seems odd you should not have reached there immediately after, as we must suppose you the principal person concerned. . . . Your father has borne with more composure than I expected the loss of his last brother, but time and a repetition of such misfortunes blunt the human feelings, and it is a blessing it is so. I expect you to write a detailed account of your situation. You now know on what you have to depend, and will judge the properest plan to pursue in

every respect. No one at a distance can pretend to advise you, but I would have you to remember, the more exalted your situation, of so much the more consequence is the example you set. Show your children and your dependants what they ought to be, and do not doubt but it will produce good effects in forming the minds of the one and bettering the principles of the other. Your brother stands high in the estimation of the world; no voice ever calumniates him; happy, thrice happy, shall I be if you too tread in the path of honour and virtue. Then I shall hope to be reunited to all my children in heaven, which I daily pray the Almighty to grant. . . . You seemed to think, when with your uncle in November, that he had something to communicate to you, which he deferred, and kept talking upon indifferent subjects. I hope, if it was anything you should know, he explained himself before you parted, as I think it probable you never saw him again. I wish I could persuade Mrs. Yates to give me a particular account of her children; they are very dear to me, and I take a lively interest in all that belongs to you. God bless you. . . ."

Major Yates to John Yates.

"HULL, *May* 1*st*, 1809.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—Some days ago I received a letter informing me of the disposition my uncle had made of his affairs. Of his death I had been previously apprised. It afforded me much satisfaction that the provision made for you is ample, and that you have not experienced any disappointment. I can with truth say I have suffered none, that I entertained no expectation of having any remembrance. . . ."

Mrs. Yates to John Yates.

"HUTTON HALL, *June* 1*st*, 1809.

"(A very cold day, and snow upon the mountains.)

"MY DEAR JOHN,—On the 19th of April, Mr. Yates received your letter of January 19th, and about ten days

afterwards, Mr. Matthews sent us a copy of your uncle's will. I judge by your letter you are satisfied, and I hope you have reason to be thankful. I have never been desirous that any of my family should be wealthy, because the possession of *much* too often corrupts the heart, and setting people above the world makes them forget their dependence upon God, and that this state of existence is only a preparation for another. I am disappointed that your uncle did not clear his brother's estate of the whole debt he owed him, instead of portioning your sister upon it, which, though very happy that she is secured in an independency, upon which a gentlewoman may live with comfort, yet he had enough to do that from other funds, and have set his brother clear in his old age. . . . We hope Mr. Day and you will continue friends, you mentioned him as such some years back, but how did he keep in with both your uncle and yourself when there was little intercourse between you, and what was the amount of the legacy that is left to him? It has been repeatedly said in this country, that a legacy of ten thousand pounds left by Daniel Payne to Mr. Charles Yates was immediately given up by that gentleman to Mr. Payne's relations. Was that the case? Or is it, as I suspect, that the return is now made by the bequests in the will to the Payne family? I must tell you that we cannot by any book ascertain the value of an American dollar. Can you give us an idea of your possessions by English guineas or pounds? Will you return to England? You may be assured your parents will be glad to see you and every one belonging to you, either for a time or to settle. I need not say what my own wishes are. They are secondary considerations to what is most advantageous for your family. To live in England and educate children, a good fortune is necessary; an affectionate family, residing near each other, are by mutual good offices support, strength, and wealth to each other. Your father desires his love to you and yours. He has quite given up writing, and, from his declining health, is not equal to any business. . . . I have just heard of the death of Miss Craik, the last of that worthy and respected

family. She was upwards of ninety, and had been confined to her bed for nearly a year. The greater part of her fortune, I conclude, will rest with a niece of the same name, who has resided some years with them, and may truly be said to have been the support of their old age. We had expected to have a free trade between this country and America, but our country seems to be throwing fresh difficulties in the way. If there is any probability of your receiving it, I will forward a duplicate of this letter by Liverpool, in a little box, with an agricultural book for you, written by our friend Mr. Curwen, and some trifling marks of affection for your family. My dear children, if you will come to England, how happy it will make us. I am cheered by the thought of the mere possibility. . . .

"*July* 18*th*.

". . . Since we have resided here we have lived within our income, and have been yearly paying off debts improvidently contracted, yet I assure you we live in more comfort than when we were upon a larger establishment. We shall go on in the same economical habits, till every debt I know of is paid off; and now that the interest which for the last seven years has been paid to Mr. Matthews on your uncle's account has ceased, all but Mary's share, we shall be that much richer, and consequently get sooner clear. In my June letter I told you Mr. Yates had gone to Shap Wells to drink the waters, which have heretofore done him good, but he is returned without deriving the usual advantage. I look with surprise at the change time has made when I contrast what an active and able man he was with what he now is; but you need take no notice when you write that I mentioned his situation particularly. . . ."

"*August* 25*th*.

". . . Your letter of February 23rd was yesterday delivered to your father by Mr. Martin,* whom Mr. Matthews brought here, and who will go to Liverpool to enter the counting-house of Mr. Maury; but he will write to you of his own

* He had served as secretary to Mr. Charles Yates.

situation, and I will only add that he says Mr. Matthews has behaved very handsomely to him. We thank you for your attention in desiring him to call upon us. It is very gratifying to see one who knows or has been with you. He gives me a very pleasing account, saying that you are diligent and attentive to your affairs, and domestic in your habits; and he speaks very highly of Mrs. Yates, confirming the good opinion I had of her. We are obliged for the profiles, though I cannot think them like you, being so different from what you were, and they are more like your father, but Mr. Martin says they bear a strong resemblance to you, and that you are very like me; be that as it may, you are extremely dear to our hearts. In July I forwarded a box, which I shall be glad to hear is received in the same kindness with which it was sent, for in that consists the value of most presents. Mr. Martin has given me two pointed stones, which he says are frequently ploughed up in America, and are supposed to be the points of the arrows of the natives; I have placed them in my cabinet. I am confident you could send me many things I should value, specimens of American money amongst others, and a large and perfect ear of Indian corn; what I have is only a mutilated one. . . .

"Mrs. Bamber keeps closely at Nunnery, never having been from home since she became a widow. She and Mrs. Bateman showed you much kindness in your youth, and would be gratified by attention from you, as your father is by your present of his brother's watch, received yesterday from Mr. Martin. What do you mean to do with the home in which your uncle lived in Fredericksburg? I should think it more comfortable as a winter residence than remaining where you are. . . ."

CHAPTER V.

1810—1819.

"And there are souls that seem to dwell
Above this earth, so rich a spell
Floats round their steps, where'er they move."

KEBLE.

1810.—Birth of William Yates in Virginia. 1811.—Birth of Francis Yates in Virginia. 1813.—Birth of John Orfeur Yates in Virginia. 1814.—Marriage of Major Francis Yates to Miss Mary Matthews. Birth of Elizabeth Anne Yates in England. 1815.—Birth of Anne Yates in Virginia. Birth of Mary Yates in England. 1816.—Death of Mrs. Yates in England. 1817.—Birth of Henry Yates at Skirwith Abbey. Birth of Elizabeth in Virginia. 1818.—Death of John Orfeur Yates, Esq. 1819.—Birth of Julia Yates in Virginia.

1810.

Mary Yates to John Yates.

"HUTTON HALL, *January 13th*, 1810.

". . . Owing to the loss of your letters, we neither know the name nor the age of your last little boy,* but to hear of you all being well is a comfort, that we regret is not more frequently confirmed. . . . At the time Mr. Martin was here, I was at Gilsland, drinking the waters and using the hot bath, which I flatter myself has done me good. I made a longer trial of the Spa, than it was ever in my power to do before ; like every other place, it has become sadly expensive, but it is also pleasant, and where health is in view, money is well bestowed in the pursuit. My uncle's [Mr. Charles Yates'] remembrance has made me easy in that respect, and

* William Yates.

I cannot be sufficiently grateful for the competence I now enjoy. At the same time, the difference between a nominal and *real* English income would perfectly astonish you slightly burthened Americans. Our taxes and drawbacks are so enormous, that had they been imposed at once, they would never have been endured, but coming by degrees, people yield insensibly to the pressure. You cannot receive or pay without heavy stamps, the deduction of ten per cent. from every income it is impossible to evade, and every article of consumption is made in some degree to contribute to the revenue. With all these disadvantages, no part of Europe is so desirable, for every other State is in anarchy or subjection. The wonderful monster Buonaparte still goes on conquering, and conjecture is at a loss where his triumphs are to stop. . . . We have this week lost a very respectable connection, at the advanced age of eighty: Mr. Howard, of Corby Castle. In the autumn, Mr. and Mrs. Bateman took me with them to Edinburgh, and a very gratifying excursion I had. In the ten years that had passed since I was last in Scotland, the improvements exceed all that I could have believed possible, in buildings, planting and agriculture, and the appearance and manners of the inhabitants. A great deal of that barren and desolate country, which impressed one so drearily, is now in fine cultivation. Moffat has become an excessively pretty place; and Edinburgh is so enlarged, that St. Andrew's Square, which you must recollect as almost at an extremity, is now so central, that the principal medical men have all removed into it. Between that and the Firth, a most beautiful new town has sprung up; and Leith and Edinburgh, which you knew a mile distant, are now almost united. Mrs. Brougham inquired most kindly after you. Of her family, the two eldest are settled in London, in different branches of the law; the third, Peter, was killed in a duel going out to India. John is a wine-merchant in Edinburgh, and lately married; there is one son, and a daughter still at school. Mr. Brougham is become quite a recluse, not in bad health, but yielding to a sort of mood that unfits him for society. . . . We have just

recollected the birthday of your oldest daughter, with fervent wishes for her enjoyment, and for many happy returns of the day. . . ."

Mrs. Yates to John Yates.

"HUTTON HALL, *February 25th*, 1810.

". . . Francis has been full four months in the county, upon the recruiting service, and has just left us. He spent the time pretty equally between Nunnery and Penrith, and in both places made the winter cheerful. I am happy by your letters to find you are satisfied. Mr. Martin told me, few in your part of the world would be so well off as yourself, but I shall always grieve that it separates you from us; he said there was no disposing of property there to advantage, nor any letting it to farmers as we do in England. It therefore appears to be a tie upon you to remain, and we must reconcile ourselves to seeing you *only sometimes*, and I look with hope that nothing will prevent your coming next year, and your family with you. . . . We have just heard of the death of Mr. Brougham. His eldest son, Henry, is come into Parliament for Camelford, upon the interest in opposition to the present Ministry. . . . Mrs. Bamber has just parted with her old servant, John Lowe, whom you will remember, after nearly forty years' service, his old father and some money business obliging him to return to his own country; but he seemed so afflicted and distressed at going, that I shall not be surprised if he returns and ends his days at Nunnery. . . ."

"*July 30th.*

". . . I shall take care your aunts are acquainted with your messages, and Mr. Matthews also with your thanks for the book which he ordered Martin to send you when they were here together last August. The latter gave deplorable accounts of Virginia husbandry, and we hope, by sending you agricultural books, you may find something in them to assist you. Mr. Martin's accounts of your family improved the agreeable impressions you had given me. I wish your brother was equally well connected, and that we

had a rising generation in Europe as well as in America. . . . Mrs. Hasell, of Dalemain, is dead, leaving a son and three daughters to lament her early dissolution. . . .

"*October* 14*th.*

"Your sister is now upon a visit, after spending several weeks at Gilsland, upon the borders of Scotland, in that beautiful vale between Longtown and Langham, at a place called Forge, formerly occupied by an East India acquaintance of your father's, and now by his daughter, the widow of an East India captain. As it is near the post road, you may perhaps have some recollection of it. . . . Lady Musgrave and her family are come to reside some time at Eden Hall. She is a fine woman and a great addition to the neighbourhood. Mrs. Bateman's son is in the county; he is a young man very well liked and spoken of, and, I trust, will be a great comfort to her. I think he will be of age next December. So swiftly does time pass away, that it seems but like the other day I saw him an infant at Dodford, in Northamptonshire. . . ."

1811.

Mrs. Yates to John Yates.

"*March* 28*th.*

". . . Mary has been with Mrs. Bateman ever since Christmas, who was dangerously ill, but is happily recovering, and I hope to have your sister at home very soon. I have much wanted her during the long winter evenings. Mrs. Bateman's illness has been a most inveterate attack of ophthalmia, or inflammation of the eyes, a disease brought to England by our troops from Egypt some years since; for though British eyes had been subject to inflammation in a lighter degree, they had never been known to suffer in the virulent manner now shown. Mrs. Bateman was deprived of her sight for nearly three whole months. Her having it at all is extraordinary, for, supposing it infectious, she had not been in the way of it, nor has any one taken it from her. The same disorder, however, has prevailed in

this place, whole families having it, but not violently, as in her case. . . . I often wish we had some of your little ones; they would be to us as our own, and they would receive a better—at least, a more polished—education with us, than they can in the wilds of America. Think of it. Your eldest daughter is seven years old, and Mary six. I hope you have taught them to read, and that they are beginning to write, and when they can do so, that they will write to me. Teach them their prayers, and to walk with the fear of God before their eyes. I should be wanting in my own duty if I did not commend the practice of religion and of moral duties both to you and your children. You were early taken from us, but I trust the lessons of your youth are not forgotten, and will descend to those whom you have now to instruct. I grieve to think you are *seven miles* (I think Martin told me so) from a place of public worship,* for there are none so good as not to require to be frequently reminded of their duties; and *that* being the case, it is doubly incumbent upon the head of a family to teach those belonging to him, and literally to make his house a house of prayer. . . .

"The Matthewses all remain single, which, as they all have good fortunes, we rather wonder at. We have not seen them lately, but it proceeds from accident, and not from any particular cause. I never remember so fine a month of March as this has been. Everybody is employed in the fields, and Penrith Fell, now under a general bill of enclosure, finds constant employment for all who will work, which is a fortunate circumstance under the present decline of manufactories. Accept, my dear child, every kind wish; and may the blessing of Heaven attend you all, is the sincere prayer of

"Your affectionate mother,

"M. YATES."

From his sister.

"*April 28th*, 1811.

". . . In Easter week we lost a most agreeable and excellent neighbour in Mrs. Wallace. For above twenty

* Shepherdstown.

years she had lived altogether at Carleton Hall, spending her ample income where she received it, and making her house infinitely more pleasant than any other I ever visited. She was particularly obliging to me; and the advantage of her society and good library was so great, her death will be a blank I hardly ever expect to see filled. Mr. Pattenson has been all the winter in bad health, and I think his complete restoration is not looked for. . . . "

From his sister.

"*November* 11*th*, 1811.

" . . . Mr. Aglionby* is still at Cambridge. He comes of age in December, but his lawsuits are not yet finished, and though a handsome property must remain, there is no knowing when Mrs. Lowthian's affairs will be settled. Sir Wilfrid Lawson's executors made him a ward of chancery, and he does not think they have acted in an advantageous way for his interest. Like the rest of my cousins, he is of diminutive stature. Those from Wigton are just gone, after spending a week with us; they are very pleasant people. Richard has a great deal of general information, and is very communicative; and his sisters are very cheerful and accommodating girls. Our old friend Mr. Pattenson is so ill, that I think I shall never mention him again to you as an inhabitant of this world. My mother says she will add a line, so adieu, my dear brother."

From his sister.

"*Christmas Day*, 1811.

" Still, my dear brother, the pleasure of receiving your letters is alloyed by learning how many of them we lose. . . . I am glad to assure you how sincerely we all participate in the joy you express on Mrs. Yates' recovery and the birth of *Francis the Little*, who I hope may give you the same satisfaction and comfort hereafter his uncle now affords to his parents. For the prosperity of the rest, we are truly thankful to think, that though removed from your own family, Provi-

* Mrs. Bateman's son.

dence raises so flourishing a one around you. . . . Francis is at Derby, where his regiment was ordered suddenly, in consequence of the riotous work at Nottingham and in the neighbourhood. This, I suppose, you will see by public prints; and there is every reason to hope that, as vigorous measures are now taken, the insurgents will be got under. Mrs. Bateman went to London the beginning of this month, and has put herself under the care of Phipps, a very eminent oculist. He assures her he looks upon her case as curable, though likely to be tedious. She has borne her infliction with such patience, I believe all who have seen or known her are anxious on her behalf. The Matthewses are in daily expectation of losing their uncle, poor Tommy, whom you will probably recollect, as the last day they wrote he was reduced to almost infantine weakness, and could scarcely take any sustenance. Mr. Pattenson died on the 19th of November. There was a general idea that he had left his property to Jack, but, however, he seems to have made a more equitable disposition. I understand it is the intention of the present Mr. Pattenson (Tom), his aunt Miss Grainger, and his sister, to live on together as they have done. . . . "

1812.

Mrs. Yates to John Yates.

"HUTTON HALL, *March 25th*, 1812.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—It seems to be long since I have written to you, but my thoughts and kind wishes are always with you. My eyesight is not as good as it used to be, and looking long at anything, particularly writing, is apt to bring on the sad pains in my eye and head to which I have all my life been subject, and which return more frequently as I grow older, contrary to the prognostications that used to be made that I should get the better of them as time passed over my head. This reason has made me almost give up using my pen, especially in winter, when the light is bad, and it is only with my children and two or three particular friends that I now correspond. . . . I hope peace may be

preserved with America. I see nothing that country can gain by a state of hostility with England; and as for this country, she has already sufficient upon her hands. . . . Among the stocking-weavers there has been a good deal of rioting during the winter, not from disaffection to government, but from want of employment in their trade, exportation being now so trifling, as to throw numbers out of work, who, to make more for themselves, have been breaking the machinery which accelerated the weaving of stockings, in the expectation that more hand labour would be necessary. Severe punishment will certainly fall upon the ringleaders on conviction. If the decline of manufactures does not go to too great an extent, the nation will be benefited. The great wages had destroyed the balance of labour; servants and agriculturists became scarce, the majority going to the loom; the health and morals of the people were destroyed; and there were many attendant evils, which I trust, with the attention now paid to the education of the poor and the improving state of agriculture, will in a few years be removed. . . . Our relation Mr. Hasell, between forty and fifty years of age, has married a young woman of eighteen, of the name of Whitehead, a clergyman's daughter of Westmoreland. If you have received your sister's letters, you will know of Mr. Pattenson's death, quite an old man at sixty years. He has left his daughters very well, and the residue to Tom. His estate at Robesby and his property at this place are advertised for sale, to pay debts. Whether any part of that at Melmerby will be obliged to go for the same purpose I cannot say. Charles Pattenson is returned to India, and Jack is doing very well there. . . ."

Major Yates to John Yates.

"MANCHESTER, *May 4th*, 1812.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have received your duplicate of February 14th. I was so well convinced of your affection for me, that I had not any want of fresh proof of it. . . . I have been here about two months. Within the last ten days

a plot of a most revolutionary and dangerous nature has been discovered in Lancashire, time enough to prevent it breaking out into open rebellion; but for a week past I have hardly had an hour to call my own. Troops are pouring in from all parts of the kingdom. . . . I am much hurried, and always shall be

"Your affectionate and obliged brother,

"F. YATES."

1813.

Mrs. Yates to John Yates.

"HUTTON HALL, PENRITH, *May 4th*, 1813.

"I begin a letter to you, my dear John, but with little hope it will ever reach you. You no doubt have written often to me since the 24th October, 1811, but that is the date of my last letter from you. I replied in March, 1812, since then Mary has written several times, and I have generally added my kind wishes. . . . I hope the teacher in your family gives you satisfaction, particularly in his religious and moral conduct, for example has far greater weight with the young than precept. I rather wonder Mrs. Yates and you do not instruct them yourselves. Is it not the custom of the country, or have you other occupations? I found it very delightful. My spirits are much agitated with regard to your brother, the Cumberland regiment of militia being ordered for Ireland. They are now upon their march from Hull to Manchester, there to wait for further orders, that is, I suppose, till transports can be got together to convey them across the Channel. It is true this is not far, bnt I grieve to think the sea should separate us. The complaint in Mrs. Bateman's eyes still continues very distressing. She is wishing to try a season at Harrogate, and not being in a state to go alone, your sister and I are going with her; we shall be absent about three weeks, which time your father spends at Shap Wells. He is now so well that I often see he walks off and leaves his stick in the parlour. . . ."

1814.

Miss Yates to John Yates.

"*February 7th*, 1814.

"My dear Brother,— . . . My brother came home in November, and since then our cousin Mary Matthews and he have determined upon marrying, and I believe they will fulfil their intentions this week, and I sincerely wish it may contribute to their mutual happiness. The relationship is perhaps too near, and the disproportion between them is great in size, for he is very tall, while she is remarkably small. These circumstances, however, are not essential; and what she wants in size, she makes up in agreeableness, as I know few pleasanter women. Her fortune is good; and she has a degree of cheerfulness and civility that has hitherto secured her friends wherever she has been. Francis's regiment has been in Ireland since last May, and unfortunately in the very worst parts of it. The natives by all accounts are but little removed above savages, and the accommodations are so miserable, that I understand it is determined she shall not try them, but when Francis is obliged to join, she will remain between Wigton, Hutton Hall, and Nunnery, till they either get into a more comfortable station, or the return of peace, towards which all things at present seem to tend, shall alter his mode of life, when I suppose he will not think of any other than that of a country gentleman. Major Yates is now at Wigton. He told me he should write to you after his marriage; by the first opportunity therefore, if you do not hear from him, you must not impute it to neglect, but to the accidents that so sadly interrupt the communications of friends on different sides of the Atlantic. . . ."

His mother adds a paragraph.

". . . Your sister has written a general bulletin. Your brother's proposed marriage is the most interesting part of it. Your cousin is a very well informed and agreeable young woman, and brings him a good fortune. I wish they

had not been so nearly related, and I could have wished she had been brought up with more of that sort of domestic knowledge and management that I have always found and seen necessary in a large country house; but as she has very good sense, I hope she will acquire enough to make a good and economical wife. People living in towns have little to do, and little management is required from them in comparison with those who must have land, large establishments of servants, horses, cows, etc. May the Almighty bless all my dear children and me, by seeing you all good and happy and doing well, and with a prospect that we may all meet in the world to come. So prays

"Your affectionate mother,

"M. YATES."

From Mrs. Yates.

"*July 26th*, 1814.

". . . Your brother continued in England (after his marriage) until May, and then returned to Ireland, to join his militia regiment, from whence the restoration of peace in Europe will, I trust, bring them back to their friends before winter. Mrs. Major Yates has passed the time since she became one of us either at Nunnery, here, or at Wigton, where she now is. Where they mean to live when your brother returns, I do not know. They had not considered it when they parted. Skirwith Abbey is at liberty for them, if they choose to go there. When there is a better chance of your receiving my letters, I will write more particularly to you. . . . Your sister is now gone to the sea-coast to bathe, and to spend a little time with our friends in that part of the country. Our kindred are pretty much as usual. . . ."

Miss Yates to John Yates.

"HUTTON HALL, *December 4th*, 1814.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,— . . . It was the only one we had received for a long time, and the first intimation of the birth of your little John Orfeur, who I hope continues as promising

as the others, and will be an addition to your comfort. I am in doubt if you received my communication of Francis's marriage last February. He is at present with his regiment in Edinburgh, and she is at her brother's in Wigton, the mother of a little girl, who I hear is thriving and pretty. She is called Elizabeth Anne. Mrs. Bateman is with us now, and desires to be kindly remembered to you. I make my letter very brief, only an account of our present state. . . ."

1815.

Mrs. Yates to John Yates.

"*April 14th.*

" . . . Your brother went with his regiment to Edinburgh, and got into a damp bed upon the road. The consequence was severe illness. As soon as he was able to quit the place, he joined his wife at Wigton, and I trust he is nearly quite well, and we shall soon see them all here. Mrs. Bamber named your little niece Elizabeth Anne. She is very small, but healthy and thriving; and I thought her an uncommonly *knowing* little thing. I continue in good health, interrupted by violent headaches, which I hope none of your family inherit. . . . I thank God peace is again restored between this country and America. I feared you would suffer some alarm when the British troops landed at Washington. We have lately lost our cousin Miss Musgrave, the only daughter of the late Sir John; she died after a short illness at Eden Hall. The last of the Miss Waughs, whom you will probably remember, is also just dead. . . . You will have heard before this reaches you of the new turn affairs have taken in France; time will show the result; but I greatly pity the peaceable inhabitants of the country, who are likely to feel all the horrors of the civil war. Accept from us, my dear child, the most sincere and affectionate wishes. From the love you bear your little ones, you will know what has been mine for you. One of the severest afflictions I ever had was that of parting with you. I trust in God it has contributed to your happiness. Nothing but that hope could ever have made me relinquish you. . . ."

Major Yates to John Yates.

"PENRITH, *October 15th*, 1815.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am just favoured with your letter of July 31st, and am extremely obliged to you for the affectionate wishes so kindly expressed to me and mine; and I am highly gratified by the good accounts of yourself and your family. Your letter of February was duly received, and two very nice ones from your two daughters. It will be some years before their little cousin in England can write so pretty a letter to them. . . . The battle of Waterloo, on the 18th of June, was of so decisive a nature that I was quite relieved of any apprehensions of being recalled to my military duties, which would not suit me now so well as formerly. I hope we shall enjoy the blessings of peace for many years; but the political prospects of France are very gloomy, and it would appear that there will be much difficulty in keeping the King on his throne. I rejoiced very much at the termination of war between this country and America; and I trust there is no chance of its being renewed, or that our correspondence will be interrupted by any untoward event. The agricultural interest has suffered a great shock by the low price of corn, which will hardly pay for growing it in England; and if the price does not improve, very great distress will be experienced. The family here desire to be most kindly remembered to yourself, Mrs. Yates, and your children. . . ."

Mrs. Yates to her grand-daughter, Janet Yates.

"*November 23rd*, 1815.

"MY DEAR JANE,—For though I have never seen you, I feel a very sincere affection for you and all your brothers and sisters; and I sincerely wish you happiness and well-doing in every respect. Being the eldest, a great deal will be expected from you. I suppose domestically you are a great assistance to your mother, and that you are able to teach your little brothers and sisters many things. I shall be very glad to enter into a correspondence with you and my name-

sake Mary, and then I shall every year judge of your improvements, and I can also derive information from you; for I do not know what a sleigh is, but suppose it to be a sort of carriage used in the north of Europe for travelling on snow or ice, sometimes drawn by a reindeer, and again by a horse. In England the climate is very moderate, and we never have occasion to make changes in our modes of travelling between winter and summer. *Sledge* is the name given in Northern Europe; and I never saw more than one, which had been used in Germany. It only held two people, who sat facing each other. In the spring I hope to be able to send you some remembrances, but not knowing the habits or customs of the country, I am always at a loss what description of things will be most acceptable. Have you begun to learn any language except your native one? I think it a great advantage to women to know different languages; it enlarges the mind and opens many sources of knowledge and amusement. You have a little cousin in England just one year old, she is very pretty and intelligent for her age; at present she bears a stronger resemblance to my Mr. Yates than to anyone else. He is very well and unites with me in every kind wish to you. . . ."

The same to John Yates, on the same sheet of paper.

"*November* 23*rd* 1815.

". . . Your brother received a letter from you in September, by which we know you now have a third daughter, upon which I sincerely congratulate you and Mrs Yates; and I pray Heaven she may have all the amiable qualities which that dear angel * had, after whom you may have called her. . . . Your father is uncommonly well, but I am not; a bad cold has settled upon my breast, which distresses me a good deal, and this is not the season of the year to expect to be speedily relieved. Winter has set in very early—a thing unusual here, and very unlucky for me, with this cold upon my chest. . . ."

* Anne Yates.

Miss Yates to her niece Mary, enclosed in the preceding.

"I felt more pleasure than I can express, my dear niece, with your letter of February last, from which I flatter myself you will prove an excellent correspondent, if your inclination is equal to your abilities. I hope at some time to know you personally, for I trust your father will bring you to see us. Though I write to you, I must beg you to give my love to your sister, and assure her I feel a lively attachment and interest for her, heightened by the epistle she addressed to my mother, whom neither her own children nor their descendants can ever value so much as she deserves. . . . I am happy to wish you joy of your little sister, who, I doubt not, will be a plaything for you all. We have a very early winter; all is snow and frost about us, and ladies have begun to wrap up themselves in cloth and fur. Gentlemen in this country do not make any difference in their apparel. There has been for the last two years a very frightful mode of dressing girls, until they are nine or ten, as they wear very short, scanty frocks, and trousers like boys. We rejoiced as much in the peace as you could do, but yet I think my countrymen are just as uneasy as while the war lasted. The farmers are unable to pay their rents, the landlords consequently cannot discharge their tradesmen's bills, and universal distress has ensued. I believe your hours and modes of living are more rational than ours. If you read English newspapers, you will see that fine and fashionable people in London dine at eight and nine o'clock, but it would astonish your father to think that in the North of England I visit families whose dinner hour is five o'clock. We keep the old-fashioned time of three; but sometimes Lady Musgrave and a few other people make us a *morning* visit *afterwards*. Pray has your father ever told you the story of the 'Luck of Edenhall'? It used to be a favourite with all of us, and you may inform him the Glass is still preserved, and that a young Sir Philip is now master of that place, as Tom Pattenson is of Melmerby. I must bid you farewell, my dear Mary, and I hope you will continue to remember your affectionate aunt and namesake,

"Mary Yates."

Major Yates to John Yates.

"PENRITH, *December 30th*, 1815.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I think it right to communicate to you the great uneasiness I feel on account of my mother's health. I went to Wigton in October, Mrs. F. Yates being there, and in the early part of this month I was so much alarmed with the account I received of my mother, that I came to see her. She was certainly very ill, but did not seem in danger, and I returned to Wigton. As she did not recover so fast as we could wish, a physician from Carlisle was called in, and I met him here yesterday. He tells me the digestive powers are weakened, and he hopes that by the means resorted to they may be restored. Indeed, he speaks with confidence, and does not seem to think her in danger, which I am happy to say, as I hope it will contribute to relieve the anxiety I am sure you will feel. I am far from wishing to alarm you, but I do not think it would be kind in me not to impart the uneasiness I have felt, or suppress the state of my mother's health. She does not seem to express any apprehension of danger herself, and I have written this without informing her I was communicating with you, so I will thank you not to take any notice of what I have said when you write to any of us; only just say you have received the account of the birth of my daughter Mary, which took place on the fourteenth of this month. I am glad to say she is a thriving infant. I shall write to you on the 2nd of February, which will be in time for the packet of that month, and I sincerely hope I shall have more favourable tidings to give of my mother's health. My father and Mary are pretty well, and I beg to offer my good wishes to every part of your family, and I am, my dear brother,

"Your ever affectionate,

"F. YATES."

1816.

From the same.

"*February 2nd*, 1816.

". . . I now feel less alarmed; but, though my fears are not removed, I entertain more hopes than I did a month

ago. Her looks are improved, her strength increased, and her voice is stronger, her sickness is less frequent, and her appetite is better. I trust these favourable symptoms will continue; and if she is not worse I will not write by the March packet. I sincerely pray I may be able to forward you a very favourable report by the April packet, by which you may rely on hearing from me. I am afraid my last letter would alarm you much, but I thought you would be greatly shocked, if my mother's illness had terminated fatally, without being prepared by a knowledge of the situation, and at one time I dreaded the worst. I now humbly hope her life may be spared, and that we may still enjoy the blessing of the best and most affectionate of parents. . . . I have some intention of fixing myself at Skirwith this summer, but am not absolutely determined. The place is on rather too large a scale for my finances at present; but if there, I should live rent free, and the house, which has not suffered so much as might be expected from being so long unoccupied, would be better for being inhabited. The window duty will be a very heavy tax there, and is the principal reason of my hesitation. However, if I do go there I must make the best of it, and get on with as much economy as I can. The place of one's nativity has attractions which none other can possess. I beg my affectionate remembrances. . . ."

John Yates to Mrs. Yates.

"VIRGINIA, JEFFERSON COUNTY,
"*February* 21*st*, 1816.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—Since the peace I had heard once only from England,—a letter from Major Yates, October 1st, 1815,—till the last mail brought yours addressed to myself and my daughters. After much suspense I am made happy by your agreeable account of my dearest friends from your own pen. Circumstances have widely separated us, and we can impart little more than good wishes, and exchange information of our respective conditions. Having now a large family of my own, I am more sensible of how very

much I owe to your tender goodness in the days of my infancy, a most impressive admonition of what I owe to my own offspring. The parental duties of your children are illustrated and enforced by your example; long, long, my dear mother, may those with you enjoy the blessing of your society, and witness and promote your happiness! My best wishes and prayers are all I can contribute, but I trust a faithful attention to bringing up my children will be a partial and acceptable repayment of that debt of gratitude, which no family has incurred more largely than your own. I hope the cold, of which you complained in November, the date of your last letter, has long ceased to affect you; and that the sufferings of Mrs. Bateman are mitigated or removed. I have felt great concern for her; I beg to present my dutiful and affectionate regards to her, and to my good aunt, Mrs. Bamber, whose name I rejoice to find so seldom connected with the afflictions of this world. I will never cease to remember their former kindness to me, and whilst acknowledging theirs more particularly, I have not lost the recollection of many others who are entitled to my gratitude. But I must not fill my limits with sentiments that you will credit me for, it is more desirable to communicate the particulars of my own family here. I have to be thankful for almost uninterrupted health among them, and for no abatement of the prosperity that Providence has conferred upon us. Since the commencement of the year, my daughters, Janet and Mary, have been at school at Leesburg, a town in London county, Virginia, twenty-five miles hence. Mr. and Mrs. Scott, their instructors, with whom they board, are in deserved and high repute for capacity, attention, and success in teaching. Their situation is comfortable and likely to afford more improvement than any other I could select. In a few days I will hand them your letters and my dear sister's, and they will be delighted to receive and answer them. I need not assure you we let them depart with reluctance from the scenes they have enlivened, and deprive ourselves of their society, which only belief in the beneficial results could have induced us to overcome. I have now no teacher

in the house, having a school established a mile and a half away, to which Charles and William, your eldest grandsons, carry their dinners every day, on foot or on horseback, as the state of the weather or way requires. Francis, John Orfeur, and Anne supply their places, and renew the interest and amusement their predecessors occasioned a few years since. We gratefully acknowledge and cordially unite in your benediction on their future lives. Mr. Lovell, after being a widower about fifteen years, married last October a very respectable widow, much to our satisfaction. Within two years two of his sons and his daughter have also married very satisfactorily, and have much enlarged the circle of our connections, though they live a considerable distance from us. I tender through you my duty and affection to my dear and venerable father, my sincere love to my sister, and to my brother, sister, and niece. My wife unites in good wishes to them all. With the sincerest sentiments of esteem and love, I remain,

"Your dutiful son,

"JOHN YATES.

"Be so good as to direct your letters in no other way, than near Charlestown, Jefferson County, Virginia."

Major Yates to John Yates.

"PENRITH, *March 2nd*, 1816.

"MY DEAR BROTHER.—When I wrote to you a month ago I told you there were some symptoms of amendment in our dear mother's health, and that, if you did not hear from me by the March packet, you were to conclude she continued to improve. I grieve to say there are no symptoms of returning health; she continues very weak, indeed is obliged to be borne in a chair from one room to another, and has never been downstairs since Christmas Day. Weakness is the natural effect of so long a confinement; but hers, I fear, is a more natural decay, almost imperceptible, quite the decline of vital powers. My own opinion is that she will not recover. There is no active disease except occasional

sickness, no suffering, little, indeed, but great languor and debility. It is impossible for me to convey to you any idea of her composure and serenity of mind, her perfect resignation and readiness to meet the dispensation of Providence, whatever it may be. Not a complaint escapes her, and the distress of her family gives her more concern than her own situation. My own family are well. . . ."

From the same.

"*March 30th.*

" . . . She was very ill on the 5th of March, and I thought that day would have been her last. We have but one consolation,—the perfect resignation with which she is prepared to leave this world. Never did anything go so much to my heart. . . ."

From Miss Yates.

"*April 15th.*

" . . . She is much reduced in flesh and strength, yet never was illness so supported, never did human being do more to alleviate its distress to those about her, and, however the body fail, the mind was never more firm. I never saw the blessings of prosperity and health received with such grateful acknowledgment, as she accepts the ameliorations which have in some measure lightened her severe infliction. She is now constantly attended by a young man of the name of Law, who succeeded Dr. Story, occasionally by Dr. James, of Carlisle, and we have likewise had the opinion of Mr. Bell, of Edinburgh (son of our old friend), by whose advice she is, I trust, gaining some relief by the use of the warm bath. I am charged, my dear John, with her kindest and most affectionate love to you, and that all the winter she has been wishing she had one of your dear little girls with her; for, though I have been in as good health as I ever hope to enjoy, I cannot eulogize myself as very cheerful, for I am too anxious to be amusing. Francis spends his time between this and Mr. Matthews', where his wife and little girls have been all the winter. . . ."

"*April 20th.*

" . . . All my happiness under God has been derived

from her, and I feel as if I had never known how dear she was to me till now, when I see her bearing this trying illness with exemplary firmness. . . . Is there much resemblance among your children, and do you look upon your sons as equal to their sisters? For I own the letters of the latter have impressed me both in favour of their abilities, and the pains that have been taken to improve them. My mother desires to know particularly what your daughters are learning in their new school. . . ."

From Major Yates.

"*June* 1*st*.

" . . . Happily the fears on account of my dear mother's state of health have not been realized. She is still in a very debilitated state, but in my opinion not so dangerous as when I last wrote, but sufficient to make me very apprehensive of the termination. She is sometimes so well as to have the appearance of recovery, though seldom for two days together. At other times so ill as to seem as if she would never get better at all. I hardly know what to say, my hopes are not very sanguine, nor do I entirely despair. As you were written to twice by the April packet, I did not write as I intended by the May packet, nor shall I by that of next month, unless there is such alteration in my mother's health, as to enable me to give an account different from the present. . . ."

Mrs. Yates to John Yates.

"Hutton Hall, *June* 22*nd*, 1816.

"No letter, my dear John, was ever more calculated to touch the feelings or gratify the heart of a parent, than the one I lately received from you, dated the 21st of February. Your affectionate expressions, your gratitude, and the approbation you express of the early care I bestowed upon you, penetrate my heart, and show me the happy effect they have had in forming yours, notwithstanding the early age at which you were torn from me; a proof how youthful impressions last, and how important to form the mind in infancy. I pray God to continue His blessings to you and to your children, and that they may cheer your heart as you

have done mine. The parting from you was one of the greatest afflictions of my life; if your advantage has been promoted, it is well; but I must ever regret the separation from a child so dear, and not only of himself, but of the fine rising family around him, who, had we been all together, might have been a comfort and support to each other. . . . I have different reasons for bringing up this subject, I do not know that I ever named it before to you,—one is, that the long illness I have had this winter, and which is yet far from recovered, reminds me, if I get better this time, I have not any long period of life to look forward to; and to mention to you that my marriage settlement secures something to my younger children,—I forget how much it is, at your father's and my deaths; it is not considerable, but it is right you should know that you have a claim. You have honourable hands to whom to apply for it, for I believe a more upright man than your brother does not exist, and your sister Mary is equally so. . . . That Heaven may bless you and them, and those belonging to you, is the ardent and daily prayer of, my dear John,

"Your most affectionate mother,

"M. Yates."

From Mrs. Yates, and labelled in J. Y.'s hand, "her last letter."

"HUTTON HALL, *August 1th*, 1816.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—About a month ago I forwarded a box with letters in it to you and yours, to Mr. Martin's care in Liverpool. He wrote that I must send him an invoice of what it contained, an order to what port in America it was to go, and to whom consigned. For all this I was unprepared, supposing he would have known. Upon the receipt of his letter I wrote to Mr. Maury, who is or was American consul at Liverpool, and stated my dilemma, and he kindly undertook to consign it to some friend of his own to forward to you; but I have heard nothing of it since, and can only hope it will reach you in safety, as some of the contents were costly and good. . . . In my last letter I informed you I

had suffered a long and severe illness. . . . I am better than I was a month ago, but what great hopes are to be derived of a permanent restoration to health, I cannot say. You may depend upon being informed frequently of me. I beg the blessing of Almighty God upon you and your beloved children ; they are all, with their father and mother, infinitely dear to me. I wish to know what your prospects are for them, and whether you have any intention of pushing any of your boys in England ; had I a prospect of life, I could have said more upon the subject, but as it is, I may not be long for this world. Farewell, my dear child.

"M. YATES."

His sister on the same sheet.

" . . . Her sufferings from weakness are considerable ; her medical men think more can be done by nourishment and getting into the air, than by medicines, though they are now going to administer some tonics. Unfortunately the season is so cold and wet that regular exercise is impracticable, and an open carriage, which affords her more refreshment than any other, she has not, upon an average, been able to use above twice a week. Francis is here a good deal, his daughters are promising infants ; Mary I have never seen, but I am told she is very beautiful. . . . The outcry of public distress augments rather than diminishes, though the income tax is removed, and the farmers have had a considerable relief in the tax upon horses. But farmers are failing, banks and shop-keepers are breaking, and there is a stagnation of every kind of business and trade. In Penrith a man of the name of Smith has just stopped payment for fifty thousand pounds, and as his credit, I believe, was chiefly among the lower orders of people, many of whom have their little all in his hands, the calamity falls very heavy. . . . "

From Major Yates,—his mother's death.

"PENRITH, *September 9th*, 1816.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I wrote to you on August 31st, by the packet, and I did not then imagine I should so soon

have to communicate the heaviest affliction, which we ever can or ever did feel. Our dear, our much-loved mother expired about a quarter before three o'clock yesterday morning, perfectly calm and quiet, without suffering or struggle at last, though in the course of the long illness, she has at times, especially in the early part of it, suffered considerably. For five or six days previous to her end, her weakness increased much, and at length she sank under it. The symptoms of dropsy I mentioned to you did not increase, never extending beyond her limbs, and not affecting her chest. She was perfectly prepared for her dissolution, and had been for some months. She left most minute instructions for her interment, which will take place at Carlisle; the day is not fixed, but if circumstances admit, it will take place on the 16th. The last time she mentioned your name was three days before her death, when giving messages to my sister; she was asked if there was one for you, and she replied, "Dear John, how tenderly I loved him." I do not know that I quote accurately, but I cannot bear to ask Mary questions at this time. She has desired me to add that your affectionate letters have been a source of great comfort to our dear mother. My letters have prepared you for this mournful event; I have long looked for it, but it has occurred more suddenly at last than I expected. You will readily believe that we are all in the greatest distress. Mary, I do not think, is quite so overcome as I have seen her before; but she is not yet recovered from the shock, and she will feel the effects long, I fear. My father is very much afflicted, but I hope he will grow more composed. You, my dear brother, I trust will find consolation in the recollection of your mother's virtues, and the confidence they will receive their reward. I am, my dear brother, your ever sincerely affectionate

"F. YATES."

From his sister.

"*September 13th.*

". . . Painful as is the suspense you have thus far undergone, my dear brother, it will be less so than the

sad certainty that now closes our fears, and fixes our hopes upon a happier world. Last Sunday my beloved mother was taken away from me. My brother, on the following day, gave you an intimation to the effect; and having now an opportunity to Liverpool, I dispatch two, that I may, if possible, impart some of the consolation that even in this early period of my affliction softens its poignancy. So fully, so firmly was her mind made up, that I am persuaded death had no terrors; and she not only acted but spoke of its approach with a calmness, that could only arise from religious hope and confidence. Sometimes she thought she might recover, but her expectations were never sanguine. . . . We had last week an opportunity of having the advice of Dr. Ainslee, a London physician of high celebrity. He did nothing, but said, had he prescribed from the first, he was not conscious he should have suggested any other plans than those that had been proceeded upon, that he had no reason to suppose there was any one mortal disease beyond the reach of human aid. This certainly accords with my own ideas of the case, and leaves me only submission to a stroke proceeding directly from the Almighty, and which nothing could have averted; for to imagine any means had been left short for the preservation of one so dear, would be a reflection deeply augmenting the distress that must long prey upon me. Till within a few days of my beloved mother's decease, her weakness increased gradually, its advance then grew more rapid. On Tuesday she spent the greatest part of the day in another room; Wednesday she sat up between four or five hours in her own; but from that time she was only moved by the assistance of her servants, and every mortal symptom advanced rapidly. Friday was the day of most pain, but I think it arose chiefly from the extreme reduction of her flesh, which made either continuance in one position, or moving from it, very distressing. On that day she named you for the last time, with a fervour of affection I shall never forget, "Dear, dear child!" was her expression, "God alone knows how I love him; assure him of my tenderest and

unceasing affection." She did not afterwards say much, and never materially altered her position after Friday night. Two o'clock on Sunday morning was the last time she spoke; she seemed to slumber as she had done the greater part of the last thirty hours, and before three o'clock respiration ceased altogether. I was on the bed beside her. I had two careful and attentive servants, and I have a comfort in thinking no hired nurse, no rough or mercenary person was ever employed about her.

"The first shock will be got over, but the loss I shall sustain can never be described. Parent, friend, and companion are all lost at once; for so entire was the unanimity between us, I sought no other adviser, no other intimacy. Francis is here and in deep affliction, but he is very fond of his children, and I hope their endearments will soothe his mind, and enable him to think with more composure on that he has lost, while he is still thankful for what is spared. My father is in great distress and agitation, but I trust he will not eventually suffer; in advanced age, people neither feel much nor long, and I hope my brother and myself may be able to attend and give what comfort is in our power to his latter days. . . . Think of me, my dear brother, with affection, and be assured you are ever recollected by your deeply afflicted sister,

"M. YATES."

"Our two aunts have charged me with kind remembrances to you."

From Major Yates.

"WIGTON, *September 27th*, 1816.

". . . The funeral took place on the 16th instant, in Carlisle Cathedral. I attended the remains of our honoured parent to the grave, where they were deposited beside my brother Henry's. Painful as the duty was, I should have been blamable had I not attended the last closing scene, and left it only to friends, though I was not enjoined to do so by our departed mother. I was directed by her in writing, to assure her "dearest John of her tender love and

affection," and also to have the arms of our family engraved on a stone she mentioned, and set in gold to be sent to you at some future period, or to your eldest son. Our feelings have been most deeply affected; I shall never cease to love the memory of the dearest relation that can ever exist, nor forget her virtues. To Mary the loss is most irreparable, she has borne it better than I expected. My father has been very low, but I hope his spirits will revive. . . ."

From the same.

"*November* 30*th.*

" . . . Most tenderly, indeed, did we love our mother. . . . Our relation, Mr. Hasell, of Dalemain, has just lost his second wife, to whom he was married five or six years since; her funeral is to-day. She was the daughter of Mr. Whitehead, whom you may remember at Appleby."

From Miss Yates.

"Hutton Hall, Penrith, *December* 14*th*, 1816.

" . . . Since then the blank and desolate state in which I have felt, has been more than I can express. No child perhaps had ever more reason to love a parent, I did it with my whole heart and soul. In former afflictions she was my support; but, in this, the heaviest of all, no one can sympathise with me, for none were so dependent upon her for their comfort. The melancholy task of arranging things, I have not yet been able to get through. There is a packet relative to your English connections for you, and her miniature, a bequest of our dear sister, both of which, if I do not receive counter directions from you, I hope to get sent through the medium of Mr. Freeling, Secretary to the General Post Office. . . . Francis with his lady and two little girls are well; Elizabeth lately stayed here about three weeks, and is a pretty, sensible child, exceedingly like our good uncle, Dr. Yates. Her great pleasure was to hear about your youngest daughter, of whose good behaviour I would invent little stories, and when one was done, she was always for having the subject renewed, looking wistfully

and saying, '*Now Anne, Anne.*' Mary is a year old this day, but I have not seen her. They are too young, poor things, to be either companions or comforts to me; but were your family in the country, they might indeed cheer many of my lonely hours. I think I have inherited my dear mother's wish to have one of your daughters, but I shall never indulge it; for I am not entitled to ask you to submit to the pain of such a separation or take such a responsibility upon myself; and though my state is very lonely, I trust the goodness of Heaven will not be taken from me altogether. . . . The last has been a very unhealthful year, and numbers of our relations and acquaintances are deceased within a short period. Of the former are Lady Fletcher, Mrs. Mordaunt, a daughter of, and Mr. Wroughton, a nephew of, your godfather, Sir Philip Musgrave, and lately Mrs. Hasell. Mrs. Wilson also, formerly of Crossfield, whose children rather than herself being much at Skirwith, you will probably remember. . . ."

The letters of Mrs. Yates to her son John Yates cover a period of twenty-four years, and through them, with the additional lights reflected by the pens of her children, we learn to know something of the brave and loving heart, the gentle graces, and the Christian faithfulness of this wife, mother, and friend.

She was the youngest of a large family, attractive in appearance and manners, and carefully trained and educated. Her marriage placed her, when very young, in a position of much social and domestic influence. All down the years of the century come echoing stories of the charms and graces of this winsome Lady of Skirwith Abbey, around whom friends loved to gather and kindred to linger.

No trial in the life of Mrs. Yates was more keenly felt, than giving her son to the care of an uncle in a foreign land; and it is evident many arguments and persuasions were used to combat her reluctance. With clear views of

a mother's influence, she weighed the advantages there offered against those of home and parents upon a child so young. The separation became no pretext for ceasing her endeavours to teach and help him; but as if more tenderly holding him to her heart, she strove to impart her own bright principles of honour, and the sacredness of truth and religion. Her mother-love shone out across the ocean, and glowingly wrapt itself about the heart of her English boy, with a force of influence clearly traceable through all the life of his seventy-two years. She never relaxed her hold upon his affections, but by the very strength of her love kept ever before him what was good, what to strive for, and what to shun. Her standard was the highest and the best, in whatever path he might choose to walk. When clouds gathered about her, and troubles with stunning blows descended, she yet lifted her tearful eyes to this distant boy, and drawing him into the sorrowing fold, poured forth the griefs of her stricken heart. It is interesting to note how her love widened and deepened, how her faith in God grew brighter and truer, as letter following letter reveals the impress of God's dealings.

The writings of her children testify their supreme affection and confidence in a mother so brimming with sympathies. In health and prosperity her presence was the light and joy of their home; and when adversity came, it was she who stayed and cheered them, nursed them in sickness, soothed them in the hour of death, and comforted, whilst her own heart was breaking, those left to look up to her. To the interests of her husband, who in the prime of manhood had won her girlish heart, how true and faithful she was. When broken in health and spirits, and his mind weakened in age, very tenderly and softly did she touch upon his infirmities, whilst she sought to shield and strengthen him with wifely care.

The closing years of Mrs. Yates' life were passed in tranquil and happy repose. Those dark days were gone, when all she held dearest seemed to be slipping from her grasp. Death overtook her upon the verge of a beautiful old age. She had become reconciled to the will of her Father in heaven. Her heart took pride and comfort in the sons, whose lives were employed usefully and honourably in England and Virginia, and she loved to bless her children's children. But her work was done, and all too soon for those who loved her the end came. At the age of sixty-six, on September the 8th, 1816, after a lingering illness graphically described in the foregoing letters, Mrs. Yates breathed her last; and on the 16th of the same month her remains were laid beside those of her son Henry, in the Carlisle Cathedral. A commemorative tablet tells the resting-place of both mother and son.

1817.

From Miss Yates.

"HUTTON HALL, *May 2nd*, 1817.

". . . My father is as kind as it is possible to be; my aunts have done all in their power to alleviate my affliction; and I do not know that I have a friend or neighbour who has not shown every attention I could receive from them. But, however I may carry it off, my loss is so indelibly impressed upon my mind, that happiness, I fully feel, is at an end. . . . All around seems changing: Mr. Featherstone is dead, Mrs. Levy, who was Jane Atkinson, is also dead within a few months. And Miss Grainger and Miss Pattenson are going to leave Melmerby, and live at Carlisle; Mary Pattenson, the youngest, was well married in Norfolk, and one of the strongest, stoutest women I ever knew,—she also is dead. In short, the expectation of hearing of some calamity is so great, I never open a letter or see a person unexpectedly, but I look for melancholy intelligence. . . ."

"*May 27th.*

". . . My mother has left so many memorials of herself in every part of this house, it would agonise me to have them pulled to pieces, and where she ended her days, I wish to finish mine. . . ."

Miss Yates to her nieces.

"*May 27th.*

". . . My dear girls, the best hope I have for you is that you may resemble her. A new "History of Cumberland" has been published, written by men of much literary eminence. They make in it a handsome acknowledgment of the information and assistance they received from my mother, and in a letter I received from one of them, Mr. Samuel Lysons (Keeper of the Records in the Tower of London), he speaks of her in such terms of respect as went to my heart, and says he looks upon her letters as the best and most valuable he received. I am sorry you did not particularly mention your grandfather,* but as you have not, I hope he has recovered. Your good grandfather here is much pleased with your letters. . . ."

NOTE.—In Lysons' "Magna Britannia," vol. iv., containing "Cumberland," allusion is several times made to information received of Mrs. Yates; see page 125.—"We are under considerable obligation to Mrs. Yates for assisting our inquiries, particularly in the neighbourhood of Penrith."

Miss Yates to John Yates.

"*June 7th.*

". . . With the correspondence of your daughters I am much gratified. More than language can express do I wish they were English girls, for it is tantalising to think the chances are against my ever seeing them. My father intends going to-morrow to drink the Shap waters for three weeks or a month, and was yesterday *making a visit* at Skirwith, where the Major and his lady went as

* Mr. Lovell, who was seized with a paralytic stroke.

residents above a week ago. I shall take the time of my father's absence to go to the sea side, in hopes of getting a little stronger, and shall stay with Mrs. Curwen at Workington, whom you will probably remember. Time has told upon her more than upon myself. You will see in the English newspapers that Mr. Curwen is one of the most active and upright members of the House of Commons; he is, indeed, a man of the most mental and bodily strength I know, and by his agricultural and political exertions has been a real benefactor to his country. I had letters from both my aunts to-day. Mrs. Bamber says of you, 'Dear, good John, how I wish he and his family lived in England. I believe we should all be solicitous to have your daughters. . . ."

From Major Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *August 2nd*, 1817.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—After the lapse of many years I once more write to you from Skirwith, which I am sure will give you pleasure. We took up our residence here on the 2nd of June. It was very much my wish that the family should have resided here together, but my sister refused, and my father thought he could not leave her. . . . You would be surprised to see the beauty of this place; the plantations are in a state of health and vigour I never saw equalled, and the prospect, once so extensive, completely closed by trees. I always esteemed it the greatest misfortune that could have befallen the family, when we left Skirwith; and though I felt great pleasure in returning, it was clouded with many melancholy reflections. My father has been here three weeks, and is just gone, much delighted with our settling here. . . . As I trust I am finally and permanently settled, I shall be very glad if I can be in any way useful to you or your friends, and am with every kind wish to yourself, Mrs. Yates, and your family,

"Your truly affectionate brother,

"F. YATES."

From the same.

"*November* 28*th.*

". . . I have the pleasure of anouncing the birth of a fine boy on the 30th of October. I have named him Henry, in conformity with the wishes of my dear mother. Mrs. Yates received your letter of September 12th, and is much pleased at your acquiescence in her wish of being sponsor to the little boy. My father was here when his grandson was born, and much rejoiced in the event. . . . The country has been much grieved by the death of the Princess Charlotte, daughter of the Regent. I recollect few events that have occasioned so great a sensation, or so important in the consequences which may ensue to the country. . . . Since writing the above, I have heard that John Pattenson died at Dacca, in the East Indies, after a short illness, in the month of March last, about the same time that his sister, Mrs. Hare, died in England. One of his children died some days before him, and there are five or six remaining."

From Miss Yates.

"*December* 9*th*, 1817.

". . . The letter in which you first announced the birth of your little Elizabeth, has not reached me. Accept my congratulations. . . . There are now sent some trifling things to my nieces, about which I write to themselves; and a brooch or locket that I hope will be of value to Mrs. Yates, as it was a favourite of my beloved mother's, both as a beautiful piece of design, and being composed solely of the hair of her children; yours being among them, I trust will ensure its being prized. . . ."

1818.

From Miss Yates to John Yates.

"*January* 21*st*, 1818.

". . . On the 9th of December I acknowledged your letters in a parcel which contained the miniature bequeathed

to you by my dear sister. I cannot express the anxiety you should receive it safely. Should it miscarry, the only atonement I can make for the disappointment shall be to devise you a similar picture of that beloved parent. . . .

"I am so anxious, my dear nieces, to cultivate your friendship, that, though I have so little space or subject to assist me, I am tempted to employ what I can muster of both. . . . If it is worth while I should send you any more parcels; what would be acceptable to you? Books, which would be the suggestion of my own taste, are articles of such heavy expense, that the purchase of them is an indulgence beyond the compass of people of small fortunes like myself. We, therefore, unite in what are called book clubs, where the property is in common, and under certain regulations the publications circulate among the members. In short, if you ever come to England, you will, I am sure, be surprised at the expedients people have to save money, as well as the apparent profusion with which it is squandered. Have I ever told you there are two American ladies now in this kingdom, exceedingly admired for their pleasing manners and agreeable conversation,—Mrs. Patterson and Miss Caton? They were at Mr. Curwen's in the autumn just before I went there, and so much liked, I was quite sorry I did not see them. You know not how I should be gratified to hear you spoken of in the same way. You must remember me very kindly to all your brothers and sisters, and recollect anything either of you do amiss is certain to be copied by Anne and Elizabeth, which makes your being pleasing and amiable women of double importance. Be assured, my dear nieces, I am to both of you an affectionate aunt.

"M. YATES."

From Major Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *February 28th*, 1818.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—On the 30th of December last, my father, walking in his garden when the ground was slippery with ice, had the misfortune to fall, and not being able to raise himself, lay for about ten minutes before he was found,

or any assistance given him. He was taken upstairs, and though neither fracture nor dislocation had taken place, he has never left his room from that day, and indeed hardly his bed, except for the purpose of having it made. At first he suffered some pain, but not very acute, and for some weeks past has seemed quite relieved. His spirits are good, he is fond of conversing with people who visit him, and if it was not for his very advanced age, I should not have thought it necessary to communicate his situation to you, nor indeed have felt much apprehension about the result. As it is I have thought it well to inform you. . . ."

From Miss Yates.

"*April* 18*th*, 1818.

". . . My father continues much in the same state. . . . Mrs. Bamber was greatly pleased with your letter; she had written to you a little before its receipt by a man who was going from Staffield to settle in the United States. There is quite a mania for emigration to America from this part of the country. I am now writing this by a young man who is departing for Baltimore or Philadelphia, without any settled scheme or prospect of advantage, save that of the popular cry, 'Better work and better wages.' He has been brought up as a husbandman; a sister of his is servant here. Though I direct him to forward this per post, yet if he should be near you and deliver it himself, if you could do him an office in his own way of life, I hope you would. Amongst the numbers that are about going from Penrith and its neighbourhood, I daresay some will be trying to make you out; but you may be assured it is not the respectable part of the community who are quitting their own country; of the better class, the commercial speculator, I would advise you to be very cautious."

From Miss Yates.

"*September* 1*st*, 1818.

". . . My father's debility has increased upon him, and his appetite is much failed. His state seems that of decaying

nature, for I think there is little of disease. Neither skill nor attention from his medical attendant or his old servant have been wanting. His easiness of temper has lightened distress, both to himself and all around him; and you may rest assured that nothing has been omitted which could be done to prolong his life. Francis rides over once or twice a week to see his father, and I am as well as I must ever expect to be; though from being occasionally called to my father in the nights, and running much up and down during the day, I sometimes feel to have more to go through than my strength is quite equal to bearing. . . . On August 26th, I was surprised by a visit from your acquaintance, Dr Stephenson, who, after spending the winter in London, had been travelling in England and Scotland. With the exception of one day at Skirwith, he stayed here till the 30th, when I gave him a letter to Mr. Curwen, whose extensive farmings and collieries he wished to view. We thought our visitor a most gentlemanly and agreeable young man, with English and not foreign manners; and had only to regret that from the unfortunate circumstances we are under, it was not possible to do more to make his stay a pleasanter one. I could, not make any parties for him, or even accept some invitations from our hospitable neighbours, but he was so good-humored and accommodating, he did not appear at any loss. It was most satisfactory to see one who knew you, and the mode in which he mentioned your attention, and the appearance of your family and all around you, was truly gratifying. . . ."

From Major Yates,—his father's death.

"*September 29th*, 1818.

". . . My letter of July 30th would prepare you for the mournful intelligence I now have to communicate. Our honoured and loved father expired on Monday, the 7th instant, between five and six o'clock in the morning. The weakness and debility which I mentioned increased till nature was exhausted, and I believe he died quite of old age. For about three weeks preceding, his mind failed very much, though he had lucid intervals of short duration; at

other times he was very incoherent and uncollected. For several days he hardly knew me, but about twelve hours previous, when I was coming home, he spoke rationally and shook my hand. The next morning I was informed he was no more. He desired to be buried at Kirkland, and his remains were interred in the churchyard, in the afternoon of Friday, 11th. I attended the last sad offices with a heavy heart.

"When I went to see my father on the 27th of August, I found Dr. Stephenson at his house, and he delivered a short letter from you, dated May 19th, 1817. He dined here on the 28th, and stayed all night. I was very much pleased with him, and he gave me hopes of seeing him again in about two years, after he had been in France and Italy. He was in my father's room two or three times, who spoke to him about New York and other places, and I could not but be surprised at the strength of his memory, in the intervals I have alluded to, in speaking of places he had not seen for nearly sixty years. Dr. Stephenson desired his remembrance to you, and that you would present his to Dr. Cramer of Charlestown. I add a copy of my father's will, which from the date appears to have been made as soon as he knew the disposition of his brother's property in Virginia.

(*Copy.*)

"'This is the last will and testament of me, John Orfeur Yates, Esquire, of Penrith, in the county of Cumberland. I give and bequeath unto my daughter, Mary Yates, one thousand pounds stock, in the three per cent. stock of the Bank of England. To my dear wife I give and bequeath for her life the use of all such articles of Plate, Furniture, Linen, and China as I shall have at the time of my death; and subject to the payment of my debts, the legacies above mentioned, and my funeral expenses, I give, devise and bequeath all the rest of my personal estate and also all my lands, Tenements, and real estate unto my eldest son Francis Yates, his Heirs, Executors, Administrators, and Assigns for ever. And I appoint the said Francis Yates sole executor

of this my last will and Testament, hereby revoking all former wills. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal the 13th day of May in the year of our Lord 1809.

'(*Signed*) JOHN O. YATES. (L.S.)

'Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said John Orfeur Yates as and for his last Will and Testament in the presence of us who have hereunto at his request, in his presence, and in the presence of each other, subscribed our names as witnesses.

'ED. GRAVE of Penrith
JOHN JAMESON
JOHN JACKSON } HIS CLERKS.

"'*Codicil.* For my son John Yates, residing now in Jefferson County, in the state of Virginia, being so amply provided for by his late Uncle Charles Yates, I have in my will made no provision. I do, therefore, by this codicil as a mark of paternal affection give him one hundred guineas to be invested in such plate as my executor or he may order, with mine and his mother's arms engraved thereon. I also bequeath him my picture in crayons by Miss Benwell. Fourteenth day of May, 1809.

'(*Signed*) J. O. YATES.'

"There are two other codicils dated 30th December, 1811, and 18th of August, 1814, relative to my mother, which are lapsed, and one, dated September 1st, 1816, relative to a bequest of furniture to my sister. The codicil with the bequest to you is written in my father's own handwriting, the will and other codicils by professional men. It may be a consolation to know that during the long confinement of our dear, departed parent, I believe his sufferings were not great, at least he did not complain, for he was patient to an extreme. A more kind-hearted and affectionate father never existed, and his indulgence to his family was as unbounded as his wishes for their happiness. . . ."

1819.

From Miss Yates.

"*February 24th*, 1819.

". . . But I do not feel the least reason for dissatisfaction, as at the time his will was made his affairs had not so fully come round, as my beloved mother's economy, with the aid of her income, brought them. My proportion, it is true, is small, but I have other money, and the blight to my brother's early prospects required compensation. . . . I trust I may still be able to live in this house, to which my attachment is so strong that I think a removal would almost break my heart. Time may abate this feeling, but I am so surrounded by memorials of her I prized above everything else, I can hardly endure to see anything moved from the situation she had assigned them. Francis has been so far exceedingly kind and liberal about the things that have devolved to him in the house, and in all precuniary matters has done more than I had the smallest right to expect. . . . One source of anxiety to my father was the care of his servant, who, in sickness and in health, had been so attached and attentive to him, that my mind was kept at ease, and he has a claim to our utmost gratitude. His age, bad temper, and propensity to liquor, would unfit this poor man for any other situation; and I have it, therefore, very much at heart, if possible, to keep him with me, and make the remainder of his life as comfortable as I can. Francis will allow him an annuity; but I think he would be ruined if he were to lose his place, and I consider him as having such a claim to my consideration, that nothing but necessity shall induce me to let him depart. Another person to whom I have great ties is the medical man, who, through their separate illnesses, gave my parents every relief his skill or his friendship could bestow. Indeed, generally speaking, there is a great deal of kindheartedness in Penrith, and I take what is evinced to myself as among the many tributes of respect that have been paid to the memory of those I lament. In case you have not received my last letter, I ought to repeat that my

father said you were to have the option of the Bible and Prayer Book that belonged to Doctor Yates being sent to you ; but they are so heavy he doubted your thinking them worth it. From the very large print of the latter, and my eyes being less strong than they were, it has been invaluable to me during this winter, and if you would not call it selfish, I would venture to wish that during my life it might remain with me ; but if you incline to have it, do not let this weigh against it. . . . I have hardly left room to add the affectionate wishes my heart feels for you all. Dear brother, I am truly yours, "M. YATES."

"Tom Pattenson is dead in France, and has left all he was worth to his widow. Miss Grainger is also dead."

John Orfeur Yates, as has been stated, was the youngest son of the Reverend Francis Yates and Anne Orfeur, his wife. He died in his eighty-sixth year, on the 7th of September, 1818, at Hutton Hall, Penrith, and was buried in the Kirkland churchyard. Genial and kind in disposition, he was a man of much information and cultivation. Like the rest of his father's family, he was tall and dignified in appearance, and graceful in bearing.

From Miss Yates.

"NUNNERY, *May 23rd*, 1819.

". . . My confidence in your goodness, with anxiety to renew our early affection, and a sincere desire to know your family, would, I think, have created a few years back a wish to avail myself of your proposal for my going to America. But now, though my bodily sufferings have been less severe, yet mental ones seem more completely to have unhinged me, and I now feel unequal to all exertion ; but, believe me, it is not without the most heartfelt gratitude and regret that I decline your invitation. The attentions of your family, I am sensible, would be to me invaluable, for the isolated state in which I remain is so dreary in contemplation, that I dare not

anticipate its conclusion. In regard to pecuniary matters my warmest acknowledgments are due to you. . . ."

From Miss Yates.

"*November 25th.* 1819.

". . . Most fervently do I congratulate you on the pleasing intelligence your letter conveyed, of the birth of a little girl,* who, I trust, will be a source of happiness to you. I am likewise pleased with her name; that of a good mother ought to be retained among her descendants, and you now have in your family the names of the ladies of Nunnery, which from early association are very dear to me. . . ."

"*December 12th.*

". . . This country, I am sorry to say, is in a most dreadful state. The irritation of the populace is so great they meet by thousands, and are ripe for rebellion, openly acknowledging that they will not any longer submit to taxation; and I really fear the spirit of dissatisfaction is so strong, that nothing but bloodshed will appease it. I do not believe the result can be such as to overthrow the Government; but till matters are in some way composed, we shall suffer a great deal. My apprehension is of pillage and plunder; the soldiers that have been stationed here went to Carlisle yesterday, the force there being thought inadequate to its defence. Provisions are by no means dear, but people do not study economy as they ought to do. The gentry vie with each other in expense and luxury, and the peasant sees no reason why he should live worse than the peer. Much blame, no doubt, originates with the higher classes, but meantime it is a most aggravating thing, that the labourer will rather throw himself in idleness upon the parish, than take such wages as the manufacturers or farmers can afford to give him. . . ."

* Julia Yates.

CHAPTER VI.

1820—1839.

"Life nor Death has torn
Our lives asunder, as for some, but drawn
Their separate strands together in a knot
Closer than Life, stronger than Death."

1820.—Birth of Jane Yates at Skirwith Abbey. 1822.—Death of Mrs. Bamber of Nunnery. Francis Yates assumes the name of Aglionby, removes to Nunnery, sells Skirwith Abbey. 1826.—Marriages of Janet and Mary Yates at Walnut Grove. Charles Yates, A.B. of the College of New Jersey, Princeton. 1827.—Death of Mrs. Keyes. Death of the Reverend Samuel S. Bateman. 1828.—William Yates, A. B. of the College of N. J., Princeton. 1830.—Death of Mrs. Bateman. 1832.—Marriage of Dr. William Yates in Virginia. 1835.—Removal of Miss Yates to Bath. 1834.—Death of Henry, only son of Major Aglionby. Henry A. Aglionby elected M.P. for Cockermouth. 1837.—Major Aglionby elected M.P. for the Eastern Division of Cumberland. 1839.—Death of John Orfeur, fourth son of John Yates, in Florida. Deaths of Julia and George Beall, grandchildren of John Yates, in Virginia. Marriage of Julia Yates at Walnut Grove.

1820

Major Yates to John Yates.

"Skirwith Abbey, *March 28th*, 1820.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—You will have heard ere this, that the long reign of George III. has terminated, and though a new reign is often attended with important national changes, it is not probable any such will occur on the present occasion, George IV., as Regent, having been king for some years to all intents and purposes. The most interesting consequence has been the dissolution of Parlia-

ment, which, of course, has thrown the whole kingdom into a ferment. Mr. Brougham, who always inquires after you, has a second time attacked the Lowther family in the County of Westmoreland, and after a severe contest been defeated. The numbers at the final close of the poll were, Lord Lowther, 1,530, Colonel Lowther, 1,412, Mr. Brougham, 1,349. The contest was carried on with a spirit and animosity never witnessed on a similar occasion. I went to Appleby one day. The hustings were erected near the High Cross, and the polling booths in different parts of the streets. The town was crowded, and many of the houses decorated with large blue and yellow flags, and almost every person wore ribbons of the colour chosen by the candidate whose cause they espoused. Appleby never had such an appearance in the days we knew it; no expense was spared on either side. The Cumberland election went very quietly off; Mr. Curwen, whom you cannot but remember, was elected for Carlisle, and declared by his friends to be a candidate for the county, and after some hours' polling, Lord Morpeth, one of the old members, declined.

'I did not know till last year, that you were in a banking concern and it has occurred to me that you may sometimes have bills upon England to negotiate, in which case, if I can be in any way useful to you, you may always command my services. I beg my best regards to Mrs. Yates and the whole of your family, and request that you will believe me, my dear brother, always,

"Yours most affectionately,

"F. YATES."

Mrs. Bamber to John Yates.

"NUNNERY, *June 12th*, 1820.

". . . I wish you could come and see your relations, no one would feel greater pleasure in embracing my beloved nephew than I would; but it is a joy I cannot look forward to on this side of heaven, in which place, my dear John, I trust we shall be reunited to those we love. Your sister has not yet shown me the miniatures of your daughters; I

should like to have seen them before writing, and should be much pleased to recognise a resemblance to you, such as when I knew you. Your sister Mary is in much the same state of health she has had for years,—some days well and very cheerful, then very ill without any apparent cause. . . . She told me last year she had sent to one of your girls a pair of shoes (slippers), and that they were very much liked; so I have made another pair for one of my nieces, which I hope will be acceptable *as my work.* I am making a second pair, they will also go if I am able to finish them; but they require more strength to make than an invalid can often summons for the occasion. I thought the bows would be spoiled, so I put the ribbon inside the shoes. The *American* cowslip is one of the prettiest spring flowers in our gardens, and if I can preserve any seed of the English scarlet, I will enclose you a few; it is a variety of the common kind, and grows nowhere else but here. You must value it for the sake of this place, which is much improved of late years. I really think it is one of the prettiest in the country, without mentioning the walks, which are more romantic than any in England, but to you they would appear in quite the miniature style. I have a grand idea of your scenery; your lakes, your mountains, your forests on so great, so sublime a scale, fill me with wonder."

"*June* 13*th.*

"With a better pen I sit down to finish my letter. I am sorry to find the gardener has none of the seed of the scarlet cowslip, as I may never have another opportunity of sending them. It it a sad thing to live so far asunder; but be assured you have much the advantage, for no country can be in a more distressed state than this of ours. You can have no idea of the misery that prevails from the excess of taxation, every year adding to the burthens of the people. Some hopes were entertained from the new Parliament, but they have vanished into air. I wish I could send you a picture of England, but I have not eyes to copy it; I will, however, send you an extract, how far it is a just estimate you will judge better than I can do. I will enclose an Ode

to Corruption, written on Mr. Brougham's defeat at Appleby. It is happy for those who can leave this kingdom and carry their dearest connections with them, to try their fortune in a new country. I have been long in writing, but now send you a letter of such length, that I think I must conclude. With my affectionate remembrances to your lady and children, and with every kind wish for yourself, my dear nephew,

"Most affectionately yours,

"E. BAMBER."

"I open my letter to put in the ribbon, which I forgot to do in the shoes."

From Miss Yates.

"*June* 12*th*, 1820.

". . . I am concerned I cannot by this opportunity enclose you a copy of Mrs. Lowthian's will, but hope to be more fortunate hereafter. I do not know where the original is, nor who has a copy; but I have written to request Francis to procure one if he can. I received your letter at Nunnery, where one is out of the way of getting any business done, and I am only now come home to look after my domestic affairs a few days, and then I am going away again. The entail of all Mrs. Lowthian's landed property, after Mr. Aglionby's death (without children), vests in you, your eldest son and his heirs; in fault thereof the second son and his heirs, and so on. This memorandum ought to be preserved in your family, for if Mr. Aglionby marries and has a family, the remembrance might be lost in the remote situation, where your several descendants will flourish. . . . I send Dr. Yates' Bible in two volumes by Mr. Bousfield. I have not literally done what you desired, but if you think the paper proper that is laid within the leaves, you can either paste it or copy it on one of them. The Prayer Book, from the great size of the type and the failure of my eyesight, is become so valuable to me when I read prayers aloud to my family, on the Sunday evenings, that I hope you will not be disappointed at my taking the permission, which I under-

stood you gave, of retaining it. At my death, that and other things, I doubt not, will be duly transmitted to you. As you mentioned the Prayer Books you used were not exactly similar to ours, I have taken the liberty of sending you one of mine. And along with some remembrances for your daughters, I have sent the impressions of two curious seals, taken in metal from the originals, by our dear mother. The smaller one is that of Ballenrob in Ireland, the larger is of the Carmelites in Oxford. I do not know if you have any turn for antiquities; but as proofs of her ingenuity, independent of their own curiosity and of the labour of her hands, I am certain they will be to you very valuable. I am sorry to say I think my good Aunt Bamber very poorly. I have lately been a good deal with her, to the advantage of her spirits. . . ."

From Major Yates.

"*June 26th*, 1820.

". . . My father's portrait is still at Penrith. Being in crayons which are extremely delicate and susceptible of injury from dampness and other slight causes, as well as covered with glass, I have not entrusted it to Mr. Bousfield's charge; not for fear of neglect in him, but I really feel a reluctance to commit to the care of a stranger what is so very dear to me. . . . My letter of March the 25th would announce the birth of a little girl, called Jane, on the 5th of that month. . . ."

From Miss Yates.

"*August 17th*, 1820.

". . . I was then in York, seeing for the last time my much esteemed friend Mrs. Salmond, who was at that time in a state of severe suffering, and of whose death I was informed only a few days ago. I think you would scarcely know her, as she has not lived in Cumberland since any of us were born. She was a Miss Hasell, of Dalemain, and upon all occasions we have found her a most kind-hearted and friendly woman. My beloved mother constantly corresponded with her; and to me she has shown so much attention, that I

now reflect with satisfaction on having been enabled to show her the last marks of respect and affection. I found a month's absence from home was a great effort. A letter, which I see is from you, is now lying here for the Major. Two of his children are at Allonby with Miss Matthews; the eldest lives with her, and is a very sensible, old-fashioned, and agreeable little lady. . . . The kingdom is in a sad state. The ministers are unpopular, and his Majesty is unfortunately of so profligate and expensive a turn, that the respect paid to his father, even in the worst of times, is totally alienated from him. The coronation has been put off, and there is an universal uneasiness upon the state of public affairs, that is felt even in this remote part of the kingdom. . . ."

"*October* 19*th.*

". . . I understand at Walnut Grove, you are all great admirers of the works attributed to Sir Walter Scott. 'The Antiquary' and 'Guy Mannering' are the only ones I can tolerate. 'The Monastery,' the first of this year, is exceedingly childish and poor. The next, 'The Abbot,' is rather better; and what the third, already announced, may turn out remains to be proved. . . ."

From Major Yates.

"*October* 21*st*, 1820.

". . . I am glad to learn the plate is to your satisfaction; I thought from the description it would be very splendid. The amount was about eighty pounds, so that I shall owe you twenty-five pounds on that account, which I shall be glad to remit to you in any piece of plate which you may direct, and you will also inform me whether to send as before or in any other mode.

"The country is now agitated by a violent attempt on the part of the king to effect a divorce from the queen. It has made a sensation and feeling I never remember, and is considered by the country at large as vindictive on the king's part; whether her Majesty is guilty or innocent I am unable to say; but she has certainly been very much injured and ill-used ever since her marriage in 1795. She has been much

assisted by the powerful talents of Mr. Brougham, and I am of opinion he will be able to carry her through. As the measure is legislative as well as judicial, it may perhaps pass through the House of Lords, which is more under the influence of the crown, but it will hardly succeed in the House of Commons. We have had a fair harvest, but I do not think the crop is an average one ; at the same time, the deficiency will not be so great as to afford a large demand on America and the countries from which we have received supplies on former occasions. . . ."

1821.

From Major Yates.

"*February 27th*, 1821.

". . . I have your letters of September 2nd and December 26th, 1820, the former of which contained postscripts from your four boys, for which I am much obliged to them, and offer my kindest remembrance in return.

"Mrs. Lowthian died at Dumfries in October 1798. Her property, Scotch and English, was disposed of by two testamentary instruments, one of which is deposited at Edinburgh, and the other at Carlisle. Mr. Aglionby* succeeded to her property, which he has for life ; and in failure of issue male, it is entailed on you and your sons, according to priority of birth. Mr. Aglionby, if he has daughters, cannot burthen the estates with money for them, but all will go in the male line. He is thirty years of age and unmarried ; and if ever you or your family have any interest in that property during my life time, you will receive immediate information from me. The litigation in which it has been involved so long is not yet brought to a close. If the English property should become yours, I believe you and your son, when he attains the age of twenty-one years, will be able to cut the entail and sell it ; but Scotch entails are not to be got the better of by any means, they last for ever. If the property should become yours, it will be a very handsome addition to

* Son of Mrs. Bateman.

your fortune, and might perhaps require your personal attention for some time, or, at any rate, your son ought to look after it. He ought, moreover, always to bear in recollection the importance of what I now communicate, and the Scotch property cannot be alienated from him or his posterity. But if Mr. Aglionby has a son, they can by agreement cut the English entail. I have received the instrument releasing Drawdykes estate from your claim upon it, for which I am much obliged to you. It was properly executed. Your message to Isaac Topping was never delivered, he has been dead for some months; but John Sanderson was much pleased with your remembrance, and said he had often thought of you. . . .

"FRANCIS YATES.

"We have the mildest winter I ever remember."

From Miss Yates.

"PENRITH, *September 8th*, 1821.

". . . I have likewise to inform you of the receipt of the miniatures,* which of all tokens of regard you could have devised were the most acceptable. I cannot discern the expression at which you cavil in yours, but nevertheless it surprised me a good deal, both from varying so entirely from my remembrance of you, and from a profile that you may recollect was taken of you in Edinburgh, and was then a very exact resemblance. This, by-the-bye, Mr. Wilson says is a very strong likeness of your son John. To return to the miniature. It is not at all unlike Francis, and, as a proof of it, one of his children thought it was 'papa's picture.' Your friend Mr. Wilson spent a week between Penrith and Skirwith the latter end of July, and then proceeded into Scotland. . . . I wish Mr. Wilson's representations, or anything else, could induce you to revisit your native land. I am sure it would be much to the advantage of whichever of your children may come, to have you for their companion. . . ."

* Of Mr. and Mrs. John Yates.

1822.

From Major Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, *January 29th*, 1822.

"My DEAR BROTHER,—It is with very great regret I inform you of the death of our good aunt, Mrs. Bamber, which occurred on the 5th instant, after a long and painful illness. She was declining the whole of last year, and during November and December her dissolution was evidently approaching. She has made the following disposition of her affairs. The estate is vested in two trustees,—Mr. Featherstonehaugh and Mr. James Brougham,—with power to raise money to discharge legacies and debts, which are very heavy. I am to have the rents and profits for my life, then to my son Henry Yates, and his sons, first, second, third, according to seniority in tail male, then to my second and other sons according to priority of birth; for default of such issue, to Henry A. Aglionby and his sons, first, second, third; for default of such issue, 'to my nephew John Yates, Esq., living in Virginia, for his natural life;' and after his decease to Charles Yates, for his natural life; then to his sons in succession. For default of such issue, to William Yates for his natural life, and then to his sons; the same with Francis and John Orfeur Yates, for their natural lives; 'and for default of such issue to the use of all and every other son or sons of the said John Yates, severally and successively, according to their seniorities of age, and priorities of birth in tail male, and for default of all such issue, then to the use of my own right heirs for ever.' Then follows a direction for all persons who may succeed to the property to take the name of Aglionby, and to reside at Nunnery. Several legacies are given to friends and relations. 'I give and bequeath to my nephew John Yates one hundred pounds and the miniature picture of his beloved sister Anne, believing he will highly value it.' Mr. Aglionby has one hundred pounds and some small remembrances; Miss Mary Yates four hundred pounds. The farming stock, furniture, etc., at Nunnery, to me. The debts and legacies will amount

to between eleven and twelve hundred pounds, which will be a heavy encumbrance. I have proposed to the trustees to sell a distant estate near Keswick, and to raise the rest by way of mortgage. The will will be proved at Carlisle, and left with the bishop's registrar; it is very long, and I have only given you a summary of it. In consequence of this event I shall think it prudent to offer to sell my estate at Skirwith. It is with great reluctance I shall adopt this measure, and with great grief that I think of parting with the place of my nativity, where my earliest years were passed, and which is endeared to me by every fond and pleasing recollection; and where I have lived for the last five years, in the hope of ending my days where they first began. I shall never love any place so well. But it is a circumstance I am compelled to adopt, and the estate at Nunnery, which is certainly a better one, is so circumstanced that it will require many years' attention and much expense to bring into good condition. I have received your letter of November 27th, and of the same date addressed to Mrs. Bamber. It arrived the day after she had breathed her last; she always spoke of you with the greatest affection. I sincerely condole with you on the loss of your infant, and I hope Mrs. Yates has long ago recovered, both in health and spirits. The melancholy event which is the principal topic of this, I have communicated by the first packet. I beg you will believe me, dear brother,

"Your truly affectionate,

"Francis Yates."

From Miss Yates.

"*January* 22*nd*, 1822.

". . . Her faculties continued unimpaired, and until the last week she never omitted writing to me with all the spirit and animation of youth. I now feel I am deprived of one of the kindest of friends, whose talents made her the most engaging of associates, and whose attention to me for many years has been undeviating. I only returned from Nunnery two hours since, where I have been for the last fort-

night; I left my brother and Mrs. Yates there. In health I am much as usual, in spirits I am severely wounded. . . ."

Mrs. Bamber was the eldest sister of Mrs. John Orfeur Yates, and daughter of Henry Aglionby, of Nunnery, Esquire, and Anne Musgrave, his wife. She was a superior person in understanding and accomplishments, and wielded a graceful pen. Many of her writings were published, consisting of various articles and verses on the topics of the times. She died childless, and her nephew, Major Yates, with the inheritance of her property, by her wish also assumed the name and arms of Aglionby.

Major Aglionby to John Yates.

"SKIRWITH ABBEY, 26*th September*, 1822.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—It afforded me very great pleasure to find there was a possibility of your paying us a visit with your son next year, to which I look forward with impatience. I presume Liverpool will be your port, from which the mail coach will convey you to Penrith in about fifteen hours. I trust it is unnecessary in me to request you to consider Nunnery as your home during your stay in England. We remove thither with our family next week. This is the last letter I shall ever write to you from Skirwith Abbey; I have sold it with more reluctance than I can express to Mr. William Parker, of Manchester, cousin to Christopher Parker, whom you remember at Appleby school. He is settled a few miles from Nunnery. They had large fortunes left them by an uncle in Manchester. I told Christopher Parker, I expected you to visit me next year, and he hopes to renew his acquaintance with you. I should have had much pleasure in receiving you at Skirwith, but circumstances have decreed otherwise; I shall never love any place half so well, and I wished for no more than to end my days where they began. My removal to Nunnery will be attended with little if any immediate advantage to me, the house and estate are both in bad

order, especially the latter. . . . The wood will be valuable to my son if he lives fifty years. . . . Skirwith is a beautiful place, and from the taste with which the wood has been planted, and its flourishing growth, is admired by all who see it; you would not know the place again except from the recollection of the house. . . ."

1823.

From Miss Yates.

"*April 6th*, 1823.

". . . Yesterday brought me your letter of March 12th, and so great was the disappointment it conveyed, that it is with a bad grace I take my pen to thank you for it. From the tenor of your last to Francis, I was prepared to expect our meeting would be postponed, but when the certainty is assured, I do not find that I bear it with more moderation. Our pain in seeing each other, after the heavy afflictions we have sustained, will be great; but the happiness of once more shaking hands would have enabled me to stifle painful emotions. I trust we may both be spared for another year. . . ."

From Major Aglionby.

"NUNNERY, *May 26th*, 1823.

". . . I have the pleasure of informing you that Mrs. Lowthian's affairs are finally settled. The litigation which commenced in 1788, respecting Mrs. Lowthian's property is terminated, and on the 28th of June, 1821, Mr. Lowthian's heirs gave Mrs. Lowthian's representatives a release from all future claims. The landed property devised by Mrs. Lowthian remains untouched, and, as my cousin, Mr. Aglionby, informs me, "a few thousands" of personalty. He does not say how much, but when I learn I will communicate to you, it being essential you should have every information upon these affairs, as there is but one life between them and your family. It is very fortunate that an adjustment has at length been made, and everything settled. . . ."

1824.

From Miss Yates.

"*January 28th.*

". . . The prolific author of 'Waverley' has just sent forth another publication, called 'St. Ronan's Well;' I think the general idea and characters are taken from Gilsland, and though of less striking features than some of his other works, I think I prefer it to most of them. Report says booksellers have contracted for six more novels from the same pen, to be furnished in two years, for which they are to give ten thousand pounds.

"Francis had a gentlemanly young man with him in the autumn, a son of Charles Pattenson, who was educating for the Church. One of Jack Pattenson's daughters is married, and has a family, so time gets on! My nieces are long writing, and their little cousins begin to fear their letters were not welcome, as they have not been answered. . . ."

1825.

From Miss Yates.

"*January 25th.*

". . . From what you say, our climate is less at war with juvenility than yours. Francis is a remarkably strong, good-looking man, and we have not many grey hairs between us, nor is the crow's foot impressed on our faces. I do not apply it to ourselves; but in England you very rarely see the appearance of age, except in the lowest classes. The *peruquier* and the *dentist*, to say nothing of makers and menders of complexions, are the most flourishing members of the community, and contribute greatly to give it a good appearance.

"The general state of the country, I should say, is flourishing. The markets are higher than they were some time ago, and the interest on money lower, which falls heavy upon people like me; but the wealth of Great Britain is incalculable, and the improvements in every respect defy description and almost belief, if we were not witnesses to the wonders of the present age. . . ."

Miss Yates was very ill during this year.

From Miss Yates.

"*August* 11*th*, 1825.

". . . I was reduced to crutches, my arms grew weaker, and I finally anticipated the sad finale of being deprived of the use of my limbs. At this crisis I was much recommended to try Bath, before it was too late, and with a dread I can scarcely describe, both of the distance, the expense, and the fatigue, I at length determined on going. I was there two months, and got home three weeks ago, so much improved that I can walk without assistance; but I am very feeble and go unsteadily. The disease, I understand, is an affection of the spinal nerves. I was in a fine part of England, and I saw more than I had power to enjoy. I travelled from necessity very leisurely, which added much to the expense of my journey; and, though inconvenient, I am so thankful for the benefit I have received, I have little room for other feelings. I found the kind remembrances of your young people awaiting me here, and I am extremely pleased by their thinking of me. The account you give of the state of things in America, exactly resembles what they were in England while commerce and agriculture were depressed; but the improvements you are expecting we enjoy. Your land speculation, I hope, will be a favourable one, and the temporary embarrassment it occasions, I trust, will soon be over. . . ."

From Major Yates.

"Nunnery, *December* 27*th*, 1825.

". . . I have had the pleasure of hearing a great deal of you and your family from Mr. Graham, who has been here several times since his return to England. He has given me many particulars which I was glad to learn. I understand from him that you have made a considerable addition to your estate by purchase, and that it is likely to turn out well, and add to the value of that you had before. The agricultural prospects of this country have greatly improved within the last two years, and if produce can but maintain

present prices, our farmers have little to fear, and will recover from their former depression. Everything has been going on well till within the last fortnight, when from the failure of some country banks in the West of England, a panic spread to the metropolis, and all over the kingdom, and destroyed confidence. I know no one, rich or poor, who has not been in some measure affected. I am of opinion the panic is groundless, and that a little time will set things to rights. I observe from the newspapers something of the same sort has occurred at New York, and originating in the same cause.

"I am very busy getting my estate put into order, it takes all my time, and a great deal of money. My family are quite well. None of the children have gone from home yet for the purpose of education. Miss Yates is, I think, something better, but is lame and feeble. Mrs. Aglionby joins me in best regards to you, Mrs. Yates, and your family. . . ."

1826.

From Miss Yates.

"NUNNERY, *April 12th*, 1826.

". . . I am come here for a month, and have one very nice little niece for a companion, but the two elder girls are at Wigton. . . . When you speak of Charles coming over, surely, my dear brother, you will be his companion; my nephew will be too young to go about alone, and as his uncle never goes farther than Temple Sowerby, and Mr. Matthews keeps still more closely at home, he will not under their aid see much more of old England than our own county. You are still kindly remembered by many: the Harrison family, the Broughams, Miss Pattenson, and numerous others inquire after you. . ."

From Major Aglionby.

"*July 24th*, 1826.

". . . I am happy to learn one of your daughters is about to marry, and from a letter my sister has lately

received, that another is going to do the same.* I hope my nieces will each be kind enough to accept a silver tea-pot and coffee-pot from me, upon their respective marriages, with my affectionate regards. I once thought of sending them from this country, but as the young ladies may perhaps make a better choice of these articles than I can do, I hope they will be good enough to choose for themselves. I will be obliged to you to pay for them and draw on me for the amount. . . . I do not think it at all likely that Mr. Brougham will visit America; his professional engagements are so numerous, and he is in such large receipts that I do not think he can spare the time requisite for such a voyage. He has just had a third contest for the county of Westmoreland, and been again unsuccessful. The interest of the Lowther family is so great that it seems hopeless for him to persevere. . . ."

From Miss Yates.

"HARROGATE, *September* 16*th*, 1826.

". . . I am glad to remind my transatlantic friends I am affectionately loving them. They must, if they comment on the dates of my letters, think I am a sad rambler; but after I last wrote I became a greater invalid than before, and two very kind friends and neighbours,—Mr. and Mrs. Grave,—intending to come here, were so good as to take charge of me, and I am again visiting these famous Spas. I shall get home again next week, and in the meantime here all our Cumberland friends are well. Mr. and Mrs. M. Atkinson are here, and have been telling me of the improvements at Skirwith Abbey, where the new occupant, a little quiet invalid, gave a very handsome *first* dinner to them, the Aglionbys, and others, last week. Francis I find, with the most beautiful place in the country for his residence, still retains all his early attachment and local interest for that place he has parted with. Melmerby is let to an Aldstone Moor man, and Mrs. Pattenson, the proprietress

* Janet and Mary Yates.

(widow of Tom Pattenson), is a rambling sort of person, sometimes on the Continent and sometimes in England. Miss Pattenson lives in Carlisle in great comfort and much respected and approved. Jack's widow and her children came to England after his death, and Charles and his family reside in India. Mrs. Jolliffe, whom you may remember long ago used to be with us as Miss Grace Dobinson, is the only one remaining of that family. So it is in this world, we disperse and decay, and, while others become matters of comment to us, we may reflect how soon we may become so to them. . . ."

John Yates to Miss Yates.

"CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON COUNTY,
"VIRGINIA, *September*, 1826.

"MY DEAR SISTER,—Though I have written since we have heard from you, and am daily hoping to receive a letter, I think it incumbent to inform you, our dear child Mary was married on Tuesday last to a young gentleman of this town, Mr. Humphrey Keyes. We are pleased with the match, as we have known him long and well, and highly esteem him. He is a merchant, and in a very respectable, and I believe, lucrative line of business. From his character and circumstances, we have every reason to hope the best for our daughter. God bless her! Our daughter Janet has also engaged herself, entirely with our approbation, and will probably leave us in a short time. Our home will be rendered lonesome; but our children will not go far and will be with protectors on whom we can rely.

"We are thankful to have had fine health this summer; the only exception is Mary, who is occasionally troubled with headache, which perhaps she derives from her lamented grandmother, though I trust her affliction will be neither so severe nor so lasting. Charles has just taken his degree at College (Princeton). I should very much like to enable him to visit his friends in England, but I cannot at this time. . . ."

John Yates to Major Aglionby.

"WALNUT GROVE, *November* 1826.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I duly received your kind letter of July 24th, and feel sensible of your generous affection for my daughters. . . . Mary Yates was married, September 19th, to Mr. Keyes, a merchant of Charlestown; and on October 19th, Janet was married to Mr. Beall, a land owner and cultivator in this county. I think they have both married worthy men, of good sense and principles, who will do well and make excellent husbands, which God grant! The young people will soon leave us to go to house-keeping. Mrs. Beall will live about eight miles from us, Mrs. Keyes not half that distance, so that our intercourse can be as frequent as we wish. We all enjoy excellent health, except Mary, who has a cold from which I hope she may recover. . . ."

1827.

From Miss Yates.

"*January* 19*th*, 1827.

". . . I hope my young relatives will enjoy the present and many succeeding years, supported and comforted through the changing scenes of joy and sorrow allotted in this world. My good wishes for dear Janet are not less fervent, but as yet I know not the particulars of her changed situation. I was staying at Nunnery when I got the notification of Mary's marriage; and I have been charged with offering you all kind wishes upon it from Mrs. Bateman and Miss Pattenson. The former is much gratified by the remembrances from you; and though the blessing of sight is in a great measure diminished, she can still enjoy a rubber at whist. . . ."

From John Yates to Miss Yates.

"*April* 27*th*, 1827.

". . . About a month ago I received your kind favour of January 19th. I should have answered it sooner, but at

that time we were in a state of anxious suspense about Mary Keyes, whose health has been very delicate this winter. Early in January she left her home, and returned here, as we at one time apprehended never to leave it again, till she went to her last long home. . . . She is now nearly restored to health, but very weak, and afflicted with a severe cold, which may be expected at this variable season; but we hope soon to see her well again. Janet Beall has better health.

"Forty-eight years ago, early in this month I was born, four days later in the same month; twenty-four years ago I was married, so that I have been a husband just half my life. I do not think I desire long life, prosperous as it has been. I have no desire to go over it again. . . ."

John Yates to Miss Yates.

"*August 3rd,* 1827.

"My dear Sister,— . . . You will participate my concern when I tell you that Mary Keyes continues in a state of great weakness. Her physician has recommended travelling, and in a day or two she will set off with her husband and sister, Mrs. Beall, on an undefined journey in the Alleghany mountains, where there are valuable medicinal waters. We hope it will benefit her. She was always well-looking, but never enjoyed such good health as her sister.

"I have just secured my wheat crop, which is pretty good; but prices are very low, business is depressed, and prospects are gloomy. I see no prospect of renewing the prosperity of this country but by improving it with canals and railways, and promoting manufactures, which will create a demand for our agricultural produce, on which our welfare as a nation mainly depends. Something in this way is going on, and a good deal talked of; but we are greater talkers than doers. . . ."

From John Yates.

"*November 26th,* 1827.

"My dear Sister,—My daughter, Mrs. Beall, a few days ago, on a visit to us, received and showed us a letter from

you of August 17th, which in our deep affliction was a great relief to us all. The dresses you sent my daughters reached us only a few days before the fatal termination of my dear excellent Mary's illness. Unavailing as was this mark of your kindness to her, it was kindly received, and classed with the many acts of friendship, for which she gratefully acknowledged herself indebted to you. You will learn with great concern that Mary was taken from us on the night of the second of this month. I have not had composure before to write to you on this subject. She was always from the first dawn of her understanding rationally and habitually pious, and strictly attentive to her religious duties; and in all her illness, to the last moment, she felt and expressed her comfort and reliance in that best of all supports. Her sufferings were very great; but she retained her self-possession and reason to the last, mentioning all her relations affectionately, and not long before she died she spoke of you gratefully. Two winters ago she had an influenza, which was apparently got over; but she has since said she never felt entirely well afterwards. She was married September 1826, and soon after had an alarming cough, which was unmanageable. In August last, her sister and husband accompanied her over the Alleghanies, in all, backward and forward, about five hundred miles, to some medicinal springs. She failed sadly on the journey, and returned to this house about the last of September, and declined rapidly. In all her illness she was attended by the family, some particular friends, and the family servants; and I am happy in the belief that neither medical nor other aid was wanting to relieve her sufferings. Her life was useful and respectable, pure and innocent, and justifies the hope that her virtues are rewarded in a better world. The Lord hath given and hath taken away. Had she been spared there was a fair prospect before her. She was united to a very worthy man, who displayed the greatest kindness and attention to her during every stage of her illness; and I hope he will remain a friend to our family. I have nothing in her life or death to regret, but our loss. . . ."

From Major Aglionby.

"NUNNERY, *December 3rd*, 1827.

". . . Mr. Bateman is lately dead. His life terminated in a manner awfully sudden. In excellent spirits, and apparently as well as ever, he went out a-coursing, was taken ill in the field, and died almost instantaneously, without the least suffering. Mrs. Bateman's health is as good as can be looked for at the advanced age of seventy-nine. I will mention the decease of another person whom you will possibly remember,—John Lowe, who lived many years servant with my three Aunts in Carlisle, and afterwards with Mrs. Bamber, at Nunnery. He was in a condition to retire from service some years since, with a competency to live upon. My Cousin Aglionby has desired me to say, he will take it as a favour in you to procure for him the seeds of some American trees, particularly the hickory, walnut, and acacia, or locust trees, and of any others you may think proper. Liverpool is the port to which to send them. . . ."

1828.

From Miss Yates.

"*January 14th.*

". . . It was with with sincerest concern, my dear brother, I received your melancholy communication of November 26th. It forcibly renews what we suffered six-and-twenty years before, when our beloved Henry was taken from us. The same consolations you feel were vouchsafed to us, and I can truly say that being able to attend upon him always, and to treasure up all he said or did, with the hope that his sufferings were alleviated by all an idolising family could effect, were reflections that softened the heart-breaking separation. To speak of my own feelings is selfish, where you have been so recently wounded; yet I cannot avoid saying I felt much gratification in knowing my amiable niece had thought of me, and felt satisfaction in the casual intercourse and trifling marks of remembrance that passed between us. You do not name Mrs. Yates, I can only trust that the same

Power Whose wisdom has ordered so heavy a calamity, will support you both in the endurance of it. Death has carried off some people here you will remember, among them, and in the full possession of all this world could bestow, Sir Philip Musgrave, grandson to the old baronet who was your god-father. I beg to be kindly remembered to Mrs. Beall and the young portion of your family; and that you, Mrs. Yates, and Mr. Keyes will accept my affectionate condolences. . . ."

John Yates to Mrs. Bateman.

"*April 24th*, 1828.

"My dear Aunt,—Some years have elapsed since, understanding you read and wrote with difficulty, I have written to you, but believe me I never forget my mother's most beloved sister, and my own affectionate aunt. My recent letters inform me of the melancholy event of last November,* and impel me to express my sympathy, and to assure you of my sincere regret. . . . I, too, dear aunt, have felt sorrow—the sorrow of losing one of the best and dearest of children, my second daughter, Mary Keyes, in the twenty-third year of her age, and the second of her marriage. . . . Hers was truly the death of the righteous, and that thought has been a support to us all. You are, I know, informed generally of my family, but I will briefly recapitulate: my eldest daughter, Janet, married seventeen months ago, and is living near us in easy circumstances. Charles, my first son, has taken a degree at one of our colleges, and is now at home, intending, I believe, to lead a country life. William, my second son, is also an A.B., and is preparing himself for the practice of medicine. Francis and John Orfeur Yates are at different schools, as are their younger sisters, Anne, Elizabeth, and Julia; and, though *I* say it, they are fine, promising children. Mrs. Yates and myself, though past the meridian of life, enjoy good health and tranquillity, and devote ourselves to the care of our affairs, and to bringing forward our children. . . ."

* The death of her husband.

From Miss Yates.

"BATH, *June 14th*, 1828.

". . . This is a wonderful place, a city surrounded by hills, and in one district are four natural hot baths, which have undoubtedly effected wonderful cures. Our English doctors have thought friction so essential to restore impeded circulation, or failure of muscular power, that they have people properly instructed in the method, and I own I look upon it as very serviceable. I am placed in a neat and comfortable lodging, and have nothing to do with anybody but a few kind people, who call to see me. I mean to return home again, as soon as the doctor thinks I have made a sufficient trial of the water; and I shall not be sorry when the time comes, for it is but a dreary life, three hundred miles away from my home, and the few near relations I have left to me. . . ."

From John Yates.

"*November 4th*, 1828.

"MY DEAR SISTER,— . . . I have made a good crop of wheat; but in other parts of the country it has failed to a great extent, so that the price has risen and will probably keep up till the next harvest. I expect it will this year net me one dollar or one hundred cents a bushel; for the last five years the price has fluctuated from sixty-five to eighty cents. We are deeply engaged in our presidential election, the present incumbent will probably be beaten by his competitor; neither of them are worthy of the position. The times when merit prevailed have gone by here. . . ."

1829.

From John Yates.

"*September 21st.*

"MY DEAR SISTER,— . . . I have the pleasure of saying I have received the miniature likenesses of my daughters that you have so kindly returned. . . . The rest of my family are well, including our granddaughter, Mary Yates Keyes Beall, who is a fine child, nearly nine months old. . . ."

1830.

From Major Aglionby.

"*April 5th.*

". . . Mrs. Bateman, the last of her family of the generation that preceded us, is no more. She departed this life on the 21st of March, not of any particular disease, but as far as could be judged entirely of old age. She was eighty-one years old last November. She was buried on the 25th at Wreay, about five miles from Carlisle, beside her husband. She was kind and affectionate, and much respected. She always spoke kindly of you. I shall ever respect her memory. . . ."

From Miss Yates.

"PENRITH, *May 25th*, 1830.

". . . My aunt was the last of her family, always a some one to look up to, and her death makes me often feel very desolate indeed. . . . I have stayed till within these last few days at Nunnery, where my chief comfort is in the attachment of my youngest niece, who in acquirements, beyond her years, reminds me much of our beloved Henry. Miss Pattenson always inquires after you. One of her brother John's daughters is married to a Dr. Jacob, who is president of the Royal College at New Brunswick; I believe it is a considerable distance from you, however, if you should ever meet, it would no doubt be mutually satisfactory to claim the relationship. I will send you a more particular address hereafter. . . ."

From Major Aglionby.

"*November 1st*, 1830.

". . . I had a visit in the course of the summer from Mr. Maury, who had been many years consul from the United States at Liverpool, to which situation some other person was appointed not long since. He seemed surprised to hear you had sons and daughters grown up, you being quite a little boy when he saw you last. Mr. Maury is now

eighty-six years old, and, though with some of the infirmities of advanced life, he is very hale and hearty, and walked more than two miles the morning he was here. He said your estate was a very good one, and that it had once been in contemplation to have placed the city of Washington upon or near it, which would have made it of very great value. . . ."

1831.

John Yates to Miss Yates.

"*June* 14*th*, 1831.

" . . . Your account of the railroad is interesting. One of great magnitude is coming home to us, and is being constructed to unite Baltimore with the Ohio river, and will afford the same splendid performance that you describe. I have rode on it thirteen miles, but only with horse power; in a few weeks the cars will be propelled by steam engines, and in the course of the season fifty miles will be travelled. The road will pass about four miles from my house, and will, I expect, add much to the value of all I possess. The whole road will extend about four hundred miles. Mr. Maury has arrived in this, his native state. He has been treated with great public respect in New York, where he landed. I have not heard where he is now; but, if he comes within striking distance, I shall certainly wait on him. He was very kind to me in Liverpool, and he has been friendly and useful to our family. . . ."

From Miss Yates.

"*September* 5*th*, 1831.

" . . . Public events, I take, you know from public accounts, and will, therefore, be aware that your old associate, Henry Brougham, is now Lord Chancellor,—the highest office a subject can hold, and is elevated to the peerage. He is wonderfully altering Brougham Hall. He has one only child,—a girl of rare abilities. . . ."

From Major Aglionby.

"*October* 3*rd*, 1831.

" . . . My two eldest daughters have lately gone to school at Hampstead, near London. My sister is at Harrogate. The seeds you sent my cousin Aglionby arrived some time ago; he has sown them, and they are above ground. . . ."

1832.

John Yates to Major Aglionby

"*January* 31*st*, 1832.

" . . . My family generally enjoy good health, and this winter has witnessed the addition of another Mrs. Yates. My son William has taken the degree of M.D., and settled in the village of Charlestown, and so far has been highly favoured by the confidence and patronage of the community. He has disclaimed the blessedness of single life, and has married Miss Anna S. Daugherty, a lady of much merit. John O. Yates, my youngest son, is now a student at the University of Virginia. . . ."

John Yates to Miss Yates.

"*July* 20*th*, 1832.

" . . . No change in the family, except that Elizabeth has left school,* and Julia has taken her place there. Mr. Maury and his daughter called here and spent a day as they were travelling past. At the time I was very ill; my children did what they could to make the time agreeable to them. It seems probably they will return to England. The cholera has been devastating Quebec and Montreal, and other towns in Canada, and has now reached New York, and some other places in the United States, and is looked for in Philadelphia and Baltimore, and like crowded places. . . ."

* At Bethlehem, Pa.

John Yates to Major Aglionby.

"*November 5th*, 1832.

". . . I received with pleasure your esteemed favour, and highly appreciate and sincerely thank you for your kind interest in your nephew William. I desired him immediately to write and thank you for your generous favour, which, at his outset in life, could not fail but be useful to him. . . . I have recently had an attack of cholera, but applying the proper remedy immediately, I came off pretty well. No other case occurred in my family. A little more than a mile from me there were about thirty men, mostly Irish, working upon a road; the cholera unexpectedly broke out among them, destroying one half the number. And within a small circle of which my residence is the exterior, about twenty of the residents have died; and perhaps twice that number have been affected. Beyond this limit the disease has scarcely extended; but in other places, remote from each other, and without visible reasons, it has appeared and proved very fatal. Its whole progress has been mysterious. . . ."

1833.

Miss Yates to John Yates.

"BATH, *January 7th*, 1833.

" . . . I am unwilling to delay telling you I have accomplished the removal to a warmer climate, that I have been meditating for sometime past. It is much milder here than in the north; and, though I am, and can never expect to be otherwise than lame, I am walking more and better than I have done for years. My nieces would be surprised to see the number of people over eighty years, who are able to walk miles every day, reading, writing, and enjoying society under the influence of this genial climate. I have not seen any snow since I left the north; we do not require much wrapping without, nor much fire within doors. In fact, I suppose whatever causes the wonderful hot water in

which we bathe, and which has continued of the same temperature for centuries, has also a similar effect on the atmosphere. . . ."

From Miss Yates.

"BATH, *November 20th*, 1833.

". . . Since I last heard from America, I have written to you, Dr. Yates, and Miss Elizabeth; and, as you all kindly interest yourselves about me, I again thankfully say I continue in the enjoyment of health and ease, of both mind and body, exceeding what I have experienced since I was eight years old. . . . Whatever is in store for me my gratitude for present enjoyment is unbounded. . . . 'Cousin Henry,' as we call Mr. Aglionby, is in London; and, though I do not perfectly coincide in all his politics, yet he has proved himself one of the most zealous and most indefatigable Members of Parliament of the present day; and were his example generally followed, I think the alarming crisis impending over us may be averted. But the irritation and aggravation of the working classes is indescribable, at the lavish grants that are made by all ministries to their adherents. The extraordinary works going forward in all parts of the Island are giving a new turn to trade. The iron works are flourishing in proportion as the agricultural decay. By a Welsh gentleman I learn that, within a very short time, iron has risen greatly, and independent of immense orders for our own English railroads, they have lately had a commission for one thousand miles of rail, to be sent to the United States. The celerity of communication, both by land and water, in Great Britain, is only inferior to flying,—witness a coach running in one day between London and Manchester, one hundred and eighty-two miles. Bad roads are now almost unknown, except in very remote places; and in common travelling with a pair of horses they will take you from nine to eleven miles per hour. Oh, my dear brother, how I wish any road or any contrivance could bring us nearer to each other! But I have long

given up the hope of meeting, and in that view I feel the correspondence of you and your children one of my greatest pleasures. . . ."

John Yates to Major Aglionby.

"WALNUT GROVE, *September 5th*, 1833.

". . . My family are well. John who has been two years a student in the University of Virginia remained a year at home; his health not being very good. He has been applying himself for some months past to the study of law, and has just set off again to the same University, to pursue it till qualified for practice. Anne and Elizabeth are at home, and I have just been placing Julia at a boarding-school in Baltimore. From newspapers and letters I learn that you have been engaged in a parliamentary contest, not successful, but highly creditable to your character and standing in your country. . . ."

John Yates to Miss Yates.

"*December 20th*, 1833.

"MY DEAR SISTER,—A longer time has elapsed since writing than I intended should be the case, if Elizabeth had not commenced a correspondence. It is not to be denied that ladies detail family matters better than the rougher sex. I shall not, however, allow her letters to supersede mine entirely, for in yours I have always felt a consolation and a gratification I cannot describe. For more than forty years, since I left my family, friends, and country, your letters have been cords to bind me to them. When they come I feel that there I have yet a friend, and there I might find a home and a welcome. I rejoice that your removal to Bath has conduced to your health and comfort. My niece, Mary Aglionby, has recently written a sprightly letter to my daughter Elizabeth, who, I suppose, will forthwith reply; and very pleasant it is to me to see the rising generation engage in friendly correspondence. . . . The only change in our domestic affairs is, that I have made a temporary division of

my land,—Charles and Francis are about cultivating a portion of what I have hitherto kept in my own hands; Mr. Beall and I retain the rest. . . . From the great railroad, leading from Baltimore to the West, there is now making a branch road to a place in this State, called Winchester, which runs through our land and in view of our windows. I trust it will be of advantage to our neighbourhood. It is made by a company, and I have some of the stock, as well as in the great road, which I doubt not will be profitable. What a change has taken place here! Eighty years ago, the inhabitants of the place where I reside were Indians; now the country for fifteen hundred miles westward is settled and settling by the Whites, and enjoying the comforts and luxuries of civilised life. Eight hundred years ago, Walter de Aguilon founded a race in a new country,—a race not yet exhausted. Eight hundred years hence, where will my posterity be? . . . ."

1834.

From Major Aglionby.

"NUNNERY, *June* 30*th*.

". . . About a year ago I was in London a few days,—an event of importance in my life, where I had not been for many years. The occasion was to bring home my daughters from school. In March I received so bad an account of my sister's health, that I went to Bath; but had the satisfaction of finding her complaint, which was pulmonary, had taken a favourable turn; so that after staying some days her medical attendants assured me she was out of danger. She had been very ill, and her recovery was very tedious, but I hope complete.

"I continue farming upon a large scale still, but times are not favourable to agriculturists; and I shall probably contract my scale by-and-by, though I cannot do so at present with advantage. John Pattenson's widow has purchased the Melmerby estate from the widow of the eldest brother, and with her three sons is now residing there. I sometimes go to Skirwith Abbey, and always with the greatest pleasure. . . ."

From Major Aglionby.

"*August* 12*th*, 1834.

"My dear Brother,—When I wrote to you some weeks ago, I informed you of the apprehensions we were under respecting my poor boy. From that time he gradually declined, and our hopes of his recovery became fainter and fainter, and at last ceased altogether. This morning it pleased God to call him from this world; and though our affliction is very great, we have the consolation of thinking our poor dear Henry departed without any acute pain, quite of exhaustion. With our best regards, believe me to be, dear brother,

"Your truly affectionate,

"Francis Aglionby."

1835.

From Major Aglionby.

"Nunnery, *June* 9*th*, 1835.

"My dear Brother,—I was some time since favoured with your letter of affectionate condolence on the death of my poor boy. It was an affliction greater than I can describe, and hard to be endured, though my mind was prepared by an illness precluding every hope of recovery; yet hope was indulged longer than was warranted by a visible decline, or by a constitution not good to begin with, for Henry was delicate from his infancy, and always an object of great solicitude. My family are all at home now. Jane goes next month to school at Chester, where she will probably remain two years, and which, I hope, will be a great advantage to her. The two elder girls finished their education two years ago; they were at school in London, but there were some inconveniences in the distance from home, that have induced us to place Jane nearer to us. . . . I am glad your agricultural affairs were flourishing last year; ours have not been worse, since the year 1822, than at present. Wheat is ruinously low, and rents much reduced in consequence. In fact,

we who are old enough to remember war prices, are much dissatisfied with diminished profits. . . ."

From Miss Yates.

"PENRITH, *August 18th*, 1835.

". . . I should have written to say I had accomplished my intention of coming into the north, but I have wanted resolution for everything. . . . I went to Nunnery in the first place for a week, to see the youngest and cleverest and handsomest of nieces, prior to her going to school, which I am glad to say is done. She is at Chester; and with common justice to her there she will make a fine woman. Her sisters are sensible girls, and Mary is of a peculiarly obliging and amiable disposition. Francis is very well. To his poor little boy, to all the members of the Aglionby family interred there, and to our own dear sister Anne, three most handsome marble tablets are placed in Ainstable Church. To my father's memory, I understand, there is a similar one at Kirkland, and to our beloved mother and Henry one in the cathedral at Carlisle. To those who are gone Major Aglionby has shown the last tribute of respect; to those who remain he sets the example of a worthy, upright magistrate, and excellent country gentleman. . . . When at Nunnery, I spent one day at Melmerby, which is nicely furnished, and looks better than I ever saw it. But the hilarity of former days is over, and Mr. Pattenson's hearty laugh and Miss Grainger's managing conversation are no longer heard. . . . I also went one day to Skirwith Abbey, which I had not visited for twelve years, and saw it in different hands. Every walk, everything my mother's fine taste had formed, has been restored without alteration. Trees that I recollect twigs are now fine timber; the grounds are in excellent condition. I had not time nor strength to walk to the garden. All the old people I knew in the village are gone, except William Jackson. The owner is a very quiet and respectable man, very rich and of retired habits. . . ."

1836.

From Major Aglionby.

"*March* 31*st.*

". . . My sister left us early in last November, and is well at Bath, which I think as good a place of residence as she could have selected, reasonable in point of expense, society in abundance,—quite a paradise for single ladies. . . There are now very great speculations in railways, which are being constructed in various parts of the kingdom; and undoubtedly they will be of advantage to the public, but in many instances not profitable to the adventurers, who are rather overdoing the thing. About two years ago, when I brought the girls from school, we travelled from Manchester to Liverpool in a train of carriages, and the celerity of our motion was very remarkable, and what the generation preceding us would not have believed possible. Still, the powers of steam seem capable of being carried to a much greater extent than they are, when they appear to be only in their infancy. . . ."

From Miss Yates.

"BATH, *July* 28*th*, 1836.

". . . Railroads are at present the hobby of John Bull, and they are projected in every district; and I believe in more than half the parishes of our "tight little Island." It seems impossible they can answer to such an extent; but I am really sanguine about one now just coming into operation between Newcastle and Carlisle. The object is to form direct communication between the east and west seas. Our English gentlemen, however, complain much of having their mansion houses approached by these public works. . . . Horticultural exhibitions are among the reigning fashions in England; here they are exquisitely curious and beautiful. A blue rose was the great lion of the last one we had at Bath; but it was only an uncommon monster, not half so lovely as others less rare. I remember understanding from

Dr. Stephenson, of New York, that flowers were not much cultivated in the United States. Do tell me if the gentleman of that name, who is now officially in England, is the same, or connected with the one, you introduced to me in 1818. . . ."

1837.

From the same.

"*March*, 28*th*.

". . . It is long since Mrs. Beall or Elizabeth have favoured me with their agreeable letters, but I trust the correspondence is only suspended. I wish much to hear of my dear little namesake, Mary Beall, whose early sufferings interest me peculiarly for her. . . ."

1838.

Major Aglionby to John Yates.

"London, *February* 26*th*, 1838.

"My dear Brother,—I address you from London,—a place some years ago I never thought I should have occasion to revisit, my pursuits and inclinations being entirely of a rural nature. I sent you two Carlisle newspapers in August last, which would announce to you, that I was elected Member of Parliament for the Eastern Division of Cumberland. It was a contested election, but ended very decisively in favour of the Liberal party, who had been dissatisfied with one of their late representatives. I might have walked in quietly and without opposition on a vacancy some months before, but I preferred the retirement of private life. But on a dissolution of Parliament, the call for me was loud and general, and it was impossible to resist without disappointing the Liberals, with whom I had always been accustomed to act. I have been here about five weeks, and my health has not suffered from my change of habits and residence, though I have attended very closely to the business of the House of Commons. It will occupy me three months of the year

at least, I hope not more, and is attended with the inconvenience of leaving my family, in whose society I have great comfort. The hours in the House of Commons are also later than I am accustomed to, though not so late as they were some years since. Party spirit runs very high in England. I had the pleasure of receiving your last letter when I was engaged with the election. When I was in Liverpool last summer, for the purpose of carrying my daughter Jane home for the holidays, I met a gentleman who inquired after you,—Dr. Rutter, a physician, who said that you and my father visited him, when you were about to take your departure from this country in the year 1792. . . ."

From Miss Yates.

"BATH, *May 28th*, 1838.

". . . I wish when you write you would let me know if you would like to have a parcel of Carlisle newspapers containing the public speeches of the Aglionbys, both upon local and general concerns. . . . It strikes me they might be interesting to yourself or family. A ready communication is now established between Great Britain and New York, by the *Great Western*, which to the satisfaction of every one has had a speedy and safe return in fifteen days. The Aglionbys are both in London, attending their parliamentary duties. . . . I am at present anxious on account of an old friend, Miss Pattenson, who, Mary Aglionby informs me, had a paralytic stroke about a fortnight ago, and how far her recovery may be expected I cannot say. . . . In the metropolis the approaching coronation* occupies much attention; and like everything else is made a party business. She is, indeed, poor young lady, to be little envied, for she is debarred from the pleasures of youth, and has her best days trammelled by business and etiquette. I am not aware whether the death of Talleyrand will have any effect in this country; he has been the most extraordinary personage of his times. . . ."

* Of Queen Victoria.

From Miss Yates. "*December*, 1838.

". . . These are certainly critical times! I can scarcely tell why, but John Bull is a restless animal; and if he does not carry his energies from home, he exercises them unceasingly here; and universal suffrage is now the cry of the multitude, as if men, whose opinions you would not take either for veracity or judgment in choosing a common servant, were competent to select legislators. We have lately lost two relations. I do not know if you recollect James Salmond, from boyhood loved by all his connections, and an especial favourite of our aunt Julia's. He died last month, after a ten minutes' seizure, possessing an ample fortune, and regretted and respected by every one. The other is John Pattenson's widow, who with her family has for several years been settled at Melmerby. . . ."

1839.

A reference to Appendix I. will explain the apprehensive condition of the family at Walnut Grove during this time. John Orfeur Yates, the youngest and favourite among brothers and sisters, was in declining health, and with his brother, Dr. Yates, threatened with the same pulmonary disease. He had gone a few months before to the warmer southern State of Florida. "One cannot run away from death," was the comment of an old negro servant in sore distress at seeing the departure of his young masters,—a foreboding sadly echoed in the hearts of the many who loved him. The months dragged heavily, laden with suspense, which changed to inexpressible grief, when their worst fears were realised. John O. Yates, the delight and pride of his home, accomplished, talented, and ambitious, with a career of brilliant promise before him, had his life been spared, slowly yielded to advancing disease, and breathed his last at Pensacola, on the 28th of March, 1839, in the twenty-seventh year of his age.

From Miss Yates.

"BATH, *February 19th*, 1839.

"On the 18th, my dear brother, I had the satisfaction of receiving your letter of January 22nd, only dampened by the anxiety you express for your young people. I pray the Almighty, that renewed health and a safe return may put you in better hopes, and that nothing will occur to prevent realising the anticipation you held forth,—of taking advantage of the *Great Western* in May. . . . I hope Mrs. Yates does not suffer in health from anxiety of mind; but I well know what we endure when apprehension is continually alive. I have more faith in climate than in any other remedy. . . . I beg to be informed without delay of the state of your young men and of Elizabeth; perhaps a voyage to England would be beneficial. . . ."

"*March 10th.*

". . . Wonderful cures have been effected for centuries past by the waters here, and if they could benefit your children, I would stay with them instead of going with you into Cumberland, as I conclude you will do. May we hope Mrs. Yates will make herself known to her English relatives? I am much prepared to love and respect her, and I trust she would tolerate the habits of an invalid, if we are to be together. . . ."

The same letter which carried information to English friends of the death of John O. Yates, also told of the "double affliction," sustained by Mrs. Beall, in the loss of two children by scarlet fever—Julia, an attractive and pretty child of seven years, died on the 23rd of February, 1839; and George, aged two years, died March 4th, 1839.

From Miss Yates.

"BATH, *May 18th*, 1839.

"With a shaking hand, and a sympathetic heart, my beloved brother, I lose no time in acknowledging your

melancholy communication of April 15th, coming to me on the thirty-seventh anniversary of our first family affliction, which deprived us of the darling of our hearts and the pride of our hopes, whose last moments I witnessed at Carlisle, on the 18th of May, 1802. Your non-arrival by the *Great Western* in this month, in some measure prepared me for the lamented cause. But I expected not the double affliction my niece has endured. I cannot offer consolation beyond that which the Almighty and your own submission to His will can bestow. I have witnessed the sorrow that parents feel. . . . I entreat you, or some one of your family, to write immediately on receiving this, for I am well aware it is not under the first shock that we are the most tried. It is in the endurance of affliction, the blank succeeding the loss of those we have loved, that our minds are most heavily worn. For Mrs. Yates and Mrs. Beall I feel especially. I have not heard from Francis for a fortnight, but doubt not his being in London; and I shall enclose your letter as the truest representation of an affliction in which, like myself, he must sincerely participate. . . ."

From Miss Yates.

"BATH, *September 1st*, 1839.

". . . In pulmonary affections a sea voyage is often essentially serviceable, and I earnestly hope it may be the case with Dr. Yates. . . . I have received and answered Miss Julia's affecting detail (concerning the last days of her brother, John O. Yates); but it could not have reached you at the time you wrote. I beg my affectionate congratulations to Mrs. Beall on the birth of her little girl. . . . It is perhaps childish, but I own myself pleased that the names of my dear sister and myself may be continued in the family. . . . In July I went to the sea coast; but I do not find anything I try restores my bodily strength. I saw several new places, which made an agreeable impression upon me; but I am unable to walk any distance or bear fatigue, and half the pleasure of travelling is lost upon me.

The part of my excursion I most enjoyed was spending a week at Lord Suffolk's, in Wiltshire. His mother was through life the intimate friend of our good aunt, Mrs. Bamber; and though not absolutely related, the intermarriages of the generation before us have formed a sort of connection, which they have always kept towards me since I inhabited this place, only twenty-six miles from theirs. What can I say to your allusions about coming over, my dear brother? The voyage is now such a mere nothing that, differently circumstanced, I would like to undertake it myself, and know all my dear American relatives, but, alas! I am now unfit for all exertion, though still able to add, gratefully and affectionately,

"M. YATES."

From the same.

"*December 27th*, 1839.

". . . I need not dwell on subjects of pain, however, but with all my heart congratulate you and Mrs. Yates on Julia's marriage, which seems to commence with the fairest prospects, and I trust may not only be the source of happiness to herself, but to the whole connection.

"On November 13th I sent you a Carlisle paper, with an account of serious disturbances in Wales, from a sect calling themselves Chartists. The accounts still continue alarming, though there has been no further outbreak; but the fact is they are merely kept under by a military force. The trials of the insurgents come on December 31st, and public anxiety is much alive as to the result. I sent you another paper, with a speech of Mr. H. A. Aglionby's, of which I shall be glad to know your opinion. I hear it is well approved; and, though in some things not altogether thinking with him, I fancy there is much ability displayed. Our young queen is shortly to marry a Saxon cousin; and Parliament will meet earlier than usual to make the necessary arrangements, which no doubt will trench hard on the pockets of poor John Bull. It is rumoured that a dissolution of Parliament will take place; but our relations, I have no doubt, will be continued as members. . . ."

CHAPTER VII.

1840—1851.

"The many marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom.
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

1840.—Death of Dr. Yates at Walnut Grove. Death of Major Aglionby, of Nunnery, at Carlisle, England. 1841.—Death of Miss Pattenson. 1843.—Death of Miss Yates at Bath, England. 1844.—Death of Elizabeth Yates, at Walnut Grove. 1845.—Marriage of Mary Aglionby. 1846.—Death of the Reverend R. Matthews. 1847.—Marriage of Jane Aglionby. 1851.—Return of John Yates to England, Sickness, Arrival at Nunnery, Death.

Major Aglionby to John Yates.

"LONDON, *March 23rd*, 1840.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—Two days since I received your mournful letter of February 1st, announcing the decease of your son William.* It did not surprise me; from preceding accounts I feared his case was a hopeless one. I hardly know what to say, it is not in my power to offer consolation; but I most sincerely feel for yourself and Mrs. Yates, in the afflictions you have sustained in the last ten months. Two sons in the bloom of their youth, who in the course of nature might have been expected to outlive their parents. . . . I will send your letter to my sister to-day, and remain, with affectionate regard, your very faithful

"FRS. AGLIONBY."

* See Appendix I.

From Miss Yates.

"BATH, *May 27th*, 1840.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I wrote to you on February 9th (our dear mother's birthday), to assure you and all the family of my unfeigned sympathy. I have since received Elizabeth's of the 10th, and your addition; and I can truly repeat my grateful thanks to you both. Is Mrs. William Yates with you? I beg to include her in the affectionate remembrance I offer to all at Walnut Grove, and at Mount Pleasant, which I think is the name of Mrs. Beall's present abode. . . .

"I do not think you were ever in York, its minster has been one of the glories of England; and certainly one of the most magnificent of our religious edifices. In the year 1829, the inside was destroyed by being set on fire by a lunatic incendiary. A few days ago the injury again occurred, whether by design or accident I have not learned, but the damages are most tremendous; and I wait with impatience till I hear more concerning it from our relations, the Salmonds. They reside within a few yards of the minster, and must have been both in danger and distress. I propose that my next sheet shall be to Miss Elizabeth, to whose letter-writing talent I am much indebted. I almost begin to believe, my beloved brother, that we are not to meet in this world; but while I remain,

"I am your most grateful and affectionate,

"M. YATES."

From Major Aglionby—his last letter.

"LONDON, *June 10th*, 1840.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am anxious to hear how you all do. The state of your family was very affecting when you last wrote to my sister and myself. You informed me that your daughter Julia was married, I trust happily. I am desirous of presenting her with some token of remembrance, and I request you to give her fifty pounds, which she will be so good as to lay out in anything she may think useful

and worth preserving for my sake. I must further trouble you to draw a bill for that sum upon *Mistress*, not Messieurs, Drewry, Penrith, Cumberland, whom I will instruct to honour it. With kind remembrance to Mrs. Yates and your family, believe me,

"Your very affectionate,

"FRANCIS AGLIONBY."

The reply to this "last letter," written by Mrs. Terrill (Julia), was crossed in its passage by one from Nunnery, bringing to Virginia the fatal news, which came like a blow from heaven, a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky. Death's harvest among kindred had crossed the Atlantic and "loving a shining mark," in a moment, without preparation, had felled *him*, the strong, the true, the good, stunned and shaken, the cry of riven hearts echoed from shore to shore; and trembling and tearful, in black-edged letters, with words striving for calmness, came swiftly the dread announcement, which no tenderness could soften—the brother, the schoolmate, and the friend, whose affection neither distance nor life apart, adversity nor prosperity, had chilled,—*Francis was dead.*

Mary Aglionby to John Yates.

"NUNNERY, *July 9th*, 1840.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—I have the melancholy duty of acquainting you with the death of my father, which took place on the first of this month. He returned from London on June 23rd, well and strong. He stayed with us a week at home, and then went to Carlisle to attend the Quarter Sessions. He discharged its duties on the first day in health and strength, and rose next morning well as usual. He made a good breakfast with some of his friends, and then went to the Court House, to resume business; but just as he reached the door, and was ascending the flight of steps, he staggered and sank down quite lifeless. Medical assistance

was on the spot, but it was God's will he should expire without a struggle and in a moment. The blow has fallen heavily and suddenly upon us all, and will long be severely felt, for he was a good man and a kind father. Poor mamma feels his loss very deeply, but she has, I believe, exerted herself much on our account, and is as well as we could have hoped. To us, his children, this event is a bitter first experience in sorrow, and on *me* the impression will long last; for I was with him the last of any of his family, having accompanied him in the carriage to Carlisle, and bid him a thoughtless adieu only four-and-twenty hours before the sad event occurred, little dreaming it was to be a final one. Mamma has had both her brother and sister and Mr. Aglionby with her; the latter was sincerely attached to my dear father, and we must always feel most grateful for the great kindness and sympathy he has shown during the trying events of last week. The funeral took place on the 6th, when your brother's remains were deposited in the family burial place at Ainstable Church, followed by a numerous procession of friends and tenantry. Mamma will in a few weeks write to you herself, that you may be informed of the contents of the will. She desires her affectionate regards to yourself and family, in which my sisters unite. Believe me, my dear uncle,

"Yours sincerely,

"MARY AGLIONBY."

From Mrs. Aglionby.

"NUNNERY, *July 27th*, 1840.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Since the melancholy event that deprived me of my dear husband, I have been unequal to any exertion, added to those I have by necessity been compelled to meet, which must be my excuse for not earlier addressing you in the great affliction under which we both suffer. To myself it is a melancholy satisfaction to have intercourse with those who shared the affection of your dear brother; and I well know you were regarded by him with the tenderest feelings. When I look back upon the morning my beloved husband left

his family and home, I can hardly convince myself yet that he is not to return; and being of late used to his occasional absence, things speak less of the fatal occurrence than they would have done. But, alas! I am often painfully convinced of the reality of my misfortune, and that of my poor girls. I endeavour to feel with gratitude the many alleviations we have been vouchsafed in our sorrowful trial by the kindness and assistance of our friends, and the general testimony of regard and respect for him whose loss we so deeply mourn, and more than all this, the support of the Almighty which has been so mercifully extended to this house of sorrow. The motto of the Aglionbys has on this occasion been most striking to us all,—'*When God Pleases*,' and I hope I humbly and sadly submit to it. When my daughter wrote to you at my request, I think she would be unable to enter into the particulars of her poor father's death; but more shall be communicated to you by your nieces, though the tale is a short one, and all that occurred but the work of a moment. Among the consolations that God in His goodness has given us, is that the sad event did not happen in London, or unseen at home, as then we should have had the agony of supposing that, if human art had been at hand, it might have availed in saving him. My brother is at Nunnery, and is and has been a great assistance in the many painful things that were to be done; for, though our circumstances are unembarrassed, our affairs are very wide. Your dear brother has left all he possessed to me, and at my disposal, saying he considered it best for his children to do so; and written on a piece of paper, and placed near his will, I found a request, that a handsome remembrance may be given to his brother and sister. I, therefore, beg your acceptance of one hundred pounds, and I trust, by so doing, I fulfil the wishes expressed by my dear husband, and that you will think I do. Should you like to see your brother's will, I will send you a copy of it; and I shall always be ready at all times, as far as in my power, to comply with any wish you may express to me, and I trust you will be assured of this. Our young people occasionally correspond, and your dear brother and I had great

satisfaction in their doing so; but now I should esteem it a great comfort sometimes to have a letter from yourself, and a good account of you and Mrs. Yates and your dear children. I heard lately from your sister, Miss Yates, who, I trust, is recovering from the sad shock she has received.

"Your affectionate relation,

"MARY AGLIONBY."

From Miss Yates.

"BATH, *August 9th*, 1840.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—If not already, you will before this reaches you be aware of our affliction in the awfully sudden death of our brother at Carlisle, on the first day of July, in the act of speaking and to all appearance in the fullest possession of health and strength. He was entering the Court House, having for two-and-twenty years presided with honour to himself and satisfaction to others, at the Quarter Sessions, our local Court of Justice. Easy in his circumstances, with everything he could wish, he was suddenly removed without any momentary suffering. . . . I would give you every comfort in my power under the dispensation. I copy a part of a letter I had from Dr. Barnes, the Carlisle physician, who, when requisite, attended the family. 'The sudden death of your worthy and excellent brother was a great shock, not only to his friends and to everyone here, but extended from one end of the kingdom to the other. I was at London at the time, and first heard of it in the House of Commons. Every person there, when informed of it, was shocked and grieved.'

"I have made inquiry of Dr. James, the medical man who first saw him after the seizure. He says it was so instantaneous there could scarcely be any bodily suffering, and the cause of death, in his opinion, was the rupture of a large blood-vessel within the head. I am inclined to think he is perfectly correct. Every account, both public and private, corroborates the opinion, and concurs in the same eulogium. My first information was from Miss Matthews, abruptly worded. I felt desirous it should reach you in a milder

shape, and I wrote to your daughter Elizabeth, as soon as I could, July 6th, that through her means your own unhealed sorrows should be aroused as gently as possible; and on July 12th I sent a *Carlisle Journal* with the melancholy detail, which I trust you would receive. . . . I have had a most kind letter from Mr. Aglionby, expressing his wish, as far as ever might be in his power, to make up to me the loss I have sustained; and in respect of other things, he has given the Nunnery family every assurance, that he has no desire but to contribute to their comfort and convenience; it cannot be supposed he will relinquish the beautiful place,* now his own. . . . Your letter from Baltimore was the last intelligence I have had from you, and anxiously indeed am I wishing to hear that time and resignation have, in some degree, blunted the acuteness of your sorrow. . . ."

From Mrs. Aglionby.

"NUNNERY, *September 30th*, 1840.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I received your very kind and affectionate letter on the 26th instant, and my daughters and myself are deeply affected by the regard you so kindly express for us; and I hasten to assure you, that, though grateful for the wish you express respecting the one hundred pounds, I had already forwarded it to you. We can only feel satisfied by fulfilling one of the last requests of your lamented brother, and I trust you have received and will accept it, as his last mark of affection to you, for whom he felt the warmest affection. And allow me to add that the remembrance you mention, though I hope at a distant period, will be received by my daughters in the same spirit in which you receive this from my husband. . . . We are all much attached to Nunnery, and if we remain here, it will afford the greatest comfort I can now know in any circumstances that relate to myself alone. We have so kind and affectionate a relative in Mr. Aglionby, that I doubt not our accommodation will be considered in everything. My property of Staffold Hall,

* Nunnery.

and the Rectory of Ainstable, the last resting place of my dear husband being in this neighbourhood, all make me wish to remain here—both as a matter of feeling and interest. But no event of moment shall ever take place in our family but shall be communicated to you; and your kind request to hear of us shall never be neglected by me; and when I am gone I hope my daughters will ever retain their interest in all their American relatives. My brother and sister * are always glad to hear of your welfare. They enjoy fair health for their time of life, and have all the comforts this world can afford. . . . My two eldest daughters have been at Allonby with my sister and are now returned. . . ."

Francis Aglionby was the eldest son of John Orfeur Yates and Mary Aglionby, his wife. He was born at Skirwith Abbey, in the county of Cumberland, May 12th, 1777. When old enough, he was sent to school with his brother John, at Appleby, in Westmoreland. Afterwards he went to Rugby, till the year 1795, when he entered St. Catherine Hall College, in the University of Cambridge, where he took the degree of B.A. in 1799. In the course of this year he began the study of law in London; but after two years was compelled to abandon his studies, on account of some reverses in his father's affairs. In 1803, he accepted a captain's commission in a regiment of Cumberland militia; he was soon promoted, and served till peace was established in 1815. He married in 1814 his cousin, Mary Matthews, the youngest daughter of John Matthews, Esq., of Wigton Hall, in the county of Cumberland. He settled at Skirwith Abbey in 1816, which estate he inherited by the will of his father, in 1818, and which he sold in 1822, upon his succession to the estates of Mrs. Bamber, by whose wish he removed to Nunnery, and assumed the name and arms of Aglionby. He was elected Member of Parliament for the Eastern

* Mr. and Miss Matthews.

Division of Cumberland in the year 1837. His death occurred suddenly on July 1st, 1840. He was buried in the vault in Ainstable Church, where rest the remains of many of his family; and a monument to his memory was placed in this church by his widow. At the time of his death, Francis Aglionby was sixty-three years old.

A life with a record more stainless, honourable, and useful, one can scarcely find. When troubles assailed in early years, his mother wrote, "Francis is the support of us all." With the same true and intrepid spirit, he met the responsibilities of every position to which he was called; judicious in the control of his private affairs, and faithful in the discharge of his public duties. Very beautiful is the ceaseless affection between himself and his brother in Virginia. It was in the power of each at times to render aid and comfort, pecuniarily and sympathetically to the other; and freely were such offerings made, and freely returned when opportunity occurred. A life-size monument to the memory of Major Aglionby was erected in the court room, on or near the spot where he fell and died. Concerning it the following extracts from the *Carlisle Journal*, of July 4th and 9th, 1840, will explain.

"Sudden Death of Major Aglionby,

"*M.P. for the Eastern Division of this County.*

"We have this week to record the awfully sudden death of Francis Aglionby, Esq., one of the representatives for the Eastern Division of this county, and Chairman of the Cumberland Quarter Sessions.

"The worthy gentleman arrived here on Tuesday morning from Nunnery, where he had been staying with his family for a day or two, and attended the Sessions that morning apparently in excellent health and spirits; indeed, we do not remember to have ever seen him looking better. On Tuesday evening he dined with the Magistrates, and on Wednesday morning rose at his usual hour, breakfasted with a good appe-

tite, and at 10 o'clock, the hour for opening the Court, walked up street to the Court House, to proceed with the business of the Sessions. He was walking arm in arm with Mr. Stanger, of Keswick, and had reached the second step of the staircase ascending to the Court, and was in the act of speaking to the Clerk of the Peace, who preceded him, when he stumbled, and was caught by the latter gentleman and Mr. Stanger; a rattle was heard in his throat, and he almost instantly expired! He was carried into the Grand Jury Room, and medical assistance was almost instantly upon the spot, but, alas! the vital spark had fled, and he, who, but a few moments before, was in the midst of life and apparently in the enjoyment of the best health, was now lying a senseless corpse. How true is it, that 'in the midst of life we are in death,' and that we know not when the end cometh.

"The awful and striking event caused the greatest excitement throughout the town. The Court was instantly adjourned until four o'olock, and expresses were immediately sent off to Nunnery and Wigton to apprise his family and friends of the heart-rending occurrence. Groups of people were gathered in every street, and many a tear was shed by eyes unused to the melting mood; and the melancholy tidings flew from mouth to mouth with the rapidity of lightning. Every one seemed to look upon the loss as a personal bereavement, as the removal of some part of their own family.

"The deceased was originally intended for the Bar, and was educated for that profession; but instead of pursuing it, he accepted a commission in the Cumberland Militia, was soon raised to the rank of Major, and served with great credit in that corps for many years.

"On the removal of Mr. Satterthwaite as chairman of the Quarter Sessions, in 1818, Major Aglionby was appointed his successor—an office he has filled ever since, with as much credit to himself as benefit to the county.

"As a politician, Major Aglionby was long known to entertain the most liberal opinions, and to be an ardent and sincere advocate of Reform; but he did not take any prominent part in the political movements in this county until 1829, when, on the death of Mr. Curwen, Sir James Graham offered himself as a candidate for the representation of Cumberland. On that occasion Major Aglionby stood forward as the proposer of Sir James, and in a short, nervous, and manly speech, declared his political opinions and views. In 1831, at the great Reform

election, he was again the proposer of Sir James Graham, and spoke strongly in favour of the principles which Earl Grey took as the basis on which his ministry had been formed; stating that he supported Sir James Graham in the full belief that he would advocate and adhere to those principles.

"In 1833, and again in 1835, Major Aglionby was urgently requested by the freeholders of West Cumberland, to offer himself as a candidate in opposition to the Lowther nominees. He obeyed the call with great reluctance; but took little part in the elections—for the major was too fond of the delight of home and the pleasures of retirement, to be easily induced to rise in the turmoils of public life. On both occasions he was defeated; but he retired from the field which he had not sought with honour, and the respect even of his opponents.

"When Sir James Graham quitted the Ministry of Earl Grey, and afterwards joined the Peel party, 'to whom and to whose politics he had been all his life opposed,' Major Aglionby was amongst the first to express disapprobation of his conduct; and in 1837, when called upon, by a requisition signed by a majority of the electors of East Cumberland, to come forward to oppose Sir James, he was induced to respond to the call, to give the yeomary of his native county an opportunity of expressing their sentiments upon the tergiversation of which their former representative had been guilty. The result of that great contest is well known. Major Aglionby was returned by a majority of 691, without the cost of sixpence to himself. So decided an expression of public opinion was probably never witnessed at any contest—certainly never in this county.

"We have alluded to these political contests, merely as illustrations of the character of the deceased, and of the respect in which he was held in this county, and not for the purpose of raising any political question for discussion; and we shall not pursue the subject farther at present.

"In private life Major Aglionby was the idol of every circle—the beloved of all who came in contact with him. Bland in his manners, amiable and gentle in disposition, kind, courteous, and affable to all,—a harsh expression was never known to pass his lips; he combined in himself, no less in disposition than in personal appearance, all those qualities which make up the character of the 'fine old English gentleman.'

"As the presiding magistrate at Quarter Sessions, his untiring patience, his calm demeanour, his perfect freedom from all bias: the plain good sense he displayed upon all occasions;

and the intimate knowledge he showed upon all questions under discussion, whether upon points of law or of general facts, won for him the confidence of suitors, the respect and admiration of all who had business to transact before him.

"As a politician, he was honest, straightforward, and patriotic, looking only to the public good: overlooking and despising whatever was mean, selfish, or truckling. The first object of his political ambition was the independence of his native county; and to secure that he gave up all that was dear to him—the comforts of home, and the sweets of a private life.

"He has passed through a long and useful life, the pride and ornament of his party, the beloved and respected of every class and degree. Opponents he may have had, but enemy he never had one; and his memory will be long cherished by every inhabitant of this county, to whom his many virtues and unblemished reputation have endeared him as a father."

"At a meeting held during the late Sessions, E. W. Hasell, Esq., in the chair, it was resolved that a monument to the late Major Aglionby, for which a subscription was entered into some time ago, should be a statue of Maltese stone, to be executed by Mr. Watson, of Dalston. . . . ."

Miss Yates to Anne Yates.

"BATH, *November*, 1840.

"Though a melancholy subject has procured your first letter to me, my dear niece, yet I hope, if life is spared, it may not be the last I shall receive. . . . Of myself I can only say that the heavy blow of last summer has borne very hard on mind and body. Independent of affection which I truly felt, your uncle was so highly estimated, it seemed a reflected credit to belong to him; and I had felt so assured of his survivorship, I appear, in the case being reversed, to have lost my chief earthly support, although I do not compare my loss to those I have formerly sustained, or to that of his daughters. I ought not to detain you on gloomy topics, yet, alas! I know few others. . . . I try to interest myself in observing the progress of a fine railroad, which is forming between London and Exeter, and which passes close enough to my windows to be observed, yet not near enough to annoy

with noise or smoke. I do not attempt any description, as I understand those you have in America are superior to ours; but I look with astonishment at those I have seen, and imagine that, when completed, the great national works of England will suspend the wonder that has been excited by those of Egypt and Rome. In forming the one I speak of, the foundation was carried directly through the site of a Roman villa, and being accessible even for me, I was enabled to view it; and I was certainly surprised with the difference from a gentleman's mansion of the present day. The rooms are so small, yet the attention in many respects to luxury and accommodation great; while the floors were all mosaic, retaining a brilliancy of colour that is suprising. In our English furnishing expense has arrived at a wonderful pitch. The beauty and rarity of woods employed, the larger mirrors with their burnished frames, and the costly carpets are more and more striking every year; I hear of the latter costing thousands, but these cannot be general, you may suppose. . . . I would like to send you a little song of mine, which is set to music, and published for the benefit of the "Fishermen and Mariners' Benevolent Society;" a plan instituted by one of my best friends, for the benefit of the widows and orphans, and which has already, though only two years old, worked beyond all expectations. . . ."

1841.

From Miss Yates.

"BATH, *March 29th*, 1841.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,— . . . I will recapitulate the purport of my last. In consequence of your desire, it contained a legal opinion as to your queries of naturalisations, which, as far as your sons are concerned, is imperative regarding their inheritance of landed property in England. . . . On the fourth of May, if spared, I shall have completed my sixty-ninth year, and, instead of supposing the tenor of life should be extended, it is only wonderful I should have attained this period; I feel to have many mementoes of gradual failure. . . . I have not heard from Nunnery since the 7th instant, when

it was to annonnce the death of our old friend, Miss Pattenson,* who had lived many years much respected in Carlisle. Is it not wonderful that I should have survived all that family, who, when I used to be on a sick and apparently a deathbed, were the pictures of robust health and activity?"

"*April* 1*st*.

"It is some days since I began this, and I have just had an interview with Mr. English, the legal gentleman. It is to the effect, that, having a similar business on his hands, it now appears in some cases the power of inheriting property by an alien may be done by letters of denisation; but now, by the light thrown upon it, it is his own belief, that by simply appearing in England, and taking an oath of allegiance at a sessions, or before any properly constituted authority, you would be reinstated in your birth-right as a British subject. The other client of Mr. English's, similarly situated, is at Naples. . . ."

From Miss Yates.

PIERREPONT HOUSE, BATH, *June* 14*th*, 1841.

". . . I extremely admire what you have done in contributing to the honourable testimony his contemporaries wish to show to the memory of our lamented brother. . . . The whole kingdom is in a state of fermentation at present. By a majority of one the present ministry have been declared in the House of Commons unworthy the confidence of the people, and they are now, I believe, only getting over a few necessary Bills, before a general election comes on, from which certain evil and doubtful good must arise, as all decorum and propriety are laid aside, and the lord of misrule predominates for weeks. . . ."

From the same.

"NUNNERY, *October* 30*th*, 1841.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,— . . . I then set out for the north, going per railroad as much as I could, as more expeditious

* Eldest daughter of Thomas Pattenson, of Melmerby Hall.

and easier. My first business was to drink Shap water for a few weeks, where my father used to go in the latter part of his life. Though a dismal, dreary place, I was certainly improved; beyond temporary relief I expect no more. I was next a month in lodgings at Penrith, where I still have things I brought with me from Hutton Hall. . . . I can scarcely describe, and it would be useless to do so, how much I have suffered since I have been in Cumberland. Dear Francis is never named but with veneration and regret, and the lower order of people date circumstances in their own families from being connected with his, such as being ill, etc., at the time he was elected, moving about or anything else they may have done. It is sad to me to look on his vacant chair, not to hear his voice, to see the alterations that have necessarily taken place, and those things that remain are scarcely less painful, when I think of the master-spirit being removed. It would be ungrateful not to add that Mrs. Aglionby is as liberal as can be, and does all she can to make me comfortable. I never saw her appear better, or busier, or happier; and her daughter Mary I think one of the most amiable and pleasing young women I ever knew. She is well informed, gentle, and her attentive kindness to me beyond all praise, while she is so useful to her mother; I do not see how matters could be carried on without her assistance. The other daughters have not returned from their continental tour. Miss Matthews is here, and much as when I last saw her, above a dozen years ago. . . . My present intention is to return to Bath next month. . . ."

1842.

From Miss Yates.

"BATH, *December* 18*th*, 1842.

". . . I am pleased to find that my letter with the legal opinion of Mr. Colston, on the position in which you stand, had been received, and is so satisfactory, that all concern may now be at rest, until the property comes to you and your sons. . . . I think with astonishment on all I have

survived, and I ought to feel ready whenever called; and though wishful to remain, I must not repine when it is the will of Heaven to remove me. We have had a wonderfully fine summer and autumn, and so far a fine winter; but the climate of Bath is so good that, though we hear of storms elsewhere, we seldom feel them. Mr. Aglionby is at Nunnery during the recess of Parliament. Your American describer, Mrs. Trollope, has settled in that neighbourhood, and they are quite pleased with her. I would like to know your opinion of the works of Buckingham and Dickens on your country. Here we think the former has much information, though somewhat too minute and heavy, but the latter I should call very poor. I offer you, my dear brother, all the good wishes usually exchanged at Christmas. I wish when I next write to thank Elizabeth and Francis for their letters, which are very gratifying to me, and to be believed their and your affectionate relative and friend,

"M. YATES."

1843.

From Mrs. Aglionby. Death of Miss Yates.

"NUNNERY, *May 29th*, 1843.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It is with very painful feelings that I am about to announce to you the decease of your sister, Miss Yates; which melancholy event took place on the 12th of this month, after an illness of only five days. It was inflammation on the chest, and so rapid was its course that all means used to prevent its progress proved vain, though better medical aid than Bath affords, I believe, cannot be found. Her death was quite unexpected to us, for hardly more than a week before we had left Miss Yates as well as usual. Myself and two of my daughters spent the spring at Bath, and returning home by London, we were preparing to leave that place for the north, when we received a summons to return to Bath to attend the last moments of our relative, who, if we had got back to Nunnery, could not have had the presence of any of her family; there would not have

been time for such a consolation. Truly thankful I feel that she had every comfort during her last trial. It will ever be a satisfaction to me that I conquered my reluctance to a long journey, that I might take her nieces to see and be with her. I thought it right to do so; she had lost her brother, and she had not anyone so near to her as my girls. When we met on our arrival at Bath, I thought Miss Yates looked well, and little altered during a year I had not seen her; but when we were daily together, I perceived the activity of both her mind and body were impaired. She had a bad cough, but that she had often had before, and it was much abated before she was taken ill. We had the funeral on the 17th, as private as possible, which was your sister's request,—six bearers, the clergyman, and two mourners,—Mr. Aglionby and one of the Pattensons, of Melmerby, our cousin, who is at present doing duty at Bristol. Miss Yates often expressed to us the comfort she felt in the climate of Bath, and that she spent her time there in great happiness. She was seventy-one years of age, as you probably know. A will was found, in which I may mention that she has bequeathed you two thousand pounds, but I daresay you will soon receive a further account of the disposition of her property from Mr. Aglionby, who is her executor. Some ladies at Bath lament much the loss of Miss Yates' agreeable society. Just before we left Bath for London, I received your very kind letter, which was a great pleasure to your sister, and I must now thank you for it. I had hoped to write a very different letter, but it was not to be. . . ."

Mary Yates was the second daughter of John Orfeur Yates, and was born at Skirwith Abbey, May 4th, 1772, and died at Bath, 1843. There is felt a compassionate interest in this clever, warm-hearted lady, who from eight years old was afflicted with a nervous, rheumatic affection, which rendered her more or less an invalid for life. She was the last survivor in England of that group of happy children who used to gather about their mother at Skirwith Abbey,

as she wove into their hearts a spell of loving influence. Deprived of active pursuits and pleasures, she cultivated quieter and deeper sources of amusement, and rendered herself a well-informed and most companionable woman. After the death of her parents, she contemplated seriously coming to Virginia, to be near her brother, John Yates, but ties and associations prevailed to retain her in England. By her last will, she divided her property between her brother John Yates, and the daughters of her brother Francis Aglionby, besides some small legacies to several others. Among the writings of Miss Yates, are preserved some lines upon Nunnery, which have been quoted in Chapter I. of this book.

Henry A. Aglionby to John Yates.

"TEMPLE, *November 16th*, 1843.

"MY DEAR COUSIN,—Immediately after sending my letter to you, I was suddenly called into Cumberland by the desire of my constituents, that I should attend a public meeting at Cockermouth, on a subject which now more than any other occupies the public mind here,—the advancement of the principles of Free Trade. This prevented my again writing to you, and sending, as I had intended, by the last mail the enclosed receipt for your legacy. I now send it to you, as it may possibly be the means of preventing further delay; but perhaps it may be unnecessary to sign it, if you have already adopted my suggestion, and given a proper authority to some banker or agent in London, to receive the money and sign the receipt on your behalf.

"I left home* only last week, and propose returning in a short time, to stay there till the meeting of Parliament. Mrs. Aglionby and my three young cousins were well; they entertain, in common with myself, very affectionate regard for yourself and family. I indeed rather inherit this feeling from the love which my dear mother always expressed for

* Nunnery.

you. I wish that distance and circumstance admitted of our making personal acquaintance. Having no sisters, I love the family of your brother as dearly as if they stood in that relationship to me, and, being unmarried, it is a great comfort and pleasure that they should remain with me at Nunnery as long as agreeable to themselves. With kind love to all your family, I remain, dear cousin,

"Yours most truly,

"H. A. Aglionby."

1844.

Mrs. Aglionby to John Yates.

"Nunnery, *July 27th*, 1844.

"Dear Brother,—Your letter of the 27th of May would have given us more pleasure, had it brought a better account of the health of my Niece Elizabeth. From her letters to my daughters I feel great interest in her, for they were those of a good and clever girl, and I am most sorry to be informed of her illness. Mary will write a few lines in this letter, to convey her own thanks and her sisters' for your present of their grandfather's picture. . . . I am very glad that the things sent you have arrived safely, and I am much gratified that Mrs. Yates likes the gown I had the pleasure of sending her. I packed the box myself, and it is particularly gratifying to hear the contents were uninjured. I believe you know that your brother did not sell what is called the Town estate, when the Abbey was sold. I have been adding to the farm buildings, and a short time ago I went to look after my affairs at Skirwith, and Mary with me. Isaac Topping is still our farmer, but from dealing in cattle or some other cause, I shall be obliged to let the farm to his son, which hurts me very much. I daresay you will remember the father of this man, your father's farmer, and also called Isaac Topping. . . . Mary and I walked to the Abbey, and drank tea with Mr. Parker, the present owner. It is much improved, and with the addition by purchase of Mr. Matthew Atkinson's property, it is become a very large

estate. . . . My daughter Jane is at present with some friends in Wales, and Elizabeth is at Wigton, where you may believe some of your nieces frequently are.

"Your affectionate sister,

"MARY AGLIONBY."

Miss Mary Aglionby.

"NUNNERY, *3rd December*, 1844.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—The newspaper you sent us a short time ago informed us of the melancholy event, that your previous letter had prepared us to anticipate. From my frequent correspondence with my Cousin Elizabeth, I felt far better acquainted with her than any of her sisters, and I have been much grieved by her long illness and early death. We must all hope and feel that the change will be a blessed one to herself. I hope my Cousin Anne will occasionally write to me, and in a little time give me some account of my poor Elizabeth's last hours. . . . My sisters have just returned from Ireland, where they were visiting some friends and enjoying themselves extremely. My mother and I, during their absence, spent a month at the sea side in Durham, and laid in a store of health for the winter. . . . Mr. Aglionby is at present in the south, but we expect him at home about Christmas. He takes extreme interest in the Colony of New Zealand, which has proved a very unsuccessful speculation to those concerned in it. Many who went out in expectation of making a fortune, have returned disappointed men. My cousin is very fond of Nunnery, and has great pleasure in improving the pleasure grounds. My sisters and I continue very fond of horse-back exercise, and attribute the strong health we enjoy to its daily use. We are fond of reading, and find it a great resource, as we have not very much society in this county. Our political world is very quiet at present, I think, and we hear no more of the Chartists that caused so great a panic. When you feel equal to bestow a few lines on me, I shall be sincerely gratified. . . ."

Elizabeth Yates, whose early death is here deplored, was the fourth daughter of John Yates, of Walnut Grove. She was born June 5th, 1817. She resembled her brother, John O. Yates, both in features, and in more than ordinary mental abilities, and, like him, her physical constitution was frail, and to the great sorrow of her friends she fell a victim to the same fatal disease,—pulmonary consumption. A host of tender graces made her lovely in the eyes of those who knew her, and the submissiveness and cheerfulness which shone through the weary wearing away, yet more exalted her in the hearts of her family. She died at Walnut Grove, aged twenty-seven years, and was buried in Charlestown, in the Episcopal churchyard. Of her last moments her sister Julia wrote,—"On Friday, 11th of October, at six o'clock in the morning, she breathed her last. So sweetly, so gently did she fall 'asleep in Jesus,' that we around her bed could not perceive exactly when her spirit was borne away to its happier home."

1845.

Mary Aglionby to John Yates.

"NUNNERY, *April 11th*, 1845.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—I beg that you and my Cousin Anne will accept my grateful thanks for a kind joint letter, which I welcomed most gladly. . . . I am sure you will forgive my troubling you so soon again with an English letter, as it is to inform you of my approaching marriage, which is to take place at the close of this month. My future husband is the Reverend Beilby Porteus, a nephew of Dr. Porteus, the late Bishop of London. He has the living of Edenhall, only seven miles distant from Nunnery,—a circumstance that makes me leave home with very different feelings from what would have accompanied a distant separation from my mother and sisters. As it is, we cannot consider it a parting, and I venture to expect my future happiness will be ensured by

marrying a man whom I have liked, and my friends have known for several years. As so near a relative, it will be a sincere pleasure to know that I have your kind wishes attending this important step in my life. . . . We hope to see Mr. Aglionby down at my marriage, but Parliament occupies every moment of his time. At all events we shall see him soon, as Mr. Porteus and I are going to London immediately after our marriage. . . . I forget if I ever told you, that a son of the late John Pattenson is married, and settled at Melmerby Rectory, he has the family living. Allow me to assure you and yours of our affectionate good wishes, and believe me, my dear uncle, to remain,

"Your affectionate niece,

"MARY AGLIONBY."

From Jane Aglionby.

"NUNNERY, *September 26th*, 1845.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—Although I have never before been your correspondent, I hope you will not, on that account, believe me unmindful of your many kind wishes you have expressed for your English nieces. I think it has generally happened that my sister Mary has been the penwoman; but now that she is married, I beg you will accept me in her place. We feel quite annoyed that the newspaper has not been forwarded as you desired; but I believe the truth is, it had been forgotten during the hurry and excitement of the wedding. . . . I think, perhaps, you may like to hear some account of Mary's marriage, which took place on the morning of the 22nd of April, at our parish church of Ainstable. The party was quite a small one, merely consisting of our family, Sir George and Lady Musgrave, the Featherstonehaughs, Miss Hodgson, of Salkeld Hall, Robert Pattenson, who, as you know, is now rector of Melmerby, and his wife, and our clergyman, Mr. Bird. The day was so bright and sunny that it made our little party look more gay than it would otherwise have done; and we also looked on it as a happy omen of the future career of the bride and bridegroom. After their marriage, they went to spend some weeks in London and its neighbourhood. I

joined them there, and we spent some time very pleasantly. They are now very quietly settled in their little vicarage at Edenhall, and promising, I hope, to be good and worthy people. Mr. Porteus is an amiable and pleasing person, and will, I think, make dear Mary a good husband. The distance between her new home and the old one is so short, being only seven miles, that I am able to make her frequent visits. My sister Elizabeth has this year made a little tour on the Continent, accompanied by a lady who had formerly been her governess. They have visited a great many beautiful places, and appear to be greatly delighted with their trip. Mamma's travels and mine have been much more limited, as we merely spent a few weeks at our little bathing place of Allonby, where we found the sea breezes most pure and invigorating. . . . I will copy for you *verbatim* what was inserted in the *Carlisle Journal* 'At Ainstable Church, on the 22nd of April, by the Reverend J. Bird, the Reverend Beilby Porteus, Vicar of Edenhall, and great-nephew to the late Right Rev. Beilby Porteus, Lord Bishop of London, to Mary, second daughter of the late Francis Aglionby, Esq., of Nunnery, and M.P. for the Eastern Division of the county of Cumberland.' . . .

"Your affectionate niece,

"JANE AGLIONBY."

1846.

From Mr. Aglionby.

"NUNNERY, *Feburary 9th*, 1846.

"MY DEAR SIR,— . . . I feel anxious we should write to you now and then, being sure that your lamented sister's letters coming no more must be a great blank to you; and though we cannot supply the place of her clever epistles, still I believe you never lose your interest in your relations nor in England. I am at present alone, Elizabeth having been for several months with her uncle and aunt at Wigton. They have both at times this winter felt more symptoms of their advanced period of life than ever before; and to have one of their nieces with them is very comforting. My dear

Mary, as you know, is married and gone. Jane is at present with Miss Crackenthorpe, who has lately lost a sister, and she and her brother are deeply lamenting her loss. Miss Sarah went on an expedition to Edinburgh, and there died unexpectedly. I think you will know whom I mean, as your family and the Crackenthorpes were intimate; the old lady died two years ago, in her ninety-second year, remembering you as a boy. We have had Mr. Aglionby only a short time this winter, he is kept so busy with Parliament and New Zealand affairs. He is wonderfully well and active, and we always look forward with gladness to his coming to Nunnery, his company is so pleasant. Lord Lonsdale has bought Amathwaite Castle, which you may remember belonged to a family of Milbournes, whose name is now extinct, and their property all disposed of. The last of the Melmerby Pattensons has been compelled to part with his ancient inheritance, which is regretted by all those connected with the family. The living of Melmerby is held by a brother of the present Mr. Pattenson; these are the sons of John Pattenson. Mr. De Whelpdale has been dead about a year, and his property goes to a distant relation, but in the right line, upon the death of his widow. We have had a great stir about the corn laws, as you will be aware; a small duty being left on does not satisfy either party. For my own part, I am glad Sir Robert* did not take it off altogether, as it does not create so great an alarm among farmers as if no protection was left. Things are selling well at present, and in many respects we seem prosperous. Potatoes of some kinds have been a failing crop, but as they are not beyond their usual price,—sixpence a stone,—I should hope the clamour about them has been more than the case required. . . ."

Mrs. Aglionby to John Yates.

"NUNNERY, *April 6th*, 1846.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have had the satisfaction of receiving your kind letter of the 16th of February, and my answer is

* Sir Robert Peel.

hastened, having to perform the painful duty of informing you of the death of your near relation and my brother. It took place on the 20th of March, after some degree of failing for nearly two years, though his actual illness was but for two months, and he was only in bed a fortnight; during which time he suffered sickness and other miseries incident to a sick bed, which were endured with Christian fortitude and patience. My sister, to whom his loss is irreparable, is wonderfully supported under her affliction, and I hope her health has not suffered by her attendance in a sickroom. Elizabeth has been above a year with her uncle and aunt at Wigton, and Jane and I were there a short time before my brother's decease. We have just returned home. Mr. and Mrs. Porteus were also at Wigton some part of this unhappy time. As I know you will feel an interest in knowing the disposal of my brother's property, I will conclude my melancholy account by informing you, that he has left everything to my sister and at her disposal, except five thousand pounds to his niece Elizabeth, and no other names are in his will. . . . Your niece Jane begs me to tell you she never received the letter you mention. Your niece Mary's address is, Mrs. Porteus, the Vicarage, Edenhall, Penrith, England; where I am happy to say she is most happily settled, and her husband is highly respected as the clergyman of the parish. I have the pleasure of seeing them very often at Nunnery. They receive much kind attention from your relations, Sir George Musgrave and his lady, to whose residence they are very near. Jane joins me in all that is kind to yourself and Mrs. Yates and all your family.

"Believe me always your affectionate sister,

"MARY AGLIONBY."

From the same.

"*November 5th*, 1846.

". . . I have lately been wishing to address you, having an intended event to communicate. My daughter Jane, your youngest niece, is going to be married to Mr. Charles Featherstonehaugh, the second son of the late Mr. Feather-

stonehaugh, of the College, Kirkoswald. This event will not take place till spring, and, of course, you will hear of it when it does. I am thankful to say it meets the approbation of all Jane's family; and the person to whom she is to be united is of great worth, good fortune, and old family. My intended son-in-law is now living at Low House, about five miles from Nunnery, and for sometime is likely to remain there, so that I have the comfort of knowing that Jane will be very little removed from me. . . . Jane is at present at Wigton with her aunt, who since my brother's death is quite alone, and her sight is not very good; however, some of us are generally with her. I received a letter, a few days ago, from a Mr. William Sydney Spence, of Birkenhead, Cheshire, saying that he had sent the letter he enclosed to you, and it had been returned, and he begged me to forward it. It contains the finest pedigree of the Yates family one ever saw. They are traced back to Sir Henry Yates, and some of them were in the van of the English army at the battle of Agincourt. The drift of the letter, however, seems to be, to induce you to order from the writer of it a pedigree and armorial bearings, consisting of twelve quarterings, for which the gentleman hints a proper remuneration would be expected. Looking upon this business as a *complete* "*catch-penny*," which probably has no foundation in truth, I shall not send the letter without your orders, but keep it should you wish to have it.

"The failure of the potato crop is a great calamity here, and produces famine in Ireland. . . ."

1847.

From Mrs. Aglionby.

"*April 16th.*

". . . I deferred answering your letter of January 27th, that I might inform you of the marriage of your niece Jane, which took place on the sixth of this month, and she and her husband are at Low House, where for the present they will reside. . . ."

1848.

From Mrs. Aglionby.

"NUNNERY, *March 4th*, 1848.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I hasten to announce the birth of another niece; my daughter, Mrs. C. Featherstonehaugh, has a daughter, a very fine child. I believe she is to be called Elizabeth, after Mr. Charles' late mother, and her Aunt Elizabeth Anne Aglionby. I hope in two more years if I am living, to see Jane and her family settled at Staffield Hall, which is close to Nunnery, and was a property belonging to your great-uncle, Mr. Lowthian; then came to his nephew, Mr. Ross, was sold, and your late brother purchased it, along with the rectory and advowson of Ainstable. I have during my life conveyed Staffield Hall to Jane and her husband, and they are building a house there, having just commenced operations for that purpose. The situation is snug and very pretty, with delightful walks on the banks of the Croglin and Eden, an advantage few people have. I do not know that I have succeeded in recalling to your mind anything about Staffield Hall, though you will not have forgotten those to whom it once belonged; and it is strange enough it has again come into your family, after a lapse of many years. Mr. and Mrs. Porteus and their little daughter, Julia, are all well. Mr. Porteus is beloved, and very justly, in his parish, and it is a great comfort to me that he is a worthy representative of his good uncle, Bishop Porteus. We have not had the pleasure of Mr. Aglionby's company this Christmas; he was too busy about New Zealand affairs to come to the country; but he is in good health, and I see he is often speaking in the House. We have had a severe influenza in these parts during the winter, and small-pox and typhus and scarlet fevers have been in all our towns. Indeed, at one time our household was very ill, and my poor dairy maid died, so that we had a distressed house; however, we had much reason to be thankful that Elizabeth and myself were spared. . . ."

From Mrs. Aglionby.

"*November 23rd*, 1848.

". . . Their new house is nearly covered in, and I hope they will be in it about Whitsuntide. We see it very distinctly from Nunnery, and it is so pretty a building it makes a good object in the prospect. There is a Scotch tower to it, ornamented with coats-of-arms,—Featherstonehaugh, Aglionby, etc., which looks very well. . . .

"My daughter Elizabeth begs her best love to you; she left yesterday to pay a visit at Corby Castle. The present Mrs. Howard has one daughter; Mr Howard is one of the members for Carlisle. They live a great deal at Corby, and are very popular in their neighbourhood. I daresay you have not forgotten your descent from the Howards by your grand-mother Orfeur Elizabeth Howard; an intercourse has always been kept up with us on this account. Mr. Aglionby was down in the summer, having a trial, concerning the boundary of a manor, with Mr. James, late member for the Eastern Division of Cumberland, in which is a valuable quarry, and he won his cause I am glad to say. . . . I omitted to tell you that Watson, the sculptor, who made your brother's statue, is dead, and his works of art disposed of; amongst them a beautiful cast of this statue, which has been bought for me, and I have given it to my daughter Jane to be placed in her new house. Anyone but ourselves possessing it would have been very painful to me."

1849.

Mrs. Aglionby to John Yates.

"NUNNERY, *February 26th*, 1849.

". . . I am glad to know the number of my nieces and nephews and their descendants, who all have my best wishes for their prosperous doing. I can remember the time when you and I were not of longer standing in the world than some of them now are. I particularly recollect, and it is one of my earliest reminiscences, your being with your mother at Wigton, a very little boy, that I now see dimly

walking in the yard with William, the old coachman, as he cooled his black horses after their journey from Skirwith. I should have further recollections of you, but your visit that pleased me seems to be the most impressed upon me. You were so good-humoured and talkative; in the last quality you greatly excelled my dear husband, who, as a boy, was grave and silent. Your sister used to have a story of you and your brother spending a day with Mrs. Wardell, a Carlisle old lady, who took much pains to please her young visitors, which you repaid with lively talk, but, alas! Francis never uttered at all, and Mrs. Wardell at last said, 'John, does your brother never talk?' when you replied, 'Oh yes, ma'am, he talks at home, but not to people.' You had great credit given you for making this prompt distinction. . . .

"We had Mr. Aglionby at Christmas for a few weeks, and your letter arrived before his departure; so I made him aware of your questions concerning the entail, and he requested your address and said he would write to you. But he is so occupied, I fear his promising may not be fulfilled; so I will give you what information I can, which is not very much, and not without some errors perhaps. Mrs. Bamber's entail extends over the Nunnery and Crossfield estates, and the manor of Aglionby, and on the two former I have a heavy mortgage, which was laid on by her trustees to pay her debts, which the will gave them power to do. . . . The value of the manor of Aglionby is of course uncertain, depending upon fines. It is, however, a small manor, but fines arbitrary and heriots due on the death of tenants, etc. I have heard the worth of Mrs. Lowthian's entailed property . . . but I do not know. Till your eldest son is of age, I have always understood no compromise can take place with safety. As to your descendants taking possession at the death of Mr. Aglionby, there can be no difficulty, if no one disputes it. I now tell you all this,* merely to gratify your curiosity, and to comply with your request, as I shall be always glad to attend to your wishes; but at the same time

* Some details concerning the value of properties are here omitted.

I feel sure that you may rest quite satisfied there are no steps necessary for you to take. As I have just said, I cannot answer for my information being correct, and I hope you may be told all you want to know in a little time from your cousin . . . .

"Your very affectionate sister,

"M. AGLIONBY."

There are few letters preserved written in the year 1850, and they are mostly an unsatisfactory correspondence with Mr. H. A. Aglionby, concerning the entails of property. Mr. Yates determined to go to England in the spring of 1851, to see to his affairs in that country, and to gratify a yearning to visit his native land.

1851.

John Yates to H. A. Aglionby.

"WALNUT GROVE, VIRGINIA, *February* 1851.

"MR. AGLIONBY, DEAR SIR,—I have recently received your two favours of December 26th, both arriving together; the former getting half-way across the ocean in the steamer *Atlantic*, and then having to return. I hope they are the commencement of a friendly intercourse that may be continued. I shall confine myself to the subject of yours. . . . The avowal and clearly expressed intentions of our aunts were to limit and perpetuate their estates to the Aglionby family; they specified how it was to descend. In pursuance of those intentions, you have enjoyed for half a century much the greater value of the entails, and for a shorter term, since the death of my estimable brother, the remaining portion. I hold it impossible that a gentleman of your standing and enviable reputation, after passing, as I am happy to be informed, a brilliant public career, can acquiesce under such circumstances in frustrating his benefactors' intentions, and depriving an unoffending fa ily of their just rights; it is impossible. There would be nothing in

the case that I would more deplore than such a stain upon the reputation of my relative. If you had, or hereafter may have, male issue, I should not regret or repine. I will learn with pleasure whatever may promote your welfare or happiness. I will feel cheered by hearing of the commencement of a new line of Aglionbys, for I participate in the hope of the permanency of the family. I have long cherished the desire to visit the place of my nativity, to review the scenes of my youth, and to witness the new generation of the descendants of my ancestors. I now see nothing to prevent my soon being in the north of England early in the ensuing summer, if the health of my family and other circumstances permit. Further discussion of these matters may take place. . . . My dear sir, I sincerely deprecate any conflict of interest between us and ours; if it must take place, let it not weaken the regards of consanguinity. May we never forget that our mothers were sisters, and to their last moments friends. Please receive my assurances of high respect and regard. Believe me to be,

"Your affectionate cousin,

"JOHN YATES."

Mr. Yates' health failed greatly during the spring of 1851, but he persisted in the intention of making a voyage to England. Accompanied by his grandson, John Y. Beall, he left Walnut Grove the 12th of May, rested that night and next day in Baltimore, arrived in Philadelphia the following night, from which place he was to sail in the *City of Glasgow*.

John Yates to his physician and friend, Dr. W. F. Alexander.

"PHILADELPHIA, *May* 14*th*, 1851.

"DR. ALEXANDER, DEAR SIR,—Having a little time this afternoon, I will occupy it by giving a statement of your patient's case. . . . Last night we had a very pleasant ride to Philadelphia. I have been to the shipping office, a good

walk, and can say that I become stronger and feel better, and I think myself more able to stand a voyage, than at any time for the last six weeks. I should like, however, to have a six mile ride on the old sorrel. In return for the many kind attentions from my physician I can only present him my thanks and best wishes, but they are sincere.

"Truly yours,

"JOHN YATES."

To his Family.

"After reading the lines I have written to Dr. Alexander on the other side, I do not think it necessary to add any detail. Mr. Beall has accompanied us to Philadelphia, and has been very kind, attentive, and useful. I did not like to walk as far as the steamer this afternoon; the others have been there and report our accommodations to be very narrow, in other respects favourable. I hope you will take care of yourselves and of what is in your charge, that you will have health, pleasure, and comfort till I return, and that then we may have a happy meeting. I include all neighbours and friends. I would like to receive a weekly letter or something like it, till I stop you from writing. It will not be a hard task among so many, and nothing relative to home and its inmates can fail to interest me in a far-off land. I shall take the first spare moment after touching shore to write. Believe me to be a sincere and affectionate paterfamilias. Yours

"JOHN YATES."

"*At Sea, May 27th*, 1851.

"WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS,—We are now twenty-five hundred miles from Philadelphia, and about eight hundred from Liverpool. A mail will be dispatched to New York on Saturday, but it is uncertain whether we will arrive in time for it. Ours is a slow vessel, her steam power being weak for her size; she is better with sails, but as the winds have been so generally ahead, we have had to work with steam alone, which has retarded us. The wind has always

been light, the sea smooth, and the weather pleasant. We are, with little exception, very comfortable, the living almost as good as at Mr. Rhodes'.* The water is pure and iced, plenty of fresh milk and eggs, and butter preserved in ice. J. Beall and Wright had a little sea-sickness, Benton, I believe, suffered more than anyone on board. I have had none, but have steadily and rapidly recovered, almost beyond belief, till Sunday morning; then just as we were sitting down to breakfast I was seized with a severe pain, such as I have felt lately very frequently, and once before in my life. I went to bed and the doctor gave some mixture of rhubarb. I took a nap of two hours, and felt, I thought, entirely well and went upon deck. Whilst talking to a passenger I was instantly struck with the same pain, in an intenser degree. The doctor was close by and assisted me down. . . . I have taken several doses of elixir of vitriol and am commencing with quinine. I feel entirely relieved but weak; till this morning I have kept my bed. The doctor, who is as gentle and kind as his namesake, does not allow me to go on deck or use my tongue, so I have taken up my pen. I candidly believe that the attack is over, that no apprehension need be entertained, and when you receive this you may conclude I am safe and well in Liverpool. I will write again when I reach Cumberland, and having now a fairer wind, *that* may be before Saturday night, as I shall make no delay. I was so unwell for days before I left home, that I left many things unsaid. I hope you are all going on well, much must be left to your own good judgment. I hope you will all unite in attention to your mother, and attend to the care of yourselves and of all left in your charge, and that you will be happy and comfortable.

"We have nearly one hundred and fifty passengers on board, about twenty ladies among them, and all appear to be respectable and pleasant people. There are several clergymen, who preach twice on Sundays, and have prayers every night. One of them is an Episcopalian, a Scotsman from Connecticut, as much like Mr. Leavell in size and appear-

* Rhodes' Hotel, on the way to the White Sulphur Springs, Virginia.

ance as can well be. We have pleasant officers, and every possible attention and politeness from the underlings. The sailors are quiet and orderly, we hardly ever see them except when something has to be done, when they appear at a signal, receive their orders in a quiet voice, and instantly do as they are told. I have never heard an order given twice, a loud word, or a reproof. The 24th was the Queen of England's birthday; we had quite a jollification, burning powder and drinking wine; the captain appearing in uniform as a lieutenant of the British navy in full dignity. If anything occurs before our arrival, I will add it, otherwise no more but my best wishes for your health and happiness. God bless you all! I include Mrs. Helm.

"Affectionately yours,

"JOHN YATES."

Dr. Alexander added a postscript.

"*Saturday morning, May* 31*st*, 1851.

"I am desired by Mr. Yates to say a few words as to his health. . . . This morning he is much better and in good spirits, as we will be on land in four or six hours. As to the termination of this disease, it is very puzzling to say; but I fondly hope he will be spared to finish his business on his side, and return to you in better health.

"Yours respectfully,

"ANDREW ALEXANDER,

"*Surgeon, City of Glasgow S.S.*"

"I acknowledge the goodness and power of God my Maker, I implore His mercy and forgiveness, if I die I am at peace with all.

"JOHN YATES.

"*May* 30*th*, 1851."

At Liverpool Mr. Yates was extremely ill, there was faint hope that he could resume his journey, and during the suspense he wrote the following.

"*Memorandum for J. Y. Beall.*"

"Whatever of the draft on Brown, Shipley & Co. you do not use, get their draft on Alexander Brown and Sons in favour of your father, who will apply it to my estate. If I die, pay all expenses of my funeral, etc.; Mrs. Aglionby will please to select the place of interment; if I die at Liverpool, let the corpse be carried by railroad to Penrith. The papers enclosed for Charles Yates are not to be shown to anybody but the Bleaymires.* Write, if necessary, to Mrs. Aglionby; see the tombs of my family. I left the key of my writing desk with Mr. S. Elder, in Baltimore; call for it. My other keys are in the black trunk in bank (Charlestown), my will, etc., in the red trunk. All my letters from England are for Charles.

"I believe since my attack I have thought of all I hold in regard. I have no ill-will against anyone. Tell them to pay all my debts as fast as they can; tell all to favour my wife and my daughter Julia and her children. I request for them the kindness and protection of Mr. Keyes. I enjoin Charles to sustain the wills (Mrs. Lowthian's and Mrs. Bamber's). I do not attribute this illness to the voyage. The fall at your father's, and the illness that followed, were not the first indications of decline, and that life at my age is very precarious. I do not regret leaving home, where I might have been in the same or in a worse predicament, and given trouble and sorrow to those who feel for me."

Mrs. Aglionby induced Mr. Featherstonehaugh to hasten to Liverpool, by whom she sent this letter.

"NUNNERY, *June 6th*, 1851.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—The account I received yesterday of your health from your grandson was a very great shock and disappointment, destroying my anticipations of the pleasure your society would afford me; and even as an invalid the gratification I should have from doing all in my

* Legal gentlemen in Penrith.

power to make you comfortable, or at least to alleviate your sufferings. You say you would have been a troublesome guest, but that you could not have been to me. I should only be too glad and thankful to have you at Nunnery, and to see your grandson and friend would be a great satisfaction to me. At this moment it is ordered otherwise; yet I would fain hope you may revive and be able to get here. In the meantime I have recourse to prevailing upon my son-in-law, Mr. Charles Featherstonehaugh, to visit you, which he has great satisfaction in doing, and as it may be some comfort to you, it is a relief to my anxiety. He will tell me at his return, if you have any wish in my power to gratifiy, or bring any message you may choose. With love to my nephew, and most earnest prayers for your recovery, believe me,

"Your very affectionate sister,

"MARY AGLIONBY."

On his arrival at Liverpool, Mr. Featherstonehaugh found Mr. Yates had taken the train that day for Penrith, and they had passed each other on the route. We can hardly conceive perhaps the joy and the sadness of an old man putting forth a last determined effort to reach his home again, to get there, and die there. Generations of his ancestors had been born and had died in that stately old mansion, and there too would he lie down in his last long sleep. Of the welcome by that genial lady, his sister-in-law, of the emotions that rushed through his feeble frame, flashing memories of vanished faces and sweeping over graves of father, mother, kindred, friends,—of all these he would have written, if pen could write that words could not express.

"NUNNERY, *June 10th*, 1851.

"You will be aware that, though these are addressed to *Mea Bona Mater Familias*, it is intended for all my kin and allies. It is as impossible to compress into a sheet all that I have seen, felt, recollected, as it would be to contain the waters at Harper's Ferry in a tea-cup. You will only

find here thoughts as they occur. The accounts that have been sent you would alarm those who regard me; the lamp of life had almost quivered into extinction. John may relate what he saw, but of which for a time I was unconscious. The Almighty has nearly restored me to health; I am weak in the extreme, but rapidly improving. It is awful to think of what I was a week ago, language cannot express it. I am truly thankful to be better. I owe the deepest gratitude to John, he has been dutiful and kind on the extreme. Had I been his parent, Benton could not have been more attentive and solicitous, I owe him much. Also the surgeon who sustained me on ship-board, and on our arrival at Liverpool, associated with him a gentleman who penetrated my case, and took the only course that I believe could have saved me, but which at the time he doubted my debility and age could bear. My writing will indicate a confused mind and a feeble hand,—but these matters will afford subjects hereafter to talk about. Next my sister, she is hale and hearty, looking younger than my wife, and more light-footed than any daughter I have; kind beyond conception, with a heart of the largest dimensions, of the best materials, and exactly in the right place.

"I can give you no idea of the old mansion, it resembles nothing that you have seen. It was built to comprehend an old convent by one of my ancestors, nearly two hundred years ago, into a spacious mansion, agreeable to the odd notions or circumstances of that generation. And the old pictures! human figures and human natures might have been the same then as now, but how different, how antique, and how grotesque they look! If little Frank,* some fifty years hence, should preside here, which is more probable than it was fifty years since that I should now be scribbling here, . . ."

Here the letter is abruptly broken. Mr. Yates was seized with a return of his sickness. He continued in a very

* Francis K. Yates, eldest son of Charles Yates.

reduced state for several weeks, and on the morning of July 6th he breathed his last calmly, and his long life was over. A few days afterwards the family vault in Ainstable Church was opened, and the remains of John Yates were placed beside those of his brother, Francis Aglionby, and other members of his family, of his own and preceding generations.

Mrs. Porteus to Mrs. Leavell.

"EDENHALL VICARAGE, *July* 1851.

"MY DEAR ANNE,—You will, ere this letter reaches you, have been informed of the melancholy close of your dear father's pilgrimage to England, and very mournful tidings they must have been. His state of health, when he left home, may in some measure have prepared you for this great trial, and to us as well as to you it must be a sincere comfort, that, having undertaken this ill-fated journey, he reached its end, and was to the last well and affectionately tended by his own relatives. . . . It is now six years since I made my happy marriage, and during that time I have been blessed with three little girls, whose names are Julia Mary, Mary Aglionby, and Emma, the baby, not yet five weeks old. They are healthy, fair creatures and the objects of many hopes and prayers to us. We do not live in Penrith, as you seem to suppose, but four miles away in a pretty village and beautiful neighbourhood, within an hour's drive of my old home. My husband's parish is a nicely circumstanced one, having a very small and respectable population. . . . We shall be very anxious to hear how you all are, especially your mother, to whom you must offer my love and deep sympathy in this her heavy trial. She will, I am certain, act on long-fixed principles, and seek consolation from Him Who can best bestow it, 'Not as the world giveth.' God bless you and yours, and ever believe me, my dear Anne,

"Your affectionate cousin,

"MARY PORTEUS."

Mrs. Porteus to Mrs. Terrill.

"NUNNERY, *December 5th*, 1851.

"MY DEAR COUSIN,—I am at present staying with my mother and have our children with me, who infringe on her spare time, and make her in debt to her correspondents. She is, however, unwilling that your gratifying letter should remain longer unacknowledged, so I have begged for myself the pleasure of doing it, and feel very glad to be her deputy. Letters from Walnut Grove are a source of great interest to us, for the sad event of last summer and our acquaintance with John Beall, make us feel strongly what near members of our family you all are, and almost personally known to each of you. . . . We are all pleased that Cousin Anne * calls the little stranger after mamma, and it gives her the same name as my second daughter, who is Mary Aglionby. My best wishes attend her and her mother. My sister's little girl is a very gifted and pretty child, and quite the delight of her grand-mother's heart; the houses are so adjacent she can be much with her. Our children are fine healthy ones, and so far all we could wish them to be. It has been my mother's intention to put up some memorial to your dear father's memory, in the church where his remains rest, at her own cost, in token of respect to him and of affection to his surviving family, but she did not name this till she ascertained Mrs. Yates' wishes on the subject. . . . She decides on erecting a marble tablet with a suitable inscription, and it will be placed among the others to our family in the chancel of Ainstable Church. When it is completed you shall have a small drawing, as it will claim your melancholy interest. It was very good of you to send the newspaper, and we were greatly gratified by the honourable mention of my poor uncle, whose life has been a heavy *public* as well as *private* loss. There are many sacred inquiries about his last days that you make of my mother, but on this subject our information is constrained to be very meagre, and she can add little to what she has already told you. On religion

* Mrs. Leavell.

he was reserved, but it was evident that it occupied his thoughts closely, and comforted them at the last. We will pray God that such was the case, and that he has entered into 'His rest.'

"I was the first of your father's relations that saw him, but unfortunately the one who saw least of him. When he reached Penrith, sick and exhausted, he wrote to tell me he was there, and within an hour after the summons I was with him. It was the morning he rallied sufficiently to proceed to Nunnery, and after a couple of hours' conversation, we parted never to meet again. I was unable to leave my home during the period of his illness. Wishing you every health and happiness, believe me, dear Julia,

"Affectionately yours,

"MARY PORTEUS."

An extract from the Parish Register of Kirkland, in the county of Cumberland, England, under the head of Christenings, reads,—"1779, April 3rd, John, son of John Orfeur Yates, Esquire, of Skirwith Abbey, and Mary, his wife."

The life of Mr. Yates has been traced in these letters from the announcement of his birth; through a happy childhood in England, stamped with an individuality worthy of remark; the transfer to his uncle's guardianship in Virginia, his marriage with Miss Lovell; his long and useful life at Walnut Grove; finally to his return and death in his native land, at the age of seventy-two years and three months.

As a citizen in his adopted country, Mr. Yates was active and liberal, using his means and his influence in the encouragement of public improvements; more especially the making of better roads, the starting of manufactories, and establishing the system of free schools. In regard to the latter, there appeared an article in a Charlestown newspaper recently, written by the late Hon. C. J. Faulkner, of Berkeley county, W. Va.—"Jefferson county having an area of about twenty-five miles square, is particularly well

adapted to an experiment with free schools; and the system, by the aid of the remarkable John Yates, a wealthy land-holder and the largest tax-payer in the county, was put into active operation, and resisted several attempts to repeal the Act." The county of Jefferson, in token of appreciation, had a tablet to the memory of Mr. Yates inserted in the wall of a free-school house, near Shepherd's Turn. The *Virginia Free Press* announced the death of Mr. Yates under the head of

"'GOOD MEN DEPARTED.'

"It but seldom occurs that we are called upon to chronicle in one issue of our paper the decease of two citizens of our county, enjoying equally the confidence and respect, the universal love and admiration of their neighbours, and the devotion of their friends, as in the present. JOHN YATES and ——— are no more!

"These gentlemen have long been regarded as the wealthiest of our county; enterprising, humane, and benevolent in their private and public intercourse, plain and unassuming in manner, and courteous and kind to all. To the Church they were efficient props; to the county, wise, discreet, and judicious magisterial officers; to the poor, friends; and to all good counsellors and wise instructors. Their loss is universally lamented; and their relations have the deepest sympathy in this hour of their bereavement."

In the year 1850, Mr. Yates surveyed his lands into tracts, assigning a farm to each of his surviving children. Walnut Grove would continue the property of his wife, and at her death belong to his daughter, Mrs Terrill, who with her children was living with her parents. Charles Yates and his family were living at Mt. Pleasant, and his father gave him that place. Francis Yates and his family likewise received Flowing Springs; Mrs. Leavell called her inheritance Media,

—it was the only tract on which Mr. Yates had not erected buildings. Mrs. Beall received lands on which she and her family had lived for many years, and which were part of the original Walnut Grove tract. Mr. Yates' will is recorded at the Court House, Charlestown, West Va., and is dated August 5th, 1850; after directing the payment of all debts and leaving many legacies, it continues,—"5.—I give to my wife the residue of my property, real and personal, for and during her natural life, and after her death to be equally divided *per stirpes* between my children and their heirs."

In the year 1840, after the death of his son, Dr. William Yates, Mr. Yates settled an annuity for life upon the widow, who afterwards became the wife of Meredith Helm, Esquire, of Jefferson county, Va.

APPENDIX I.

"Orfeur of Plumbland."

Lysons, "Magna Britannia," vol. iv., containing "Cumberland," edition of 1816, has this notice:—

"Orfeur, of Highclose, in Plumbland, traced to the reign of Edward II., extinct by the death of Major General Orfeur in 1741. The representative of this family is John Orfeur Yates, Esq., of Skirwith Abbey. Two of the co-heiresses married Yates and Pattenson. The heiresses of Birkby and Colville married into the Orfeur family.

"*Arms.*—Sable, a cross arg. in the first quarter, a mullet of the second.

"*Crest.*—A woman's head couped at the breast, proper, on her head a cross patee fitchée, Or."

Mr. John Yates wrote:—"The Orfeurs lived at Highclose, Plumbland, in the county of Cumberland, in the reign of Edward II. They were of Norman extraction, (Orfèvre), their progenitor accompanying William the Conqueror. John Orfeur was a Major of Dragoons in 1715; he died a Major-General in 1741, unmarried, and in a state of extreme old age."

Major-General John Orfeur was a younger brother of Charles Orfeur, Esq., whose daughter Anne married the Reverend Francis Yates.

"*Orfeur of Plumbland.*"

I.—Thomas Orfeur, Esq., who lived in the reign of King Edward II., A.D. 1307.

II.—John Orfeur, son and heir, was succeeded by

III.—William Orfeur, son and heir.

IV.—Robert Orfeur, son and heir of William, was succeeded by

V.—Richard Orfeur, who attached his seal, charged with his arms, to a deed dated in the eighteenth year of the reign of

King Richard the Second, A.D. 1394. This gentleman married in the sixth year of Henry the Fourth, Margery, daughter and heiress of Robert Birkby, in the county of Cumberland, Esq. He was succeeded by his son and heir.

VI.—Richard Orfeur, Esq., who married in the third year of the reign of King Henry the Fifth, A.D. 1415, Margaret, daughter of Sir John Lamplugh, Knt., of Lamplugh, in the county of Cumberland, and by her had issue,

VII.—Richard Orfeur, son and heir, who married in the seventh year of the reign of King Edward the Fourth, Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Lowther, of Crookdake, in the county of Cumberland, Esquire, and was succeeded by his son and heir.

VIII.—Richard Orfeur, who married in the fourth year of the reign of King Henry the Seventh, A.D. 1488, Alice, daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Colville, of Hayton Castle, in the county of Cumberland, Esquire.

IX.—Richard Orfeur, Esq., son and heir of Richard and Alice; in the twelfth year of the reign of King Henry the Eighth, A.D. 1520, he married Jane, daughter of Thomas Dykes, of Warthole, in Cumberland, Esquire, by whom he had issue. Mr. Orfeur married, secondly, Margaret, daughter of John Swinburne, Esq., of Hathwaite Hall, in Cumberland, by whom he also had issue.

X.—William Orfeur, Esq., son and heir of Richard and Jane, his first wife; married Anne, eldest daughter of Robert Lamplugh, of Dovenby Hall, in the county of Cumberland, Esquire, and had issue.

XI.—William Orfeur, Esq., of Plumbland Hall, married Mabel, daughter of William Osmotherly, of Lanrigg Hall, in the county of Cumberland, Esquire, and had issue.

XII.—William Orfeur, his successor, married Elizabeth Howard, daughter of Sir Charles Howard, of Redesdale, who was son of Lord William Howard, surnamed Belted Will.*

XIII.—Charles Orfeur, son and heir of William and Elizabeth, married Jane, daughter of Richard Lamplugh, Esq., of Dovenby Hall, in Cumberland, and had issue,

* Lord William Howard was the third son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, who was beheaded in 1572. Lord William Howard married Elizabeth, sister and co-heiress of Lord George Dacre. "He was warden of the Western Marches: and from the rigour with which he repressed the Border excesses, the name of Belted Will Howard is still famous in our traditions." Sir Walter Scott has made his name familiar in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (see canto v., verse xvi).

XIV.—Five daughters, Anne, Biddy, Catherine, Margaret, Eleanor.

Anne Orfeur married the Reverend Francis Yates, and left issue. .

Biddy married Mr. Musgrave, and left no surviving issue.

Catharine died unmarried.

Margaret married Launcelot Pattenson, Esq., of Melmerby Hall, in Cumberland, and left one son, Thomas Pattenson, Esq.

Eleanor died unmarried.

"*Lamplugh of Lamplugh.*"

The same authority, Lysons, "History of Cumberland," says:—

"Lamplugh of Lamplugh traced to the reign of Henry II. . . . Richard Lamplugh, Esq., the last of a branch of this family, settled at Ribton and Dovenby, died in 1764.

"*Arms of Lamplugh.*—Or, a cross fleury, sable.

"*Crest.*—A goat's head arg., attire and beard, Or."

Appended to a copy of the will of Richard Lamplugh, Esq., of Ribton Hall and Dovenby Hall, in the county of Cumberland, dated "March 7th, 1704," is a statement of the names of his descendants for several generations, as follows—

Richard, the testator, by his first wife had issue, viz.—

(1) Richard, who died without issue.

(2) Jane, who married John Senhouse, of Nether Hall, Esq., and whose children were,

Mary, married to — Skelton, afterwards to — Butler.

Jane,* married to John Stephenson, of Balladoule, Isle of Man, who was a friend of Bishop Wilson (see "Keble's Life," pp. 472, 538.

Francis, died unmarried.

Grace, married to Lord Shannon.

Isabel, married to Mr. Fletcher, of Clea Hall.

Elizabeth, died unmarried.

[Mrs. Senhouse, by her second husband, Charles Orfeur, Esq., of Highclose, Plumbland, had children, viz.]—

Anne, married the Reverend Francis Yates.

Biddy, married Mr. Musgrave.

Catharine, died unmarried.

Margaret, married Launcelot Pattenson.

Eleanor, died unmarried.

* "Jane, the daughter of Richard, the testator, had eleven daughters by her two husbands, Senhouse and Orfeur,—six by Senhouse and five by Orfeur.

"Richard, the testator, by his second wife had issue,
(1) Elizabeth.
(2) Robert.
Elizabeth married Mr. Woodhall, and had one daughter, Elizabeth, married to Mr. Brougham, and their children were Peter and Mary Brougham.
Robert, son of the testator, married , and had children, viz.—
Richard Lamplugh, died a bachelor in 1764.
Elizabeth Lamplugh, married Mr. Falconer, and had one daughter, Miss Falconer, who died unmarried.

Pedigree of Jane Lamplugh, on the mother's side.

I.—Sir John Lowther, Knight, *m*, Eleanor, daughter of Wm. Fleming, of Rydall, Esquire, had issue.

II.—Christopher Lowther, created Baronet in 1642; *m.* Frances, eldest daughter of Christopher Lancaster, of Stockbridge, Westmoreland, had issue.

(1) John, *m.* Jane, dau. of Wolley Leigh, of Addington, Surrey, and had two sons. Sir Christopher, *d.* without issue, 1731. Sir James, *d.* unmarried, 1755, and Jane, *d.* unmarried, 1731.

(2) Frances, *m.* Richard Lamplugh, of Ribton, county Cumberland, and had issue, Richard, *m.* Dorothy, dau. of John Briscoe, of Crofton, *d.* 1723; and Jane, *m.* (1st) John Senhouse, of Netherhall, and (2nd) Charles Orfeur, of High Close, co. Cumberland.

The subjoined tradition of the Orfeur family was supplied by the kindness of R. S. Ferguson, Esq., of Lowther Street, Carlisle.

Tradition in the Orfeur Family, 1654.

"William Orfeur, of the ancient family of Orfeur, lords of Plumbland, was travelling from his seat in Cumberland called High Close, in the parish of Plumbland, to London, attended by a favourite dog of a breed then much used on the borders for taking thieves.

"Arriving at St. Albans early in the morning, he was informed by the people of the inn, that a Miss Howard was lying in state preparatory to her burial, which was to take place that night. This lady was a daughter of Sir Charles Howard, of Croglin, and granddaughter of Lord Wm. Howard, or 'Belted Will,' of Nawall. Mr. Orfeur went to view the funeral arrange-

ments out of curiosity; then mounting his horse, he proceeded on his journey.

"When a few miles distant from the town, Mr. Orfeur missed his dog, in consequence of which he returned to St. Albans, and recollecting that he last saw the dog in the room where the corpse of Miss Howard was lying, he went there, and, to his great surprise, observed the animal sitting near to the corpse. Mr. Orfeur called to the dog, but he would not come; he then pulled him by the collar, when the dog suddenly seized the skirt of his coat, and dragged him towards the body.

"Surprised at this occurrence, Mr. Orfeur fixed his eyes upon the face of Elizabeth Howard, and, after watching it for a few minutes, he perceived symptoms of reanimation. He immediately called up the people of the house, had proper measures taken, and after having satisfied himself as to the recovery of the young lady, he proceeded to London. On his return home, Mr. Orfeur received an invitation from her father, Sir C. Howard, to go and sleep at his house. The visit, which he paid there, led to an intimacy between the parties, and in the following year he married her.

"The above is copied from a manuscript note given me, R. S. F., by the late P. H. Howard, of Corby; it is probably in print in the 'Howard Memorials,' by P. H. H.'s father. The lady was a daughter of Sir Charles Howard, of Redesdale (not of Croglin); her portrait and papers confirming the story are with Mr. Pattinson, late rector of Malmerby, Cumberland. Portraits of both are at Staffield Hall, Cumberland. Sir Charles, of Redesdale, was son of Theophilus, Earl of Suffolk (see a paper on the Orfeurs by W. Jackson, F.S.A., in *Transactions* Cumberland and Westmoreland Archæological Society, vol. iii., p. 99).

"Mr. Jackson writes:—'One of the most common names in the Plumbland Register, at an early period, was that of Goldsmith, which looks as if some member of the family had anglicised his French name.

"Charles Orfeur sold High Close, in 1692, to Sir Wilfred Lawson, of Isell, and continued to live in Plumbland, probably at High Close as a tenant.

"John, the younger brother of Charles, became a general officer. He fought under Marlborough, and died unmarried.

"'In Plumbland churchyard there is the following inscription: "Hic jacet Gulielmus a Carolo Orfeur, de High Close, Armigero

et Jana, Uxore Ejus. Ille filius hæres Gul. Orfeur, Arm. and Eliz. a Do. Car. Howard, Equite, and Da. Elisabetha, a Comite de Hume. Illa filia Richardi Lamplugh Armig. Franciscæ Do. Christophero Lowther. April 20, 1706."

"'Jane Orfeur, buried at Cross Canonby, her epitaph declares: "She was one of the best of wives and tenderest of mothers. Departed this life ye 26th of December, 1720, and much lamented by all who knew her. Qualis erat Fides illæ Supremus indicabit."'"

APPENDIX II.

"Aglionby of Nunnery."

Lysons, "History of Cumberland," edition of 1816, says:—"This ancient family was settled about the time of the Conquest, at Aglionby, in Warwick, still the property of their representatives. They were afterwards of Carlisle, and of Drawdykes, in Stanwix, latterly of Nunnery.

"Christopher Aglionby, Esq., the last heir male, died in 1785; one of his sisters and co-heiresses died unmarried; the others married John Orfeur Yates, Esq., Richard Bamber, Esq., and the Reverend Samuel Bateman. Mrs. Bamber resided at Nunnery, the family seat. Henry Aglionby Bateman, Esq., son of the Reverend S. Bateman, has, pursuant to the will of an aunt, taken the name of Aglionby.* A younger branch of this family settled in Warwickshire; it soon became extinct, and is represented by the Slaneys, of Shiffnall. Lord Viscount Avonmore, of the Kingdom of Ireland, is representative of Richard Aglionby, Esq., a younger son of John Aglionby, who took an active part in the defence of Carlisle against General Lesley, and died in 1665.

"*Arms of Aglionby.*—Arg. two bars, and in chief three martlets, sable.

"*Crest.*—A demi-eagle, displayed, Or."

The same "History of Cumberland," page 157, says:—"Drawdykes Castle is a mansion of the Aglionbys, on the site of an ancient castle, which was taken down in the seventeenth century, and rebuilt in its present form by John Aglionby, Esq., Recorder of Carlisle. This castle, which had been among the

* See Note I.

earliest possessions of the Aglionby family in Cumberland, upon the death of Christopher Aglionby, Esq., the last heir male in 1785, passed under a decree of chancery to John Orfeur Yates, Esq., of Skirwith Abbey, who married Mary, the youngest of the co-heiresses, and is the present proprietor ; it is occupied as a farm house."

"*Aglionby of Nunnery.*"

"The family of Aglionby was established in Cumberland by one of the soldiers of the Conquest. Walter de Aguilon, the founder of this family, etc., was of Norman origin, and entered into England with William the Conqueror, under the command of Ranulph de Meschines, Earl of Cumberland, from whom he received as a reward for his military services a portion of land in the county of Cumberland; and fixing his residence there, called it Aguilon's or Aglionby's Building. At the same time he appears to have been granted land in the parish of Stanwix, whereon he built the Castle of Drawdykes, now remaining as a farm house."

I.—Walter de Aguilon, a Norman, who came into England with King William, surnamed the Conqueror, and into England with Ranulph de Meschines, Earl of Cumberland, who as a reward for his military services granted him land, where he founded his mansion house, and named it Aguilionby, or the manor by the house of Aguilionby. Sir Walter de Aguilon was one of the witnesses to the charter of Sir Hildred de Carleil, Knt., to the Abbey of Wetheral. He had issue three sons :—

(1) Edwardus, who died without issue.

(2) Laurence, who succeeded.

(3) Wericus, who had issue, Elias, successor to Laurence.

II.—Laurence de Agullunby, second son of Walter, who granted four acres of land, within his manor of Aglionby, to the Abbey of Wetheral, and, dying without issue, was succeeded by

III.—Elias de Agullunby, son of Wericus, who was succeeded by his son and heir,

IV.—Alan de Agullunby, who had issue,

V.—William de Auglunbye, son and heir, who was succeeded by

VI.—Adam de Auglunbye, son and heir, who had issue,

VII.—John de Agulunbie, who was a witness to the charter of

William de Crogelin, of Croglin, granting land to the Abbey of Wetheral. He was succeeded by his son and heir,

VIII.—Adam de Agulunbie, who lived in the reign of King Edward the First, and married Julian, daughter of Whitefield, by whom he had issue,

IX.—Thomas de Agulonbie, who lived in the reign of King Edward the second.

X.—John de Agulunby.

XI.—William de Agyalanby, son and heir, who was Member of Parliament for the City of Carlisle, in the ninth and eleventh years of King Richard the Second. This William was a witness to the grant of arms from Richard de Copeley to Adam de Denton. The grant is dated at Carlisle, on St. Laurence's day, 21st of Richard the Second. He married in 1391, Maria,* daughter of Alan Blenerhasset, of Carlisle, Esquire, by whom he had issue, and was succeeded by his son

XII.—Thomas de Agylanby, living in the time of Henry the Fifth, son and heir of William. He married Katherine, daughter of——Skelton, of Armathwaite Castle, in the county of Cumberland, and was succeeded by his son,

XIII.—John de Agylanby, *Temp.* 14 Edward the Fourth. He married Johanna.

XIV.—Thomas Aglionby of Aglionby, Esq., living in the third year of King Henry the Seventh, anno 1488. He married Johanna.†

XV.—Edward Aglionby, of Aglionby, Esq. Mr. Aglionby was High Sheriff of Cumberland in the thirty-sixth year of the reign of Henry the Eighth, 1545. His arms were, Barry of four, Sable and Argent, on a chief of the last three shelldrakes of the first. His son and successor was

XVI.—John Aglionby, of Carlisle, Esq., son and heir of Edward, was Member of Parliament for the City of Carlisle, in the first year of the reign of Queen Mary, 1553. He married ——, daughter of Richard Salkeld, of Corby Castle, in the county of Cumberland, Esq., and left a son and heir. This John and his lady were interred in the Church of St. Cuthbert's, Carlisle.

* "Her brother, John Blenerhasset, sat in Parliament for the City of Carlisle, in the eighth year of Richard the Second, as did several of the Blenerhasset family afterwards."

† "One of these gentlemen married Johanna, a daughter of William Gilpin, of Kentmẽre, Westmoreland, by Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Lancaster, Esq., Stockbridge Hall, Westmoreland, in the time of Edward the Fourth."

XVII.—Edward Aglionby, of Carlisle, Esq., son and heir of John, married Elizabeth, daughter of Cuthbert Musgrave, of Crookdake, in the county of Cumberland, Esq., and had issue,

(1) Edward Aglionby, his successor.

(2) John Aglionby, D.D., Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, where he first became a student in 1583; chaplain to Queen Elizabeth and King James the First; Principal of St Edmond's Hall, 1601, and rector of Islip, in Oxfordshire, where he died, February 6th, 1609, and was buried in the chancel of the church there.*

(3) Dorothy Aglionby, married to Alan Blennerhasset, Esq., of Carlisle.

XVIII.—Edward Aglionby, of Carlisle, Esq., son and heir of

* "John, who became a student of Queen's College in 1583, where, after he had passed through the servile duties several years, he became a fellow; thereupon entering into Holy Orders, he became a most polite and learned preacher. Afterwards travelling, he was introduced to the acquaintance of Cardinal Bellarmine, who showing to him the picture of Mr. Whitaker, of Cambridge, which hung up in his library, told him, pointing to the picture, that he was the most learned heretic that ever he read, or to that effect. After his return, he was made chaplain in ordinary to Queen Elizabeth, took the degree of D.D. in 1600. He was made Principal of St. Edmund's Hall that year after, being at the time Rector of Islip, in Oxfordshire, and soon after chaplain in ordinary to King James the First. He was a person well accomplished in all kinds of learning, profoundly read in the Fathers and in select divinity; an accomplished linguist and of an *aquiline acumen*, as one who is profuse in his praise tells us. He had a most considerable hand in the translation of the New Testament, appointed by King James in 1604. He died at Islip, to the very great reluctancy of all learned and good men, on the 6th of February, 1609, aged forty-three. Soon after was set up an inscription to his memory on the east wall of the said chancel.

"'HERE VNDER RESTETH THE BODY OF JOHN AGLIONBIE DR OF DIVINITY SOMETIMES PARSON OF THIS TOWNE AND FELLOWE OF THE QVEEN'S COLL AND PRINCIPAL OF EDMVND HALL IN OXOÑ AND CHAPLAINE IN ORDINARY TO QVEEN ELIZABETH AND KING JAMES WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE VI DAY OF FEBVARI AN° DNI 1609 AND IN THE XLIII YEARE OF HIS AGE

"'HERE ALSO WAS BVRIED JOHN HIS SON AGE XXII 1610 AÑ° ÆTATIS.'

"George Aglionby, son of the above John, entered Christ Church, Oxford, in 1619, then in the sixteenth year of his age. B.A. 1623, D.D. 1634. Prebendary of Westminister, 1648, nominated by Charles the First Dean of Canterbury, died at Oxford, November 1643, in the fourtieth year of his age. Buried at Christ Church Cathedral, 11th of the same month, in the south aisle, near to Bishop King's monument."

Edward, married Jane, daughter of Henry Brougham, of Blackwell Hall, in the county of Cumberland, Esq., by a daughter of Wharton, of Kirby Thore, in the county of Westmoreland, and had issue,

(1) John Aglionby, his successor.

(2) Mary Aglionby, married John Sandford, of Askham Hall, in the county of Westmoreland, Esq. Mr. Sandford died and was buried at Askham, December 28th, 1630. They had issue, Thomas Sandford, baptized at Askham, August 3rd, 1628. He married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of William Orfeur, of Plumbland Hall, county of Cumberland, Esq., and died 31st Charles II., 1679.

Mr. Aglionby died 1648.

XIX.—John Aglionby, of Carlisle, Esq., born March 28th, 1610. This gentleman was a staunch adherent to King Charles the First, and took an active part in the defence of the City of Carlisle, when it was besieged by the parliamentary forces, under Leiutenant-General Leslie, from October 1644 to June 1645, when it capitulated, and although the garrison was promised all the honours of war, and the inhabitants perfect safety, he and Sir Philip Musgrave, Bart., were imprisoned, and condemned to lose their lives, for their loyalty to their King; both these gentlemen made their escape the night previous to the day they were to have been executed. The citadel of Carlisle was rebuilt by this gentlemen.

Mr. Aglionby married Margery, daughter of Christopher Richmond, of Highhead Castle, Esq., of Croft. She died a widow in Fisher street, Carlisle, and was buried in the vault of St. Cuthbert's Church, the 16th of March, 1699 (see Note II.). They had issue,

(1) John, his successor.

(2) Henry Aglionby, A.M., Rector of Bowness, in the county of Cumberland, presented thereto by his brother, John Aglionby, Esq., 1691. He died 1701.

(3) Christopher Aglionby, died unmarried.

(4) Richard Aglionby, for many years registrar of Carlisle. He married Mary, daughter of ——, and had two sons and a daughter who died in youth,

Richard, born June 1700, died April 1701.

William, buried March 1st, 1706.

Mary, buried November 1st, 1702.

Barbara, buried December 8th, 1718.

Ursula, his eldest daughter, born June 2nd, 1698,

married, in 1729, William Nugent, Esq., of Clonlost, in the county of Westmeath, in the Kingdom of Ireland, and had issue two daughters,—Elizabeth Nugent, married to —— Nash, Esq.; Mary Nugent, married to the Right Honourable Barry Yelverton, Lord Viscount Avonmore, and Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, and had issue three sons and one daughter, William, afterwards Lord Avonmore, Barry, Walter Aglionby Yelverton, barrister in Dublin, and Miss Yelverton, who married —— Bingham, Esq., created, in 1800, Baron Clanmorris.

(5) George Aglionby.

(6) Jane Aglionby, married Mr. Thomas Addison, merchant of Whitehaven; had one daughter, Jane, married to Hugh Simpson, Esq., of Musgrave Hall, in Penrith, reckoned one of the handsomest men of his time.

(7) Isabel Aglionby, married ——Nicholson, of Carlisle and Scotby, whose daughter married —— Jackson, of Carlisle.

(8) Mary Aglionby, married Mr. Hodgin, of Carlisle.

XX.—John Aglionby, of Carlisle, Esq., son and heir of John, born March 28th. 1642. He was an eminent barrister at law, King's Council, and many years Recorder of Carlisle. He purchased the demesne of Drumburgh, in the year 1678, of Henry, Duke of Norfolk, and repaired the castle, then in ruins; some years afterwards, in 1696, he exchanged Drumburgh Castle and Manor with Sir John Lowther, Bart., for the estate of Nunnery and Manor of Armathwaite, in the parish of Ainstable, in Cumberland. He married Barbara, daughter of John Patrickson, of Calder Abbey, in the county of Cumberland, Esq., by Bridget, daughter of —— Fletcher, of Hutton Hall, in the same county, Esq., and had issue.

(1) John Aglionby, Esq., born March 28th, 1663, who was disinherited; he married Dinah, daughter and co-heiress of the Reverend Richard Stodent; they both died in the Isle of Man, leaving issue an only son,

Henry, successor to his grandfather.

(2) Bridget, married, in 1701, George Watson, of Goswich Castle, county of Durham, Esq., died in 1715, aged thirty-six. She left issue five sons,

John, the eldest, left one daughter, Bridget, married to John Askham, Esq., of Pallensburn, in the county of Northumberland.

Henry.

Thomas.

George.
Aglionby.
All died young men, except George, who died an infant.

(3) Barbara, born March 10th, 1683, at Drawdykes Castle, married Lieutenant William Nugent, of the Kingdom of Ireland, September 21st, 1718; she died without issue. This William Nugent afterwards married her cousin, Ursula Aglionby.

(4) Margery, married at Bulness; she was the second wife of Adam Craik, of Arbigland, in Scotland, Esq., by whom she had nine children,

John Craik, Rector of Grasmere, in Westmoreland.
James Craik, of Hemby, Esq., who was many years settled in Africa, and part of the time was governor of Cape Coast Castle.
Henry Craik, died an infant,
Barbara, died unmarried.
Robert Craik, a physician, died at Norfolk, in Virginia.
Anne Elizabeth Craik, died unmarried.
Elizabeth, died young.
Margery, married Captain William Nelson, at Dumfries, he was of Scotland, and had a captain's commission in His Majesty's regiment of foot.
Mary Anne, was the second wife of the Reverend Henry Addison, of Workington.
It is remarkable that none of this large family left descendants.

Mr. Aglionby was buried in the family vault in St. Cuthbert's Church, Carlisle, March 20th 1717 (see Notes III., IV., V.).

XXI.—Henry Aglionby, of Nunnery, Esq., grandson and heir of John Aglionby, born at Drawdykes Castle, near Carlisle, May 20th, 1684. He was elected Member of Parliament for the City of Carlisle, in the 1st and 8th years of George the First; was High Sheriff of Cumberland, the sixth year of George the Second, anno 1733. He was many years alderman and repeatedly mayor of Carlisle, where he possessed great influence and interest. In 1715, he pulled down the old Nunnery of the Benedictines, and erected upon its site the capital mansion house which has been the principal residence of the family ever since. Upon the marriage of his son and heir, he retired to Crossfield, in Kirkoswald parish, where he also built an elegant house, and resided there till his death, which occurred

——, and was buried in Ainstable Church, 10th of August, 1759, aged seventy-five years.

This gentleman married Elizabeth, youngest sister of Sir Gilfred Lawson, Bart., of Brayton Hall, in the county of Cumberland, and daughter of Wilfred Lawson, Esq., to whom is a flag stone in Aspatria Church. She died at Crossfield, and was buried in Ainstable Church, December 30th, 1757. They left issue,

(1) Henry, his heir.

(2) John, buried in Ainstable Church, November 1717.

(3) John, A.M. of Queen's College, where he died.

(4) Sarah Grace, born April 1713, and died young.

(5) Sarah, married Richard Lowthian, Esq., of Dumfries, March 28th, 1734. He died May 1st, 1784. She died in October 1798.

(6) Elizabeth, born, May 16th, 1721, was buried in St. Cuthbert's Church, Carlisle, December 11th, 1738.

Mr. Aglionby died in 1759, buried in the chancel of Ainstable Church, and was succeeded by his elder son.

XXII.—Henry Aglionby, of Nunnery, Esq., born in 1715, married Anne, fourth daughter of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart., of Edenhall, by Julia, daughter of Sir John Chardin, of Kempton Park, county of Middlesex (the celebrated Persian traveller, to whom a tomb is erected in Westminster Abbey), by whom he had issue,

(1) Henry, eldest son, died in the flower of his age, his father still living ; was buried in St. Cuthbert's Church, Carlisle, October 10th, 1766.

(2) John, died young, drowned in the East Indies.

(3) Christopher, eventual heir.

(4) Elizabeth married to Richard Bamber, Esq., of the Kingdom of Ireland. He died Easter morning, 1800 ; Mrs. Bamber died January 5th, 1822. They left no issue.

(5) Julia, died unmarried.

(6) Anne, married to the Reverend Samuel Bateman, of Newbiggen Hall, Rector of Farthingstone, in Northamptonshire, and had issue a son, Henry Aglionby Bateman, who relinquishing his patronymic, assumed in compliance with the testamentary injunction of one of his aunts (Sarah, the widow of R. Lowthian, Esq., of Dumfries) the name of Aglionby instead, and was Henry Aglionby Aglionby, Esq., inheriting from Mrs. Lowthian Newbiggen Hall and other estates.

(7) Mary, married to John. Orfeur Yates, Esq., of Skir-

with Abbey, in Cumberland, has issue three sons and two daughters, Francis, John, Henry, Anne, Mary.

Mr. Aglionby served the office of Sheriff for Cumberland in 1763, was many years alderman of the City of Carlisle, and was a magistrate of that city and of the county. He died at Nunnery, December 15th, 1770, and was buried in Ainstable Church. Mrs. Aglionby died at Skirwith Abbey, and was buried at Ainstable Church, March 10th, 1780. He was succeeded by his only surviving son,

XXIII.—Christopher Aglionby, of Nunnery, Esq. This gentleman, who was a minor at the time of his father's death, served the office of Sheriff for Cumberland in 1780. He died unmarried five years afterwards, October 6th, 1785, and was buried in Ainstable Church, when the male line of the family expired, and the estates were subsequently divided by a decree of a court of chancery, between his four sisters.

XXIV.—Francis, eldest son of Mary, who married John Orfeur Yates, Esq., by the will of his aunt, Mrs. Bamber, assumed the name and arms of Aglionby, and inherited from her the respective estates of Nunnery, Crossfield, and Rakefoot; and from his mother the estate of Drawdykes Castle. He married his cousin, Mary Matthews, youngest daughter of John Matthews, Esq., of Wigton Hall, in Cumberland. He was M.P. for East Cumberland, and died July 1st, 1840, and was buried in Ainstable Church. He had issue,

XXV.—Elizabeth Anne, who held the lands belonging to her mother's family at Wigton and elsewhere. She died February 26th, 1878.

XXV.—Mary, married to the Reverend Beilby Porteus, vicar of Edenhall, and held the lands of Rakefoot and Skirwith, and on whom was entailed the Wigton estates. She had issue four daughters, Julia Mary, Mary Aglionby, Emma, Henrietta. She died August 7th, 1882.

XXV.—Jane, married Charles, the second son of Charles S. Featherstonehaugh, Esq., of Kirkoswald, and held the estates of Drawdykes Castle, Islekirk Hall, and Staffield Hall. She died in May 1874, and was buried at Ainstable. She left issue, Elizabeth Aglionby, born February 27th, 1848.

XXVI.—Henry Aglionby Aglionby, Esq., only son of Anne, who married the Reverend Samuel Bateman, by the will of his aunt, Mrs. Bamber, succeeded Major Francis Aglionby, in default of a surviving son, to the estate of Nunnery and other estates. He was born December 28th, 1790. He was M.P. for

Cockermouth, died July 31st, 1854, and is buried at Caterham, in Surrey. He married late in life and left no issue.

XXVII.—Charles, eldest son of John Yates, Esq., who was son of Mary, who married John Orfeur Yates, Esq., succeeded his cousin Henry A. Aglionby, Esq., to the estates of Nunnery, etc., by the will of his great aunt, Mrs. Bamber, and to the estates of Newbiggen Hall, etc., by the will of his great great aunt, Mrs. Lowthian, and is the present Charles Aglionby, Esq.*

"The following rebus on a lady of this family was made some years ago :—

"'The King of birds, and beasts and flies,
Name a maid I dearly prize.'

(viz., eagle, lion, and bee.)

"We are too fastidious in neglecting such antiquated wit, under the notion of its being quaint. For the same reason all armorial bearings should be scouted; nine out of ten of them are founded on such quaint devices. History records many such, only perhaps not so good.†

Note I.

A second son of this Edward Aglionby must have been the Edward described, Corpus Athenæ Cantabriginsis, vol. ii., p. 21, also p. 543. "He was born at Carlisle in or about 1520, and admitted a scholar of King's College 17th August, 1536. No record exists of his admission to a fellowship, but he was probably admitted 18th August, 1539. On 17th November, 1545, he was enjoined to divert to the study of theology. Elected from Eton to King's College, proceeded B.A. 1540-1, and

* "In 1386, Adam de Aglionby was installed to the chantry of the altar of St. Mary, in the Collegiate Church of Greystock, being presented by the noble Lord Ralph, Baron of Greystock; in 1442, Adam de Aglionby appears to be the then master of the college of Greystock, being sued in that year by William Rebanks and his wife for lands in Raughton. In 1412, Adam de Aglionby, rector of Skelton, surrendered certain lands to Ralph, Lord Greystock.

"Sir Thomas Aglionby, vicar of Kirkland, died 1581."

† "Mr. Craig Gibson writes of a Miss Aglionby as 'the representative of an ancient Cumberland family, who boast that their patronymic includes in its syllables the king of birds, the king of beasts, and the king of insects,—the eagle, the lion, and the bee.' This is altogether incorrect. Less advanced archæologists than Mr. Gibson know that Aglionby—By, is simply 'Eagle's home,' that is, 'Eagle's nest.'"—*Athenæum*.

commenced M.A. 1544. Subsequently he became a J.P. for Warwickshire, in which county he possessed considerable property. His residence was at Temple Balshall. In 7 Edw. VI. he and Henry Hugford obtained a grant from the Crown of lands and tenements at Farthingstone, in Northamptonshire, which had belonged to the dissolved Abbey of St. James, near Northampton. On October 16th, 1566, he was incorporated M.A. at Oxford. In December 1569, the treasure for the supply of the army sent to suppress the northern rebellion was committed to his charge. He arrived safely with it at Berwick, although delayed by various causes, especially the severity of the weather. He was returned for Warwick to the Parliament which began April, 2nd, 1571, and spoke twice in debates on the Bill for not coming to church. He suggested that the measure should only be temporary. As regarded a proposed exception for gentlemen in their private oratories, he disliked it because there ought to be equal laws for the poor as well as the rich. As to the compulsory receipt of the Communion, he urged that it was inconvenient to enforce conscience. He remarked. "The conscience of man is eternal, invisible, and not in the power of the greatest monarchy in the world, in any limits to be straitened, in any bound to be contained, nor with any policy of man; if once decayed to be again raised." He contended also that to will and command men to come to the Communion because they are wicked men, was too strange an enforcement and without precedent. On August 12th, 1572, he was elected Recorder of Warwick in the room of Sir Wm. Wigston. On the same day the Queen visited that town on her way from Bishops Ichington to Kenilworth. Mr. Aglionby, as Recorder, made an oration to the Queen. Her Majesty called him to her, gave him her hand to kiss, and withal smiling said, 'Come hither, little Recorder: it was told me that you would be afraid to look upon me or to speak boldly; but you were not so fraid of me as I was of you, and I now thank you for putting me in mind of my duty, and that should be in me.' In November 1587, he resigned the Recordership of Warwick, because of his great age and impotency to travel and failing of sight." Then follows a bit of his writings, chiefly Latin verses, translations, etc. He married Catherine, daughter of Sir Wm. Wigston, his predecessor in the office of Recorder.

"His 'Pedigree of Queen Elizabeth,' he dedicated to her Majesty, for which it is said she granted him £5 per annum

out of her lands for ever." Sir Walter Scott mentions him in 'Kenilworth.'"

Note II.

Extract from Paper by W. Jackson, Esq., on the Family of Richmond, of Highhead Castle. "Transactions of Cumberland and Westmoreland Archæological Society vol. ii, p. 108. "Margery Richmond was daughter to Christopher Richmond, Esq., buried at Dalston 1643, and Isabella Chaytor. The family came to Cumberland from Richmond, in Yorkshire, where they were the hereditary High Constables of the Castle. Another branch went into Wiltshire. An heiress of this branch married William Makepeace Thackeray, the father of the great writer. The Rev. Legh Richmond, Rector of Surrey, a well-known divine, sprang from the Wiltshire branch. There was an intermarriage between the Richmonds of Highhead and the Orfeurs of Highclose."

Note III.

Extract from "Trans. of C. & W. Arch. Soc., Part II., vol iv., pp. 340—358, Art. xxv. Penal Laws and Test Act in 1688. Questions the same propounded by King James II., to all the Deputy Lieutenants and Magistrates in Cumberland and Westmoreland; with their personal answers thereto. From original documents and State Papers in the Bodleian. The three questions were as follows, (1) If in case he shall be chosen knight of the shire or burgess of a town, when the king shall think fit to call a Parliament, whether he will be for taking off the penal laws and the tests? (2) Whether he will support the king's Declaration for Liberty of conscience, by living friendly with those of all persuasions, as subjects of the same Prince, and good Christians ought to do? (3) Whether he will assist and contribute to the election of such members as be for taking off the Penal Laws and the Tests?

"In the list of magistrates were the following,—John Aglionby, of Drawdykes, Esq., and John Aglionby, jun., Esq.

"Answer of John Aglionby, of Drawdykes, Esq. "To y^{e} 1st. I will consent y^{t}y^{e} penall Laws relating to Religion and y^{e} Tests shall be repealed, comformably to His Ma'ty's Declaration touching Liberty of Conscience. To y^{e} 2^{d}. I will vote for y^{e} election of such persons as I think will consent that y^{e} penall Laws relating to religion and y^{e} Tests shall be repealed or abolis'd.

"To y^{e} 3^{d}. I will endeavour to live peaceably with all men

(though of different persuasions in Religion), and I think it my duty so to doe.

"'(Signed) J. Aglionby.

"'*January* 24*th*, $168\frac{7}{8}$."'

Note IV.

An extract from the will of John Aglionby, of Drawdykes, dated May 2nd, 1716, which is of interest as giving indications of unusual strength of character.

"Beati servi illi quos cum reverit Dominus invenerit vigilantes." In the Name of the Most Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I, John Aglionby, of Carlisle, in the county of Cumberland, Esq., do make this my last will and testament. Imprimis. I commend my soul to Almighty God, most humbly praying Him to receive it to His Divine grace and mercy, and to give His angels charge over it, and through the merits and mediation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, I may obtain pardon of all my sins and life everlasting. And I desire my Body may be buried at the Parish Church of Stanwix, in the earth without any funeral Pomp or Ceremony, or invitation of any except the bearers. I desire an inscription in Latin engraved on a Plain Stone, a Brass Plate (to be made) and placed near my grave, indicating the offices I have borne in the Government

"I give and bequeath to my grandson, Henry Aglionby, and after his death to such person and persons of my name or Blood as my home at Nunnery shall come unto by descent or otherwise, my Library and all my Books to be by them enjoyed as Heir Looms, and I will that the Titles of the said Books be entered into a Catalogue, and the said Catalogue to remain and to be kept at the same (place), and the said Books not be lent on any occasion whatever. And I also give unto my said grandson, Henry Aglionby, my golden signet and my Cornelian seal, with the head of the Roman Emperor Marcus Antoninus Philosophus graven thereon, set in silver."

He leaves property to his daughter Barbara, unmarried, and to Margery, the wife of Adam Craik. There is also this proviso, "Provided always and it is my express will, intent, and meaning that if any Devisee or Legatee in this my will shall litigate, controvert, or dispute the same, or any part of my real or personal estate, or seek to have or claim any further or greater and other part of it than what is hereby devised; in every case the party so litigating. controverting, or disputing this my last

will, or claiming any greater part of my estate by promoting any suit at Law or in Equity, or the Ecclesiastical Court, the Devise or Legacy hereby made and given to the Party as aforesaid contesting or claiming, shall be void." He also desires his legatees to give something to the poor in the parishes of St. Mary and St. Cuthbert, Carlisle, and of the parish of Stanwix. "It is not to be given by way of Dole at my funeral, which I look upon as one of the remains of Popish Superstition." He also commends his children and grandchildren to the Patronage and Protection of Charles, Earl of Carlisle, entreating him, "as he and his most noble family hath ever been my good Friends that he will please to extende the same Friendship and kindness to my said children and grandchildren."

This daughter Barbara is his executrix.

Note V.

Extracted from a Paper on the St. Cuthbert's, Carlisle, Registers in the *Transactions* of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Archæological Society, vol. ii., p. 347, by R. S. Ferguson, Esq :—

"Among those who had family vaults in St. Cuthbert's were the great family of the Aglionbys. The first Aglionby that I find mentioned is Madame Aglionby, of Fishergate, widow, buried March 16th, 1699. This was Margery Richmond, widow of the gallant John Aglionby, who with Sir Philip Musgrave defended Carlisle in 1644-5. Madame Aglionby, no doubt, died in the family house in Fisher Street, now the Mechanics' Institute. The old and dignified titles of Madame and Dame are now almost gone out. The next Aglionby is John Aglionby, Esq., Recorder of this City, buried March 30th, 1717-18. This was old Counsellor Aglionby, as he was called by Thomas Story, of Justice Town, and long Recorder of Carlisle. He was son of Madame Aglionby. The Recorder's Richard was for many years Registrar of Carlisle. He was buried in St. Cuthbert's, September 19th, 1729, and his wife two years earlier, February 18th, 1727. A daughter of his, Mrs. Barbara Aglionby, was buried December 8th, 1718. Although unmarried, and probably not twenty years old, she is, as was then the usage of families of distinction, styled Mrs. Barbara Aglionby. The Registrar's other daughter (his sons died young), Mrs. Ursula, married March 4th, 1728-9, Captain William Nugent, and had two daughters, one of whom married Lord Avonmore. Mrs. Ursula Nugent was herself buried in St. Cuthbert's in 1733, in which year was also buried

there Elizabeth Aglionby, her niece, the last of the Aglionbys to be buried in the old family place of interment. Captain Nugent was twice married, both times at St. Cuthbert's Church, both times to an Aglionby. His first wife, Barbara Aglionby, *m.* September 21st, 1718, buried July 6th, 1719. Who this Barbara Aglionby was I do not know." (She was probably the Recorder's daughter mentioned in his will, Appendix II., Note V.)

"This family appears to have possessed considerable property and influence in the City of Carlisle, which has been represented in Parliament by them at different periods, viz.,—

42nd	year of	Edward III.	Adam Aglionby	represented	Carlisle.
9th	„	Richard II.	William Aglionby	„	„
1st	„	Edward VI.	Edward Aglionby	„	„
6th	„	Edward VI.	Edward Aglionby	„	„
1st	„	Mary	John Aglionby	„	„
27th	„	Elizabeth	Edward Aglionby	„	„
35th	„	Elizabeth	Edward Aglionby	„	„
21st	„	James I.	Edward Aglionby	„	„
1st	„	Charles I.	Edward Aglionby	„	„
1st	„	George I.	Henry Aglionby	„	„
8th	„	George I.	Henry Aglionby	„	„

1832. Henry A. Aglionby represented Cockermouth, until his death in 1854.

1837. Major Francis Aglionby represented East Cumberland, until his death in 1840.

Nunnery.

Lysons, "History of Cumberland," 1816, pp. 6, 7, gives this account of Nunnery:—

"In this parish (Ainstable), at a place formerly called Armathwaite, now Nunnery, was a convent of Benedictine nuns, founded by King William Rufus, in the second year of his reign. King Edward the Third remitted to the prioress and nuns their yearly rent of £10 in consideration of the losses they had suffered by the war with Scotland. In the reign of Edward the Fourth the monastery was almost destroyed by Scottish invaders, who took away their jewels, reliques, books, evidences, etc. The king, in consequence, granted them a confirmation of all their possessions.

"At the time of the dissolution, there were only three nuns in this house, besides the prioress. King Edward the Sixth granted the priory of Armathwaite, with the manor and various lands thereto belonging, to William Greyme, *alias* Carleil, Gentleman. This was William Greyme, or Graham, of Rosetrees and Netherby,

in the parish of Arthuret, who settled the priory upon his younger son, Fergus. The site of the priory having acquired the name of Nunnery, continued to be the seat of this branch of the Grahams till about the year 1690, when George Graham, Esq. sold it to Sir John Lowther, Bart.; Sir John exchanged it with John Aglionby, Esq. for Drumburgh Castle. It is now the property and residence of Mrs. Elizabeth Bamber, widow, elder sister of Christopher Aglionby, Esq., the last heir male of that ancient family, who died in 1785. The pleasure grounds, which are laid out on the banks of the little river Croglin, exhibit a great variety of picturesque scenery. Nunnery is much resorted to by strangers, but the grounds are allowed to be shown only on Fridays."

The same authority says, page cxcviii:—"In a building in the walks at Nunnery are the mutilated effigies in stone of a gentleman and lady in dresses of the fifteenth century; said to be of the Aglionby family, and to have been removed from St. Cuthbert's Church in Carlisle."

The *Church Bells*, September 20th, 1884, has a paragraph descriptive of the walks of the banks of the Croglin:—

"From Kirkoswald we must visit the romantic scenery on the Croglin brook, two miles distant. This is a tributary of the Eden, on right bank, and separates two domains,—the Staffold Hall and the Nunnery, in both of which walks extending for some miles have been made with the utmost taste and judgment on the banks of the Eden and the Croglin. The grounds of Staffold are open to persons applying by card, and should be visited first, if time can be spared to see both. The Nunnery grounds are open to all comers on payment of 6*d*. The name is derived from a community of Benedictine nuns founded here in William the Second's reign. The Croglin stream here rushes into the Eden down a deep, narrow ravine, in which lofty, precipitous rocks, of the most rugged and picturesque character, stand opposed to each other very closely; and with the luxuriant vegetation mantling their faces and summits cast a dense shade over the wild gorge, down which, by narrow fissures and rocky steeps, the stream rushes with furious haste and raging voice in boiling eddies, thundering cascades, and foaming rapids. On wooden galleries carried round the faces of the cliffs, or in passages under their overhanging bases, up and down steep banks of trees, along projecting rocky edges, in and out of winding hollows, the walks conduct us from one enchanting view to another. Nothing can be imagined more romantic than

the wild beauty and Alpine character of this remarkable glen and stream, and we doubt whether its like can be found anywhere in England. By arranging at the Nunnery house not to return with the key of the gate, we shall be free to walk from the mouth of the Croglin some miles down the right bank of the Eden, most of the way by smooth walks through luxuriant woods, as far as Armathwaite, coming out at last through the grounds of Armathwaite Hall. These, as well as the walks belonging to Armathwaite Castle on left bank, which are equally beautiful, are liberally thrown open to the public, and hundreds of people resort here in the summer months. After leaving Armathwaite the road will have to be followed for a short distance ; but at the first convenient place we return to the river again, and then have a repetition of similar scenery and walks until we reach Corby and Wetheral, where we may take a train by the North-Eastern Railway to Carlisle."

The poet Wordsworth wrote: *—" I became acquainted with the walks of Nunnery when a boy. The place is well worth visiting, though within these last few years its privacy, and, therefore, the pleasure which the same is well fitted to give, has been injuriously affected by walks cut in the rock, on that side the stream which had been left in its natural state."

A lovely sonnet of Wordworth owes inspiration caught among these lights and shadows, these waters and waterfalls, and is entitled

NUNNERY.

" The floods are roused and will not soon be weary ;
Down from the Pennine Alps how fiercely sweeps
Croglin, the stately Eden's tributary !
He raves, or through some woody passage creeps,
Plotting new mischief ; out again he leaps
Into broad light, and sends through regions airy
That voice which soothed the nuns while on the steeps
They knelt in prayer, or sang to blissful Mary.
That union ceased : then clearing easy walks
Through crags, and smoothing paths beset with danger,
Came studious taste, and many a pensive stranger
Dreams on the banks, and with the river talks.
What change shall happen next to Nunnery Dell ?
Canal and viaduct and railway tell ! "

* See " Memoir of Wordsworth."

Mary Yates, of Skirwith Abbey, wrote the following lines,

NUNNERY.

"Dame Nature with Art once an argument held.
Which, as yet, in creation had chiefly excelled.
Art instanced her statues of Rome, and of Greece,
Whose fame every century helped to increase,
While Nature's best models so soon died away
That they hardly were known ere they drooped in decay.
'But,' Nature replied, 'don't you copy from me?—
For in all your *chef-d'œuvres* my features you see;
You may talk of your Studly, your Chatsworth, your Stowe,
Which to Plutus and you their celebrity owe;
But view Nunnery, the place I so proudly call mine,
And all claim to the palm, we contest, you'll resign!'
Then together they went through each part of the ground,
Which Art, with attention, examined all round;
Eyed the rock, wood, and water, and owned with despair,
No power of hers could add anything there."

Others have felt the spell of Nunnery's views, and turned to verse.

A FAREWELL TO NUNNERY.

By Phœbe Chorley.

"Glen of Beauty! I bade thee farewell,
For the last time I took my adieu;
And thy rocks, grey with lichens o'erhanging the Dell,
Are receded all far from my view.
But though vanished and gone like a dream from my mind,
They have left a soft charm in remembrance behind."

APPENDIX III.

"Musgrave of Edenhall."

Lysons, "History of Cumberland," 1816, says:—"The Musgraves are descended from the ancient baronial family of Musgrave, in Westmoreland. Sir Thomas Musgrave, who died in 1469 or 1470, married the elder daughter and co-heir of Stapleton, of Edenhall. His descendant, Sir Richard, who had been made Knight of the Bath at the coronation of King James, was created a baronet in 1611; and was the immediate

ancestor of Sir Philip Musgrave, the present and eighth baronet. The descents have been lineal, except in the instance of Sir Richard, who died in 1687, leaving an only daughter and heiress married to Davyson, of Blackston, in Durham, and was succeeded by his next brother. Besides the co-heiress of Stapleton, the Musgraves have married co-heiresses of Ward and Cogan.

"*Arms.*—Azure, six annulets, three, two, one, Or.

"*Crest.*—Out of a wreath, two arms counter-embowed, armed and gauntleted proper, exhibiting an annulet, Or."

The mother of Mrs. Yates, of Skirwith Abbey, was a daughter of Sir Christopher Musgrave, of Edenhall, in the county of Cumberland, and this account of the family of Musgrave is a paper in the handwriting of Mrs. Yates' son, John Yates, of Virginia.

"FAMILY OF MUSGRAVE."

The family of Musgrave came to England with William the Conqueror, and settled at Musgrave, in Westmoreland.

I.—The first known of the name was Peter Musgrave, who lived about the time of King Stephen, from whom the eighteenth in descent was Richard Musgrave, the first baronet, created the 29th of June, 1611, who represented the county of Westmoreland in Parliament, first year of King James the First, and was made Knight of the Bath at the coronation of that King; he married Frances, daughter of Phillip, Lord Wharton, he died at Naples, 1615, leaving issue,—Mary, who died unmarried, and Phillip, his successor.

II.—Sir Phillip, aged then seven years, 1615. In 1640 he was one of the Knights of the Shire for Westmoreland. In April 1642, he withdrew from the House of Commons, and attended no more until after the Restoration. In 1644, he was made Commander-in-chief of Cumberland and Westmoreland, by a commission from the Marquis of Newcastle. He asserted the Royal cause with all courage and dutiful allegiance, and was made Governor of Carlisle. To the Marquis, at York, he sent first six hundred soldiers, then eighteen hundred; and afterwards a thousand to Prince Rupert, which he raised in Cumberland and Westmoreland. After the battle of Marston Moor, he, with Sir Thomas Glenham, retired to Carlisle; upon the surrender of that garrison, the last that yielded to the rebels, he attended the King to Cardiff. At the desire of some loyal gentleman, a new regiment of foot being raised in

Cumberland, he was appointed Colonel of it. Sir Phillip was taken prisoner at Rowton Moor in 1645. After which he retook Carlisle by surprise, and was a second time appointed Governor. After the battle of Worcester he attended on King Charles the Second in France, Holland, and Scotland, from which he retired to the Isle of Man, which he bravely defended under the Countess of Derby, until it was reduced to the last extremity, and then that lady having surrendered on honourable terms, he had leave to retire to any part of England. At the restoration of Charles the Second in 1660, he was a third time appointed Governor of Carlisle. He had a warrant appointing him Baron Musgrave, of Hartly Castle, but never took out the patent. He died February 1677 or 1678, aged seventy years, in great honour and esteem. He married Julian, youngest daughter of Sir Richard Hutton, Knight, one of the judges of the Common Pleas. She died in 1669. By her he had six sons,—Sir Richard Phillip, who died in Charenton, in France; Sir Christopher; William; Simon, who was drowned; and Thomas, Dean of Carlisle and Prebendary of Durham, who married, 1st, Mary, daughter of Sir Thomas Harrison, Knight, by Margaret, daughter of the Lord Darcy, by whom he had one daughter, Margaret. His second wife was Anne, daughter of Sir John Craddock, Knt., by whom he left no issue. Sir Phillip's only daughter, Frances, was married to Edward Hutchinson, Esq.

III.—Sir Richard Phillip, eldest son and heir to Sir Phillip, married Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Harrison, of Aylesthorpe, county of York, Knt., by whom he left one daughter, Mary, wife of Thomas Davyson, Esq. On his death

IV.—Sir Christopher, third son of Sir Phillip, succeeded. While he was very young he was active in the Royal cause, and suffered much by imprisonment and otherwise towards the end of the usurpation, being found concerned in Sir George Booth's rising. After the Restoration he was knighted, made Governor of Carlisle and Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, and, in the first year of Queen Anne, one of four tellers of the Exchequer. He married, 1st, Mary, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Andrew Cogan, Bart., and had Phillip Musgrave, Esq., hereafter mentioned, Mary, and Christopher. This lady died in July, 1664, and he married a second time, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Franklin, of Willesden, county of Middlesex, Knt., by whom he had six sons,—John; Richard, died young; Joseph, who was a representative for Cockermouth in 1713, and died unmarried in 1757; Simon, who died in the

East Indies in 1756, who was storekeeper of the Docks at Chatham, and married Sarah, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Rosell, relict of Lieutenant Young, by whom he had three sons, Joseph, Thomas, and George. Sir Christopher had also six daughters,—Elizabeth, married to John Wyneve, Esq.; Dorothy, married James Hawkey, Esq.; Mary; Frances; Anne; Barbara. Sir Christopher represented Carlisle in Parliament; he died of an apoplexy, the 29th of July, 1704. Phillip, eldest son of Sir Christopher, married November 12th, 1683, Mary, eldest daughter of George Legge, first Baron of Dartmouth. He was Master-General of the Ordnance, Admiral of the fleet, etc. He was Clerk of the Council in the reign of James the Second, Clerk of the deliveries in the Ordnance, and died 2nd of July, 1685. Christopher, younger son of Sir Christopher, by his first lady, was bred to the law, and upon the death of Phillip succeeded him as Clerk of the Council. He served the City of Carlisle as representative in Parliament in the reign of Queen Anne, and was Principal Officer of the Ordnance. He died unmarried, September 1718.

V.—Sir Christopher, son of Phillip, succeeded his grandfather as baronet, and his uncle Christopher as Clerk of the Council in 1710. He represented Carlisle in Parliament in the last year of Queen Anne, and the county of Westmoreland in 1722; married Julia, daughter and heiress of Sir John Chardin, of Kempton Park, co. Middlesex, Knt. (Sir John Chardin wrote a classical and much-admired tour through parts of Asia), and had by her, (1) Phillip, (2) Christopher, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, and Rector of Barking, in Essex; he married December 20th, 1757, Mrs. Perfect, of Hatton Garden; (3) Hans, Lieutenant-Colonel in His Majesty's forces; (4) Chardin, Provost of Oriel College, Oxford; (5) Mary, wife of Hugh Lumley, Esq., of Ireland, and then of John Pigot, Esq., of the same kingdom; (6) Julia, wife of Edward Hasell, Esq.; (7) Barbara, wife, first, of John Hogg, Esq., and then of the Lord Chief Baron Idle; (8) *Anne*, wife of *Henry Aglionby*, Esq. (the parents of John Yates' mother); (9) Elizabeth, wife, first, of Edward Spragge, then of John Johnstone, Esq.; (10) Charlotte, died unmarried; (11) Dorothy, wife of the Reverend William Wroughton, Rector of Welburn, county of Lincoln. Sir Christopher died January 3rd, 1736, and was succeeded in title and estates by his son.

VI.—Sir Phillip, who married Jane, daughter of John Turton, of Argreave, co. of Stafford, Esq., and by her had issue:

(1) Jane, married, in 1761, to Joseph Musgrave, of Kynier, Esq., died 29th of November, 1762, leaving a daughter who did not long survive her; (2) Elizabeth, married to Heneagge Legge, of Idlecote, county of Warwick, Esq., now of Ashton Hall, in the same county, and died March (4) 1820; 3rd, Charlotte, married to Reverend Charles Mordaunt, of Massingham, county of Norfolk, brother of Sir John Mordaunt, Bart.; she died 23rd of October, 1816; (4) Henrietta, married to Sir John Morris, of Claremont, county of Glamorgan, and died 1st of June, 1812, leaving issue; (5) John Chardin; (6) Christopher, born 29th, May, 1759, married in 1790, Elizabeth Anne, co-heiress of the late Lord Archer (which barony became extinct in 1778), by whom he had two daughters. Sir Phillip died 5th July, 1795.

VII.—Sir John Chardin succeeded to his father's estate and title; born 5th January, 1757, married 13th of July, 1791, Mary, daughter of the late Reverend Sir Edward Filmer, of East Sutton Place, Kent, Baronet; she died 7th of January, 1823; by her he had issue, (1) Phillip, (2) Christopher, (3) George, (4) Thomas, died June 1882; (5) Julia, died March 5th, 1825. Sir John Chardin died 24th of July, 1806, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

VIII.—Sir Phillip Christopher, M.P. for Petersfield; he married Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Lady Mary Fludyer, niece of the Earl of Westmoreland. Family residence is Edenhall, Cumberland.

APPENDIX IV.

"He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life."

LONGFELLOW.

JOHN ORFEUR YATES was the fourth son of John Yates, and was born August 5th, 1813, at Walnut Grove. With the advantages of a liberal education, this favourite son and brother endeavoured to fit himself for a useful career. In the year 1834, he graduated in the Law School, at the University of Virginia, and began to practise the profession in Charlestown, which he pursued for several years, until compelled to abandon for want of health. Always physically frail, he contracted a cold upon his lungs, in the spring of 1838, which home care

and medical skill alike proved ineffectual to subdue. It was thought a winter in the far south might restore him; and accompanied by his brother, Dr. Yates, he left Walnut Grove, on the 28th of October, and after a tedious detention at Baltimore, they sailed from that port about the middle of November.

Dr. Yates to John Yates.

"BALTIMORE, *November 11th*, 1838.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I suppose you are under the impression that we are wending our way south, as the *Tiberias* appears in the papers to have cleared nearly a week ago, and you are doubtless surprised at not getting a letter before this, announcing our departure. But we have put off writing from day to day, just as we have been delayed ourselves. The truth is, that Baltimore is no place to sail from in any direction with dispatch, either according to advertisement or according to contract. She has not the capital to have packet lines, although every Yankee vessel that drops in from one of the northern ports, on the way south for a cargo of cotton to Europe, is advertised as a packet-ship. If we had gone to Philadelphia or New York, we would have got off at any time without greater delay than two or three days. But the weather has been so cold, afraid of fatiguing John, and the promises of the *Tiberias*, have kept us here till this late day. We wished to go to Mobile in the fine ship *Herald*, advertised positively to sail for that port with dispatch; but the consignee had the unusual candour to confess that she would not go there at all, unless she had a good cargo. But to come to the point, wind and weather permitting, we do expect to sail to-morrow, as the vessel has nothing to do but put on the remainder of her provisions, and bend her sails. The cold weather and consequent want of exercise have impaired John's strength; but I am exceedingly happy to find he has much less cough than I supposed before, being with him at all times and hours. I cannot but hope a cessation from injurious employment, the sea-voyage, and the genial climate of the sunny south, will do all for him that we fondly anticipate. I will write as soon as we land at New Orleans, and inform you of our movements. . . . Elizabeth * was here two days and spent most of her time with John, though she put up at Barnum's hotel. At this time of the year a vessel with favourable winds is expected to run to New Orleans in fourteen or sixteen days.

* His sister, who stopped in Baltimore a few days on her way to Norfolk, Virginia.

Send us all the numbers of your *Virginia Free Press* for the month of November, to New Orleans. . . .

"*Wednesday*, 14*th*, 11 a.m.

"Here we are still detained by the wind, which has been from the south for several days, and we cannot sail until it shifts to the north or west. I will write again if we do not get off by to-morrow. Our patience has been severely taxed."

Dr. Yates to Mrs. Yates.

"PENSACOLA, FLORIDA, *December* 15*th*, 1838.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—Knowing that I could not address my letter to any one who felt a greater interest in John and myself than you, I shall put your name on the back of this, although it is intended for the whole family. I received Anna's * favour at New Orleans, together with three numbers of the *Virginia Free Press*, all exceedingly welcome. John began to improve as soon as we got to Mobile, where we found the weather dry and delightful, such as we have in May. We had a fine trip in a steamboat to this place, day before yesterday, arriving here after night, and in consequence remaining on board. Yesterday we came on shore, and looked for lodgings, and I think we have got ourselves very comfortably fixed, in a private boarding house, where the lady of the house seems disposed to be very motherly and kind. John walked about more than I thought he could stand, and is out again to-day. I am in much better spirits about him, and think the climate will restore him. From what I am told we ought to have gone to Cuba, as sometimes the weather is quite cold here, at least the inhabitants call it so; but it is now the middle of December, and we could not ask milder weather. Yesterday the thermometer at 3 o'clock p.m. stood at 63°, nine degrees lower than summer heat. At New Orleans, on the night of the 5th of December, the temperature was at 75°, at 8 o'clock. So you may judge of the difference between this and Jefferson. Mr. Mallory gave me a letter to George Willis, who is very polite, and has invited me to his house. I have also met with a kind friend, Dr. Parke, who was a fellow-student in Philadelphia. From present appearances I expect to stay here all the winter; but if John's health demands it we must go to Cuba, though it would be disagreeable to leave the United States. One word as to myself. I got my feet wet in New Orleans for the want of thick boots (which I have since bought), and I have a cough

* Mrs. William Yates.

which troubles me at night a good deal, but I shall take particular care of myself, and hope soon to be free of it. I remain,

"Your affectionate son,

"WILLIAM YATES."

John O. Yates to Mr. Yates.

"PENSACOLA, *December 19th*, 1838.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I commence a letter which it is my intention to progress with as I feel able at times. To write an entire letter at a sitting is much more than I have been able to do any day since I left home. Not to write at all, however, is a privation I hope not to suffer, so long as I can write half a dozen lines at a time. We received the letters from Anna and Anne, together with the papers, at New Orleans. The tears these mementoes of home extorted from my nervous and shattered frame attested the interest with which they were received. The same cause brings me now to a resting-place.

"*Thursday evening*, 20*th*.

"William wrote two letters from New Orleans, and has written one since we arrived here. As I did not see any of them, and it is possible they may not all reach you, I will give you, at the risk of a good deal of repetition, some account of our travels since leaving Baltimore. I went on board the vessel in a most reduced and dejected state. I went forthwith to my berth, and there lay for several days more or less. During three or four days of this time, William suffered severely from sea-sickness, and could do nothing for me. The accommodations of the ship were most rascally. Several of our passengers had sailed before, and pronounced them the worst they ever experienced. To give you an idea of their preparations, there was for all the passengers but one old brass basin, set out on deck, with perhaps one towel for twenty of us. In consequence of this, and the cold and rain, I think I was eight days without washing my face.

"*Friday*, 21*st*.

"On entering the more southern latitude, the air became for several days exceedingly soft and pleasant, and I improved astonishingly. This continued until we again had severe cold in the Gulf of Mexico; from that time, all the way up the river, I was almost laid up. We had a sixteen days' time of it, and I am well confirmed in the opinion, that the voyage

from Baltimore to New Orleans is for several reasons much more dangerous, uncertain, and disagreeable, than from New York to Liverpool.

"*December 26th.*

"New Orleans exceeded all my conceptions in its business, which I knew to be immense, and as for buildings, appearance, etc., I was astonished to find it a splendid place. We passed a week there, during which time William found it necessary to go up the river about fifty miles, to Mr. Shepherd's plantation. He was most kindly received, and our business satisfactorily arranged. In New Orleans we met with Henry Williams, who treated us very cordially; he has been very successful in life, and is quite a considerable man. We also met with Charles Thornton, who is now a Mississippi planter, and was down for the purpose of laying in supplies. Finding myself too weak to write with any comfort, I must waive many particulars for fireside discussion, and hasten to close a letter, which, if it is no more satisfactory to you than to myself, had perhaps better not have been written.

"*December 28th.*

"We arrived here on Friday 14th, and find ourselves fixed very snugly, in perhaps the very best house in the place for invalids. The landlady seems to make our comfort her study, and her little attentions constitute my chief medicine. As an instance of her *way*, one morning, soon after we came to the house, I became very faint in the breakfast room, upon which she offered and insisted upon sending me every morning, about the time I wake, a cup of tea and some toast, without which I should sometimes hardly be able to rise and dress. In short, 'unless a change comes o'er the spirit of her dream,' we are most fortunately situated, for which no little credit is due young Mallory, a relative of Dr. Terrill, with whom I had some acquaintance, and whom I saw at Mobile. He gave us a variety of letters to persons in this place.

"*December 30th.*

"And now, having enchained your attention ever since the 19th inst., I will make an effort at this sitting, if uninterrupted, to release you for the present. William will write in a day or two, and there are many interesting particulars which I must leave for him. It is too soon to speak with safety of this climate; they say there is an unusual degree of cold, I confess it is colder than I expected. In relation to the state of my health, the most interesting point, I venture to hope, on

which I can speak, I am quite at a loss what to say. A record of my feelings would exhibit an incessant vibration. You know the delusive nature of the disease, and my changes are so sudden that, when I feel better, and hopes of returning health and a chance of future usefulness rising within me, I do not acknowledge them even to myself. Sad experience, alas! so often before having, like cobwebs, brushed them away. I am happy to inform you I am free from *pain* of any sort. My chief enemy for a long time has been coldness, repeated chills more or less severe on occasion. Mamma knows them. William procured me two very fine silk shirts, which together with the use of the tartar-emetic ointment (or some other influence), has almost subdued them. My weakness at times is extreme. My cough, I think, is softened and unattended with pain. This account of myself, I know, will make you conclude that I must be better. But *the consumption* is deceitful above all things, and I much fear that my wish to cheer you, or my own delusion, has made me write what I may wish expunged before many days. I conclude without being through. Remember me kindly to all at home, and to any inquiring friends, and believe me, dear father,

"Ever your affectionate son,

"JOHN ORFEUR YATES."

Dr. Yates to his sister Julia Yates.

"PENSACOLA, *March 30th*, 1839.

"MY DEAR JULIA,— . . . When I wrote to Anna, a few days since, there seemed to be a hope that John might last longer than the result warranted, although it was perfectly evident that all his recuperative faculties were exhausted. It will be peculiarly grateful to mamma to know that the Reverend Mr. Saunders, a most worthy Episcopal minister, spent a good deal of time with him at John's request, explaining portions of the Scriptures, and solving doubts and difficulties that John felt in his own mind. After their last conversation on the subject, some eight hours before his death, John called me to him to say that he was perfectly satisfied, and would like to go as soon as possible, and to tell all the family, except to look upon them once more, he had no desire to live. That he wished you all to investigate the subject of religion thoroughly and at once, not to put it off, thinking you could attend to it when necessary. He said he had no particular messages; he did not know where to begin, and it would be still more difficult to end. Just before he died he waved his hand for me to take my seat, and after being engaged

apparently in deep thought for some five minutes, he raised his hand and said, 'God bless you both (Mr. Saunders and myself) and Garnett,' whom he had seen go out of the room. . . . He yielded up what we all know to have been one of the purest and noblest spirits the world ever saw. With the assistance of a few friends, for I would not let a notice of his burial be sent out, I have endeavoured to perform the last sad offices in a becoming manner, and with what firmness I might under the circumstances. He died a few minutes after 6 p.m., on Thursday, March 28th, and was buried yesterday at eleven o'clock.

"One special wish of John's about Elizabeth was that she should spend next winter here with Anna and myself. I am still, and intend to remain, in the room in which John and I have spent so many though often gloomy moments. Everything brings him forcibly to me in retrospect. . . . Not less so will it be with you, at his favourite Walnut Grove, his cherished home. Affectionate memory will entwine everything with recollections of him, and of the fond, bright visions we once indulged of his future usefulness and distinction, only blasted by the insidious workings of disease, and a mind too powerful for so frail a frame. I feel too much to write more.

"Your affectionate brother,

"William Yates."

Dr. Yates resolved to remain in Pensacola, and practise the medical profession. His own health was fast failing, and he wrote for his wife, who came immediately, accompanied by his father, Mr. John Yates.

Reverend Joseph H. Saunders to Mrs. Yates.

"Pensacola, 22*nd May*, 1839.

"Dear Madam,—At the suggestion of your husband, I very readily undertake to give you some account of the last moments of your son, Mr. John O. Yates, so far as they came under my own observation, and particularly of the interviews I had with him as his pastor and spiritual guide for the time being. I was absent from Pensacola during most of the month of January, attending our Diocesan Convention at Tallahasse; on my return home the last of that month, I called to see Mr. Yates, and was rather surprised to observe how much he had sunk during my absence. He was now confined to his bed; but as our rainy season had set in, I supposed his appearance might be somewhat owing to the state of the weather, which he also

believed. His spirits, however, were good, and his cheerfulness and even animation in conversation were great. When the weather cleared up in February, and the temperature became milder and more steady, his strength seemed to increase, and there was for a while, I thought, a general though temporary improvement, while his own expectations seemed to be considerably strengthened. About this time also he was for some days able to sit up, or rather lie upon a sofa in his chamber, a portion of the time; and he several times mentioned to me plans which he had thought of for execution after his recovery. But all this time neither myself nor anyone of those who were in the habit of seeing him, expected that he would leave Pensacola. I will here mention a circumstance with which I was struck at the time, and which I thought showed his habitual strength of mind, and his exemption from the associations usually connected with death. Mr. Dawson, from Baltimore, died in the same house with him, on the 27th of February; and Mr. Dawson's room being on the second story, and adjoining the dining-room, and the landlady's chamber, Mr. Yates thought it possessed some advantages, and was in a few days removed there from the third story. During the first days of March there was cold weather for this climate, and he became worse; still his mental faculties remained unimpaired, and his hopes of recovery, I think, not entirely gone. I would remark that up to this time, and during the remainder of his lingering, he appeared to be free from pain or bodily sufferings of any kind; his cough was little troublesome, he seemed to be sinking down without being conscious of the change taking place daily. But at length he became fully aware of his situation, and met the idea with his characteristic firmness and self-command. In different interviews he explained to me very fully what had been for some time his feelings about the Gospel, about prayer, the Saviour, and other kindred subjects, and stated very frankly the difficulties that had occurred to his mind. All these conversations showed very clearly, as he distinctly stated, that death and a future state had often been subjects of intense reflection with him. He described with much feeling the efforts which you had made, when he was young, to instil religious knowledge into his mind, as well as to impress religious feelings into his heart. Several times he was reminded by what occurred in our conversation, of something you had formerly said or endeavoured to teach, and the remembrance seemed always to produce a good effect upon him. Indeed, I was never more

impressed with the blessed effects of early religious instruction, and of the truth of the proverb, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.' And as you have grandchildren now coming on, I will take the liberty, madam, of suggesting to you to impress upon their parents the importance of storing their minds with the principles of the Gospel while they are young and tender, and before the maxims of the world have had time to enter in and get possession. On Tuesday the 26th of March, while I was praying by his bed-side with him, after conversation and reading in the Scriptures, when in the prayer in the visitation service, beginning, 'Hear us, Almighty,' etc., I came to the sentence, 'That it should be Thy good pleasure to restore him to his former health, he may lead the residue of his life in Thy fear and to Thy glory;' he caught hold of my hand next to him, and pressing it with both of his, exclaimed with emotion and tears, 'That is good, that is what I want if I were to get well; I would wish to lead such a life to show that I am sincere, and my present feelings are not produced by the mere prospect of dying.' This remark, I have no doubt, alluded to a part of our conversation, in which he had with much feeling spoken of persons seeking the Lord on their deathbed. After making such remarks to him as I at the moment thought useful, I proceeded with the prayer, and during the whole service he seemed much engaged and comforted by the prayers. At the time that he laid open his mind to me, we both concluded that he was too weak for much argumentation, and I told him that the Lord could remove his difficulties, and make his way sufficiently plain without discussion, if he sought it by sincere prayer and humility. Sometimes, however, a question was asked which led to extended remarks on my part; during all which his mind was remarkably clear and strong, and his self-possession very great. His difficulties seemed to disappear with his strength, and even faster; he appeared to have a clear view of the plan of salvation, through the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ, to embrace that plan and to throw himself entirely upon his Saviour's merits, for acceptance with his Maker, and for happiness beyond the grave. I saw him daily this week; Mr. Garnett and Dr. Yates remained with him during the night; I called in the morning and stayed according to circumstances. On Thursday morning I found him much altered from the preceding day, and too low for connected conversation. Expecting that he would expire that evening or night, I called after dinner to sit with him, and let the doctor and

Mr. Garnett walk out for exercise. I was with him some hour or more by myself, except when I occasionally called in the kind negro woman that waited on him. He was very calm, perfectly sensible that his end was at hand, had entire possession of his faculties, and mentioned some directions to me which showed his thoughtfulness. One was to call upon several families which he named, and return them his thanks and acknowledgments for their kindness to him during his sickness; but during this, he said he was afraid he had forgotten some family which had been kind to him; after a moment he added, 'You know all who have sent me things, go to them and thank them for me.' When Dr. Yates returned into the room, he was dozing; on waking up and observing him and myself sitting on the sofa, he said, but in a voice so weak as to be just heard, 'God bless you both;' then noticing that Mr. Garnett was not present, he added with emphasis, 'And Garnett, too, Garnett, too.' Mr. Garnett shortly came in; between five and six o'clock he expired, but so gradually, that although we were all three standing around his bedside, and I had my finger on his pulse, there was a space when I was uncertain whether life was extinct or not. On the next day, which was Good Friday, March 29th, we committed, according to the solemn and beautiful forms of the Church, his body to the grave,—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; yet, my dear madam, looking with hope for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ. With my sincere prayers, that this visitation may have upon all his surviving friends that sanctifying effect for which it was intended by our heavenly Father, and that His grace may support and strengthen your heart under your bereavement,

"I remain truly your friend,

"JOSEPH H. SAUNDERS."

Dr. Yates' strength failed very rapidly; and, before the summer was past, he and his wife left Florida, and returned to Walnut Grove. Here he lingered and languished, until death relieved his sufferings on the 30th of January, 1840. He was in the thirty-second year of his age when he died. He was buried near his sister, Mrs. Keyes, in the churchyard of Zion Church, Charlestown.

Hallowed are the memories of these dearly-loved and early-lost brothers in the annals of Walnut Grove. Long years have passed since then, yet their names are spoken softly by those who

remember, and grief and tears bespeak even now the poignancy of those months of sorrow.

In October 1844, another grave was added in that sacred churchyard plot, with the name of Elizabeth Yates on the head-stone, aged twenty-seven.

APPENDIX V.

Mrs. John Yates.

"A sweet air cometh from the shore immortal,
Inviting homeward at the day's decline;
Almost we see where from the open portal
Fair forms stand beckoning with their smiles divine."

Mrs. Yates, of Walnut Grove, survived her husband many years. Her heart and home were always open to children, grandchildren, and friends, and her delight was to have them about her; and whatever entertainment, counsel, or good deed she could contribute, was so much to her a source of happiness. Her end came in old age, after a decline of several months, attended with much patiently-borne suffering. It was one morning, in June 1866, that messengers were hastily sent to summon those of her descendants who were not already at Walnut Grove. The gentle grandmother was dying, her lips breathing prayers and blessings on all dear to her. When almost gone, the assembled family knelt in prayer; and when they arose, her breath had ceased, and her long pilgrimage was ended. She died in the eighty-third year of her age; and was buried in Zion churchyard. An obituary by her pastor, the Reverend Charles E. Ambler, embraces most truly the character of one of the loveliest and purest of women.—"At Walnut Grove, Jefferson county, Virginia, on Friday, 8th of June, 1866, Mrs. Julia Yates, the widow of John Yates, a native of England, but for many years a resident of Jefferson county. She was indeed a *mother* in Israel. A member of the Protestant Episcopal Church from a period to which the memory of scarcely any living person goes back. In all these years she was enabled to be faithful to her confirmation vows, and to adorn in all things the doctrine of God her Saviour. While in her there was wanting no grace which goes to make up the completeness of the Christian character, hers was in an eminent degree, '*the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.*' She had that sweet, serene look

which told of the purity, gentleness, and goodness which dwelt within, and which seemed to rebuke everything like bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and hold them in check in her presence. No one could doubt her sincerity towards God and man. She was an Israelite indeed in whom was no guile. If the infirmities to which she was subject (for there is no man that sinneth not) were not so apparent in her as in others, it was not that she put on the appearance of a goodness she did not possess; but because they were of a kind that did not obtrude upon the interests or happiness of those around her. She was singularly unselfish, and, even in her last illness, when in great weakness and pain, she seemed more solicitous for the comfort of her attendants than for her own. As was to be expected from such a life, she died full of the faith and the hope of the Gospel of Christ. 'I have no fear,' she said to her pastor on her death-bed; 'I trust in my Saviour. He came, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance, and I have taken Him at His word.' For her we sorrow not as those that have no hope, for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with Him."

APPENDIX VI.

William Lovell.

William Lovell, Esq., the father of Mrs. Yates, was of English origin. He was the son of Jacob Lovell and his wife, whose maiden name was Butler. Mr. Lovell was born in the year 1758, in Caroline county, Virginia. His parents died whilst he was very young, and he and his only sister were left to the guardianship of their uncle, Robert Lovell, Esq., who mismanaged their estate and wasted their substance. At seventeen years of age, he was living with his mother's sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Price, of King George county, Virginia. Many years afterwards he inherited a handsome property from these relatives, who, by the death of their only son, were left childless. About the year 1775, he went to Fredericksburg, and learned the mercantile business, and gained the esteem and confidence of Mr. Charles Yates. During the revolutionary war, he had an official position in the small navy of the struggling colonies, and, when peace was restored, he returned to Fredericksburg, and entered into a business partner-

ship with his friend, Mr. Yates. After a very successful mercantile career, he withdrew from business, and purchased a landed estate in the county of Culpeper, Virginia, called "Fox Neck;" this was in the year 1800. He had married Miss Janet Irving Urquhart some years before, a most estimable lady, who died of measles soon after the removal to Fox Neck, leaving several children. Mr. Lovell contracted a second marriage in 1815, with a widow lady, Mrs. Nutt, of Culpeper county, by which marriage there was one daughter. He lived until June 1826; his health was much broken for many years before his death, which occurred in the sixty-ninth year of his age. He was buried beside his first wife on the Fox Neck plantation. His son, Charles U. Lovell wrote, "My excellent father has filled the measure of his days. The meridian of his life was happy, and his usefulness shone conspicuously in acts of charity and benevolence; but, alas! the evening was beset with many a cloud. Disease gradually preyed upon his bodily and mental powers, until it left him a perfect wreck. Now, however, he is relieved from all earthly pain, and I humbly trust he is enjoying the reward of an honest and well-spent life. . . ."

APPENDIX VII.

Genealogy of the Yates Family.

I.—*Reverend Francis Yates*, incumbent of a church in Whitehaven, married in 1689, ——, and was succeeded by his son

II.—*Reverend Francis Yates*, married in the year 1725 Anne Orfeur, eldest daughter of Charles Orfeur, Esq., of Plumbland, and had issue, (1) Francis, (2) Charles, (3) Lowther, (4) Jane, (5) John Orfeur Yates.

III.—*Jane Yates*, daughter of the Reverend Francis Yates and Anne his wife, married John Matthews, Esq., of Wigton Hall, in the county of Cumberland, and their children were (1) Richard, died unmarried, 1846; (2) Jane, died unmarried, 1854; (3) Mary, married Francis Yates, her cousin. She died in 1854, was buried at Ainstable.

III.—*John Orfeur Yates*, son of the Rev. Francis Yates and Anne, his wife; married Mary, fourth daughter of Henry Aglionby, of Nunnery, Esq., and had issue, (1) Anne, born at Skirwith Abbey, December 16th, 1769, died unmarried in

February 1802, buried in Ainstable Church. (2) Mary, born at Skirwith Abbey, May 4th, 1772, died unmarried in 1843, in the city of Bath, and was buried there. (3) Francis, (4) John, (5) Henry, born at Skirwith Abbey, September 15th, 1784, died May 18th, 1801, buried in Carlisle Cathedral.

IV.—*Francis Yates*, son of John Orfeur Yates and Mary, his wife, born at Skirwith Abbey, May 12th, 1777, married his cousin Mary, youngest daughter of John Matthews, Esq., of Wigton Hall, in 1814. He inherited the estates of his aunt, Mrs. Bamber, and assumed the name of Aglionby, in 1822. He died suddenly, July 1840, and was buried in Ainstable Church. He had issue, (1) Elizabeth Anne, born at Wigton Hall, December 1814, died unmarried, February 26th, 1878, buried at Coniston. (2) Mary, (3) Henry, born at Skirwith Abbey in 1817, died in 1834, buried in Ainstable Church; (4) Jane.

V. *Mary*, the second daughter of Francis Yates and Mary, his wife, was born at Wigton Hall, in 1815; married the Reverend Beilby Porteus, Hon. Canon of Carlisle, in 1845, Vicar of Edenhall, in the county of Cumberland. She died August 7th, 1882, buried in the Abney Park Cemetery, Stoke Newington, London. They had issue, (1) Julia Mary, married to Captain James Webster, (2) Mary Aglionby, married to the Honourable Henry Noel Shore, she has children, Hugh Aglionby, Henry Lionel Porteus, (3) Emma, married to Arthur Hill, Esq., (4) Henrietta, married to Colonel Robert Andrews Cole 1885, and has one son, Alan Aglionby.

V. *Jane*, third daughter of Francis Yates and Mary, his wife, was born in 1820, at Skirwith Abbey, married Charles Fetherstonehaugh, Esq., in 1847, died May 1874, and was buried at Ainstable. They had one daughter, Elizabeth Aglionby, who married Colonel Arthur Sisson Cooper, who took the name of Aglionby in 1885. Their children are, (1) Arthur Charles Aglionby, (2) Constance Muriel. Mrs. Cooper died in February 1885, and was buried at Ainstable. Mr. Fetherstonehaugh made a second marriage, married in 1876, the Hon. Louisa Lennox Yelverton, widow of the Hon. Frederick Yelverton, and daughter of Guy Lennox Prendergast, Esq.; he died in 1885, and was buried at Ainstable.

IV. *John Yates*, second son of John Orfeur Yates, and Mary, his wife, born at Skirwith Abbey, April 3rd, 1779, went to Virginia in 1792, married Julia, daughter of William Lovell, Esq., of Culpeper county, Virginia, in April 1803, died at

Nunnery, in the county of Cumberland, England, July 6th, 1851, and was buried in Ainstable Church. Mrs. Yates died June 8th, 1866, was buried at Charlestown, West Virginia. They had issue, (1) Janet, (2) Mary, (3) Charles, (4) William, (5) Francis, (6) John Orfeur, born at Walnut Grove, 1813, died at Pensacola, Florida, and was buried there, March 1839; (7) Anne, (8) Elizabeth, born at Walnut in 1817, died there, October 1844, and was buried at Charlestown, (9) Julia, (10) Henry, died an infant.

V. *Janet*, eldest daughter of John Yates, and Julia, his wife, was born at Fox Neck, Culpeper, county Virginia, January 12th, 1804, married George Brook Beall, Esq., of Jefferson county, Virginia, October 1826, died in February 1875, and was buried at Charlestown. Mr. Beall died in August 1855, and was buried at Charlestown. They had children, (1) Mary Yates Keyes Beall, born at Walnut Grove, (2) Hezekiah, born at Mount Pleasant, married in Texas, 1st, Nancy Jane Alexander, 2nd, Arthurvilla Wiloth Groves, has issue, Janet Rosa, Mary Yates, George Brooke, Emma Webb, Anne Elizabeth, William Willis, John Yates; (3) Julia Lovell, died in 1839, aged seven years, (4) John Yates, born in 1836, died in February, 1865,* (5) George Balch, died in 1839, aged two years, (6) Anne Orfeur, married David Henderson, of Jefferson county, West Virginia, in 1870, and has children, John Beall Henderson, Janet Henderson, (7) Elizabeth, married Richard Henderson, of Jefferson county, West Virginia, in 1881, (8) William, (9) Janet, born in 1846, died unmarried, in 1871, was buried at Charlestown.

V. *Mary*, second daughter of John Yates, and Julia, his wife, born at Fox Neck, in 1805, married Humphrey Keyes, of Jefferson county, Virginia, September 1826, died November 1827, and was buried at Charlestown.†

V. *Charles Yates*, eldest son of John Yates and Julia, his wife, was born at Fox Neck, June 4th, 1807, married Fanny Walker, daughter of James Walker, Esq., of Madison county, Virginia,

* See "Life of John Y. Beall," by Daniel B. Lucas.

† Mr. Keyes was born April 24th, 1793, and died September 12th, 1875. A few years after the death of his wife, he married Jane Hammond Brown, daughter of William Brown, Cashier of the Bank in Charlestown. Mrs. Keyes was born October 7th, 1804, and died March 14th, 1879. They had issue, Susan Wood, and Sarah Margaretta. Susan Wood Keyes married the Reverend Charles E. Ambler, and has issue, (1) Jane Keyes, (2) Humphrey Keyes, (3) Letitia Cary, (4) Charles Edward, (5) Lucy Johnston.

in 1844. As the eldest son of John Yates, he inherited in 1854 estates in England and Scotland, devised by the respective wills of Mrs. Lowthian and Mrs. Bamber, and assumed the name of Aglionby. He had issue, several sons and one daughter, who all died in infancy, and (1) Francis Keyes, born at Mount Pleasant, married in 1876 Amy, daughter of the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, of London, England (afterwards Bishop of Exeter), and their children are Francis Basil, Rosa Frances, Charles Edward, John Orfeur, Arthur Hugh. (2) John Orfeur, born at Mount Pleasant. (3) William Beall, one of twins, who survived infancy; he died at Mount Pleasant in 1871, aged sixteen years, and was buried at Charlestown. (4) Jannette Elizabeth, born at Mount Pleasant. (5) Horace Walter, died suddenly in 1882 aged twenty-two years, was buried at Charlestown.

V. *William*, second son of John Yates and Julia, his wife, born at Walnut Grove in 1809, married Anna S. Daugherty, of Jefferson county, Virginia, in 1832, died January 1840, was buried at Charlestown. Mrs. William Yates made a second marriage.

V. *Francis*, third son of John Yates and Julia, his wife, born at Walnut Grove in 1811; married Anne, daughter of Bacon Burwell, of Jefferson county, Virginia, in 1840, and had issue. Those who survived infancy are (1) Jeannette Burwell, born at Flowing Springs, married in 1870 Charles Wagner, of Baltimore. (2) John Orfeur, born at Flowing Springs, married Emma Kent, daughter of Joseph Kent, of Wythe county, Virginia, in 1878, and his children are Frances Stuart, Joseph Kent, John Orfeur died an infant, Francis. (3) Octavia Latane, born at Flowing Springs, married William S. Mason, of Charlestown, in 1868, and has children—Anne Belle, Margaret Duncan, Virginia Stephenson, Mary Herbert. (4) Arthur Bacon, born at Flowing Springs, married Susan M. Bradley, daughter of James Bradley, of Fredericksburg, Virginia, in 1872, and has children,—Lucilla Bradley, Anne Burwell, Mary Louise. Mrs. Francis Yates died in June 1862, buried at Charlestown. Mr. F. Yates married Sydney Virginia Rooker, of Charlestown, in 1863, and by this marriage has one daughter, Mary Brooke Yates, born at Flowing Springs.

V. *Anne*, third daughter of John Yates and Julia, his wife, born at Walnut Grove in July 1815, married the Rev. William T. Leavell, of Virginia, in 1847, died in 1858, buried at Charlestown; had issue (1) Julia Yates, born at Walnut Grove, married E. H. McDonald, of Louisville, Kentucky, in 1869, and has chil-

dren,—Edward Leavell, Anne Yates, Julia Terrill, William Thomas, Angus W., Pierce Naylor, Mary Aglionby, Marshal Wood. (2) Anne Elizabeth, born in Charles City county, married John M. Daniel, of Virginia, in 1874; has children,—Anne Leavell, William Thomas, Julia Elizabeth, John Moncure. (3) Mary Aglionby, born at Walnut Grove, married William R. Johnson, of Crescent, West Virginia, in 1885. (4) William Thomas, born in Rappahannock county, Virginia. (5) Francis Keyes, born in Rappahannock county, Virginia, married Elizabeth H., second daughter of Mrs. Charles B. Thruston, of Cumberland, Maryland, in January 1886. Rev. William T. Leavell married a second time.

V. *Julia*, youngest daughter of John Yates and Julia, his wife, born at Walnut Grove, July 1819, married William Lovell Terrill, of Charlottesville, Virginia, October 1839; had issue,—(1) Anne Elizabeth, born at Walnut Grove; (2) Julia Lovell, born at Charlottesville; (3) John U. Terrill, born at Walnut Grove, died there unmarried, November 15th, 1878, buried at Charlestown.*

* From the "Soldier's Record," in "The Southern Bivouac," vol. iii., No. 8, published in Louisville, Kentucky, is extracted this notice:—"John U. Terrill was born August 23rd, 1843, in Jefferson county, West Virginia; enlisted in confederate army June 1861; private in Second Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Jackson's brigade; was transferred private to Company 'B,' Twelfth Virginia cavalry, Rosser's brigade, March 1862; surrendered private in Twelfth Virginia cavalry, at the close of the war in April 1865. He was in the First Manassas, and afterwards in cavalry in all or nearly all the battles, skirmishes, advances, and retreats of his command until the close of the war; was never wounded or prisoner of war. He returned home after the war, and went to farming in Jefferson county, West Virginia, where he died November 15th, 1878."

Printed by Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury.